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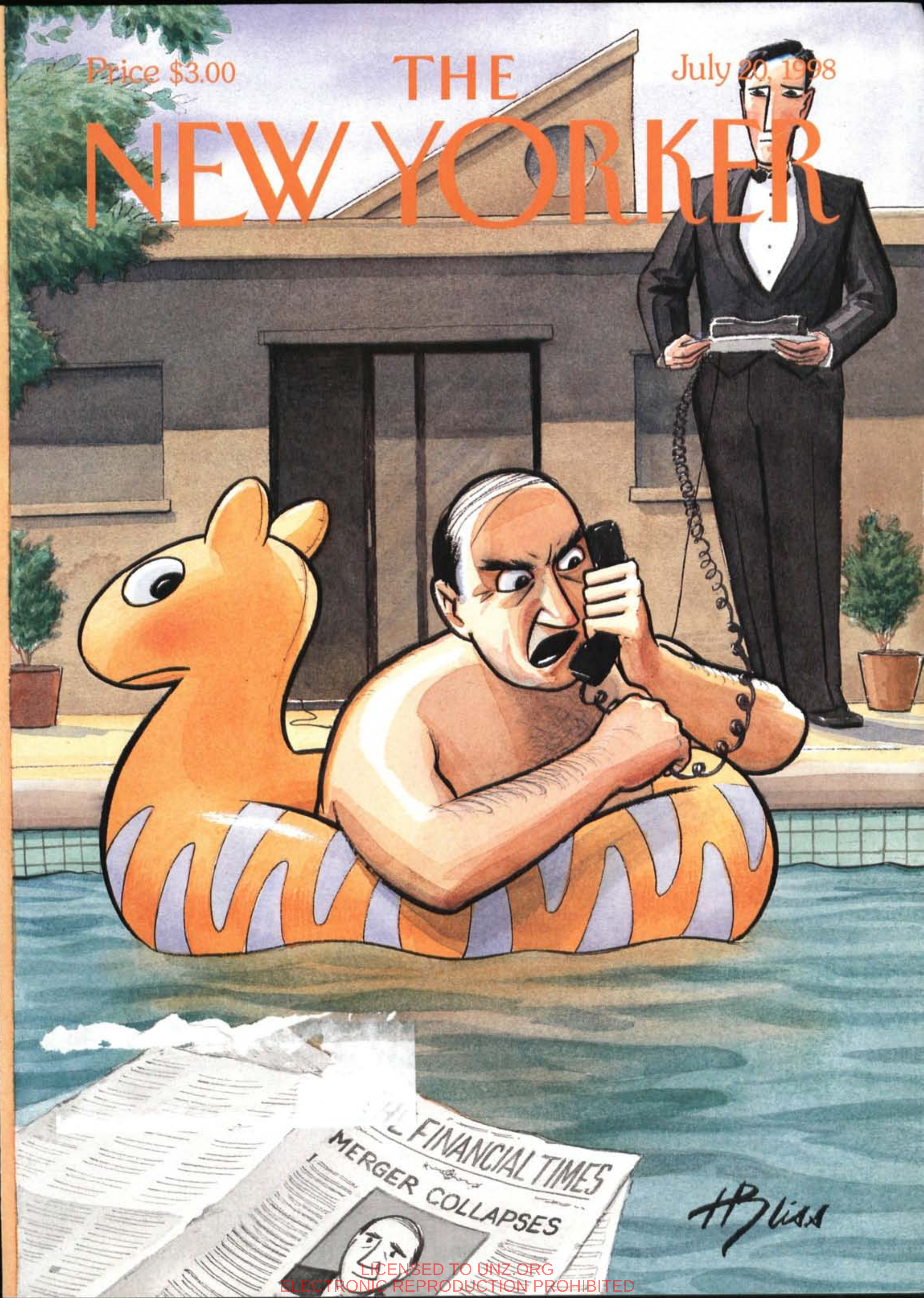
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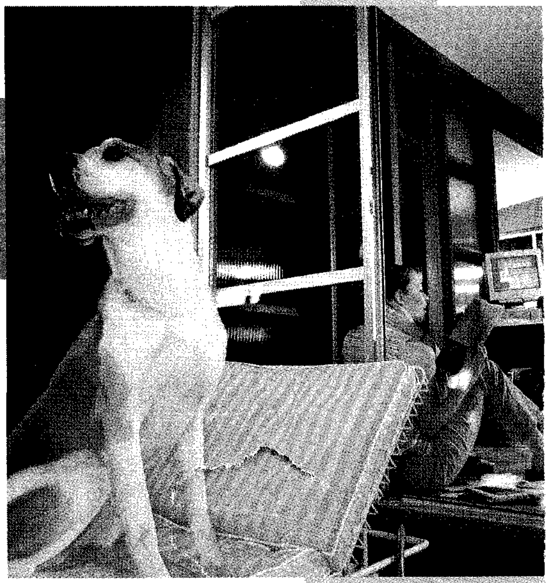

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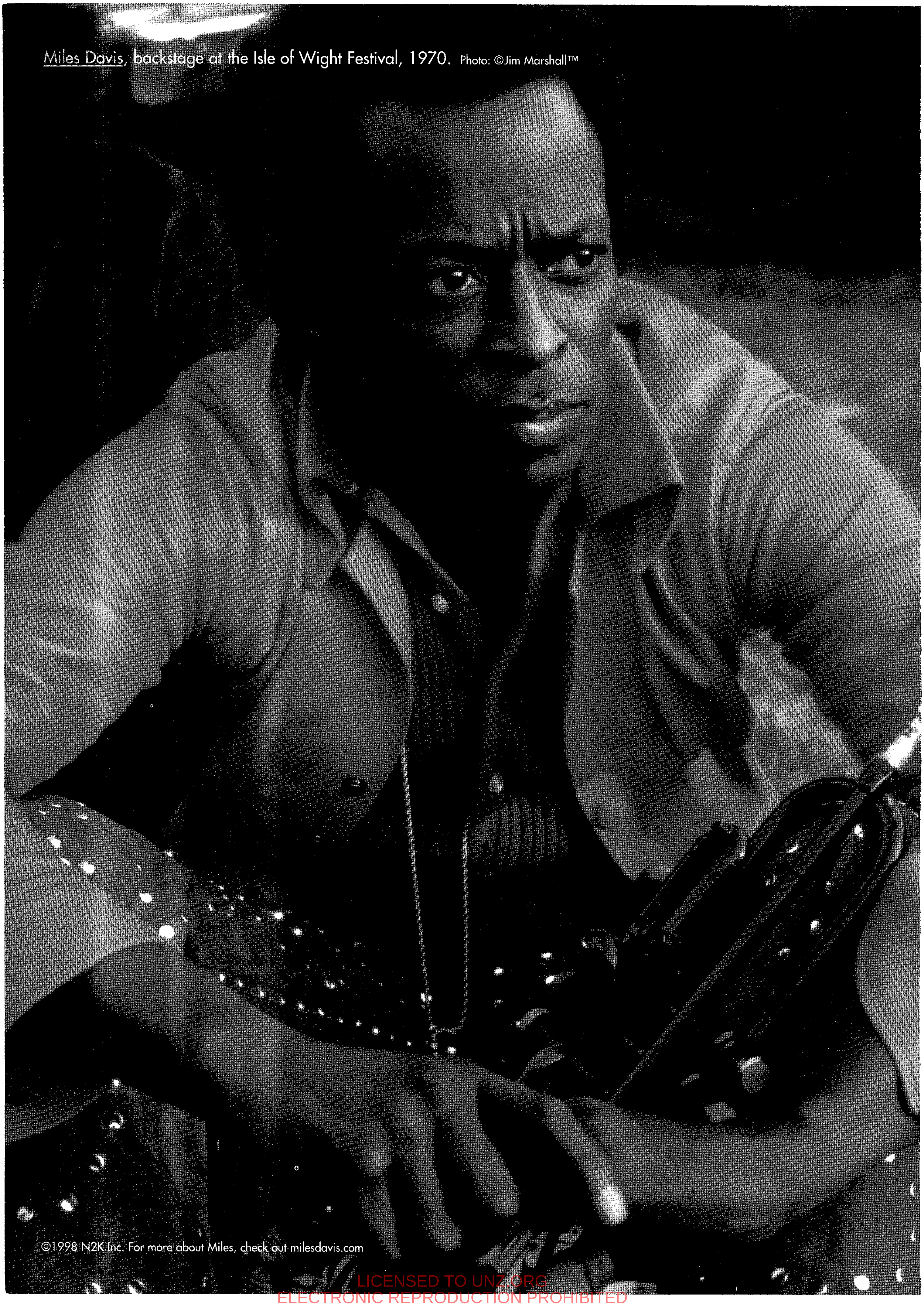

Miles Davis, backstage at the Isle of Wight Festival, 1970. Photo: ©Jim Marshall™

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COMMENT

NOT ROCKET SCIENCE

Kiss kiss bang bang. But hypothesis hypothesis experiment experiment?

WITH two movies in the theatres depicting Earth being menaced by big hunks of rock from space—a comet, in "Deep Impact," and an asteroid, in "Armageddon"—the Internet is abuzz with E-mail among scientists and engineers concerned with whether either film "got the science right." "Deep Impact" is emerging as the favorite of these experts, who praise the relative accuracy of its special effects and the relative paucity of its scientific howlers. As one scientist summarized the prevailing view, "'Armegeddon' makes 'Deep Impact' look like a Ph.D. thesis."

Printed in all caps with an exclamation point on the end, the remark would make an excellent blurb in an ad—for "Armageddon," needless to say, not for "Deep Impact." And that underscores the perversity of the relationship between two of the great engines of the American century: science and popular culture. From "A Trip to the Moon" (1902), "Frankenstein," and "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet" through "E.T.," "The X-Files," and the many incarnations of Godzilla, scientific or purportedly scientific notions have probably inspired more movie and television plots than anything except sex and violence, and lately the number of shows coming in over the science transom seems to have been increasing exponentially.

Most of the scientists in movies and on TV fall into one of three categories: good-looking action figures, who spend their time chasing bad guys, trading wisecracks, and outrunning fireballs; goofy-looking nerds, who gobble pizza by the light of glowing computer screens; and evil geniuses, the traditional mad scientists of Faustian legend. What there is not plenty of is actual science.

The taboo against science in cinema—and that's practically what it amounts to—goes beyond routine boners like explosions that make audible noises in the vacuum of space. It produces a whole fun house of deeper distortions. Consider the issue of secrecy. Real science is a white hole that gushes information; scientists (astronomers especially) prefer to tell one another almost everything, because if they don't they can't build on each other's results. (The gravest concern of those who do classified work is that if they are cut off from such constant exchange their careers will wither.) Yet in both

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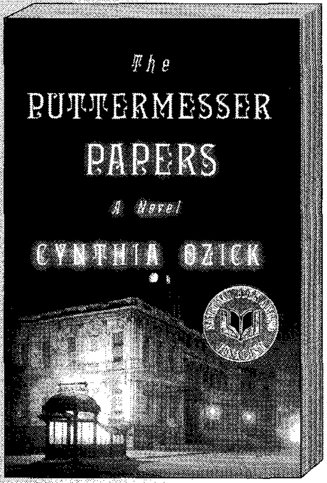

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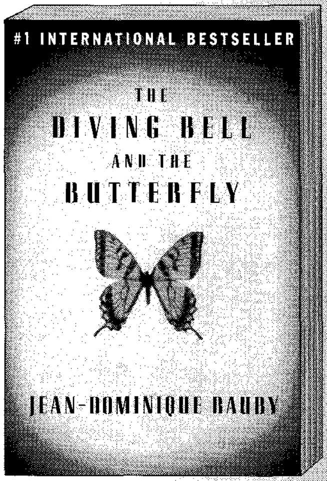

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"Armageddon" and "Deep Impact" the government effortlessly conceals from the public the existence of an incoming planet-killer that anybody who troubled to look up at the night sky would see, glowing as conspicuously as the orange ball over the local Gulf station. In "Armageddon," the NASA boss explains that "there are only nine telescopes in the world that can spot the asteroid, and we control eight of them." But even if the American government controlled the big telescopes, as it does not, the people up there in the mountaintop domes are scientists, not Army colonels, and the moment they saw such a thing they'd be on the phone to everybody, even if it meant letting the pizza get cold.

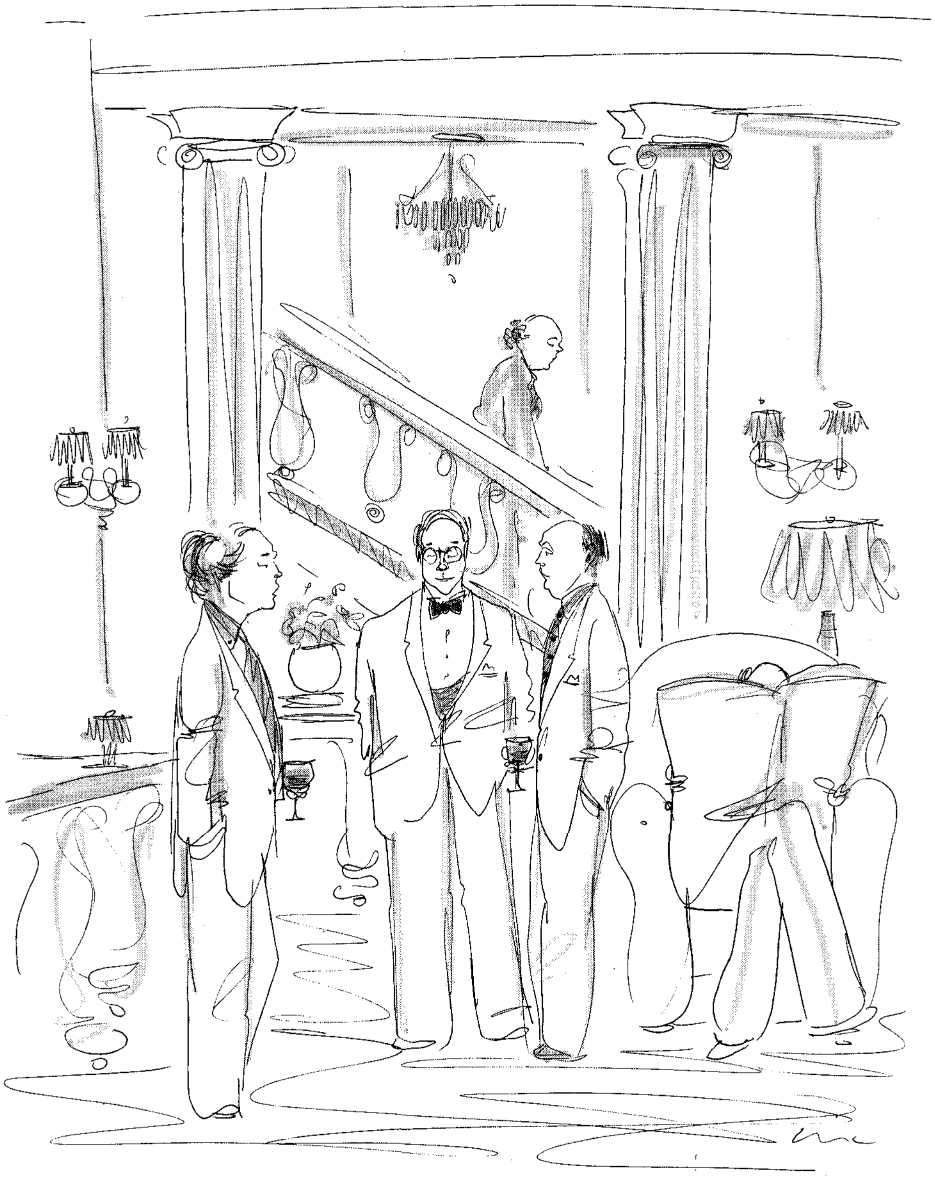
So science is a poor instrument of secrecy and repression. Technology can serve that function, for a while, but science is terrible at keeping secrets, and sickens under tyranny. (Think of what happened in such technically adept societies as Germany, Russia, and China under the rule of Hitler, Stalin, and Mao, respectively: technology stumbled along for a few staggering steps, like a beheaded beast, but science died.)

Science is not a collection of facts, any more than opera is a collection of notes. It's a process, a way of thinking, a method, based on a single insight—that the degree to which an idea seems true has nothing to do with whether it is true, and that the way to distinguish factual ideas from false ones is to test them by experiment. To present the facts without invoking the process is like limiting an Indiana Jones film to the scene where Indy, having bathed and donned a business suit, is lauded for having recovered the lost Ark.

Since movie audiences are told less about how scientific facts are arrived at than Victorian youngsters were told about where babies come from, it hardly matters whether the "facts" in a film are "scientifically accurate," since they are presented as both mysterious and automatically authoritative. When a scientist appears in a film, his function, unless he's busy tormenting small animals or blowing up the lab, is to make a declaration (e.g., that the world is about to end) that everyone immediately accepts as gospel (while breathing a sigh of relief that the government kept it secret, so as to "avoid panic"). Nobody asks how he came to believe it. Little wonder that millions think of science as a kind of priesthood. When Brian Marsden, a Harvard-Smithsonian astronomer who is one of the world's ranking experts on calculating orbits from rough preliminary data, mistakenly announced in March that asteroid 1997 XF11 might hit Earth, he was denounced by journalists, who expect metaphysical certitude from scientists, as an "irresponsible" alarmist who "cried wolf." But Marsden is a real scientist; he doesn't play one on TV. Real scientists are seldom certain, often misguided, and more often wrong than right (because the number of possible hypotheses greatly exceeds the number that prove out). The plight comes with the territory. It is by forgoing the comforts of false certitude that scientists muddle their way to the truth.

The movie screen is only a screen, and all we see on it are reflections. The night sky reflects nothing, and goes deep. Millions of real asteroids are out there, most of them uncharted, and one of them will hit Earth sooner or later. Finding a killer asteroid—or determining that one doesn't exist—would cost about fifty million dollars, less than half the budget of "Armageddon." Do we care to invest the cost of a couple of handfuls of popcorn per taxpayer to determine whether Earth is doomed? That's a decision best made out here, in the 3-D world.

—TIMOTHY FERRIS



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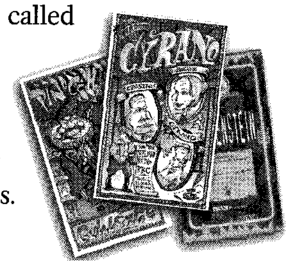

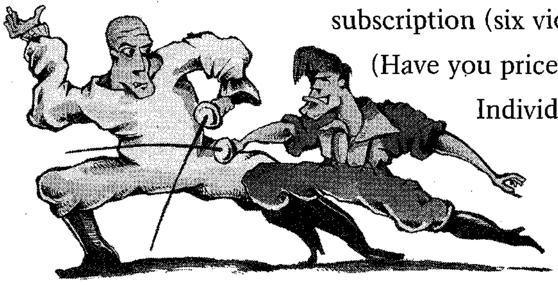

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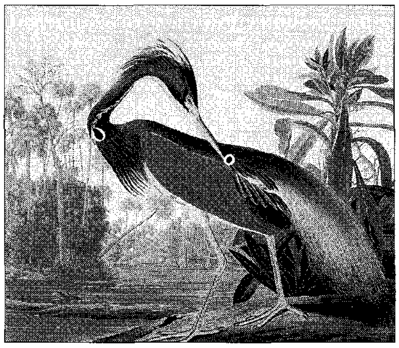

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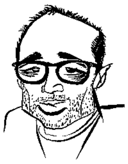

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ARTHUR KRYSTAL (A Critic at Large, p. 74) is an essayist and screenwriter. "Thick as Thieves," a film he co-wrote with Scott Sanders, is to be released next winter. This is his first article for *The New Yorker*. ♦

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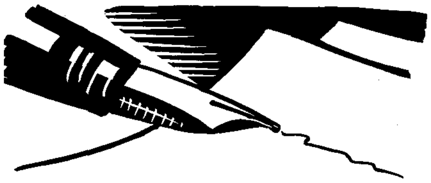

PROCEED WITH CAUTION

Jerome Groopman extols the new drug Celebra as a pain reliever without side effects ("Superaspirin," June 15th). He expresses the hope that in a few years his own case of debilitating lumbar arthritis, "probably from years of running on city pavement," will be relieved with the pop of a pill—allowing him to resume the activity that injured him in the first place. This reminds me of the commercials that show people furtively consuming antacids before eating foods that normally make them sick, and though I have yet to see any commercials about people with high cholesterol who pop a pill and then enjoy cholesterol-rich foods, shouldn't physicians prescribe drugs only as a last resort, when the elimination of high-risk behavior has proved inadequate?

JOCELYN NELSON
Boulder, Colo.

BUILDING COMMUNITY

Paul Goldberger writes that Seaside, Florida, a model neotraditional community, "is not simpleminded or controlling" (The Talk of the Town, June 22nd & 29th), but when you can no longer hang your sheets out to air or park your pickup in your driveway, watch out! Enforced uniformity in architectural features is deadening to residents' self-determination, and a community—with its mutual, congenial supports—emerges only in response to long-term common interests such as child rearing, snow removal, and trash pickup. Attempts to create instant community will always fail.

SANDRA HOWELL
Professor Emeritus, Dept. of Architecture
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Newton Highlands, Mass.

THE PREPPIE CHRONICLES

In her perceptive review of Whit Stillman's new movie, "The Last Days of Disco" (June 15th), Daphne Merkin wonders "what would happen if Stillman let his young inheritors really grow up—get married, worry about schools, peruse the *Wall Street Journal* on the train in from Darien or Greenwich." A. R. Gurney could tell her. In plays such as "The Dining Room" and "The Cocktail Hour" he has been chronicling post-Stillman Wasps for a generation.

JOSEPH COENCAS
Brooklyn, N.Y.

A NAUTICAL NOTE

Regarding Nancy Franklin's puzzlement about the title of Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" (Book Currents, June 22nd & 29th): The term "before the mast" refers to the location of the crew quarters on a sailing ship, which were located belowdecks and in the forecastle—that is, the area in front of, or before, the main mast—and it indicates that Dana had worked on the crew of a ship.

LANE WATSON
Concord, Calif.

HIGH-SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL

I read with interest Jeffrey Toobin's "Circling the Wagons" (July 6th), in which the Clintons' friend Harry Thomason compares the President to the bright kid in school who gets all the dates. I graduated from Hot Springs High School with Bill Clinton in 1964; we were even in honors English together. I recall that he didn't get many dates back then—in fact, some of our classmates have been discussing this recently, and none of us remember him dating at all. He was bright, well liked, respected, and just one of the gang, but he seemed to be too involved with music and the school band to go out with girls. Bill Clinton was not a ladies' man in 1964, and we, his classmates, hope that we will find that he isn't one now.

DIXIE TERRELL KLINE
Fort Smith, Ark.

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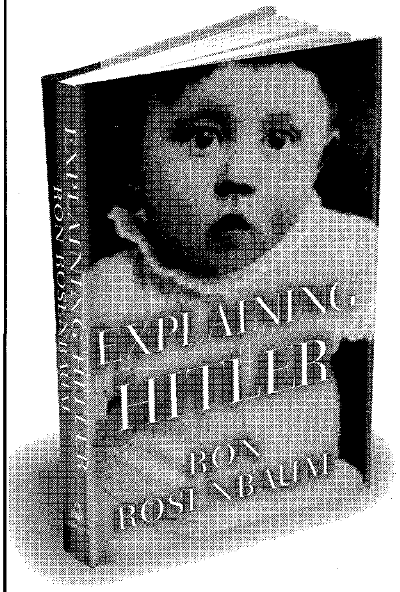

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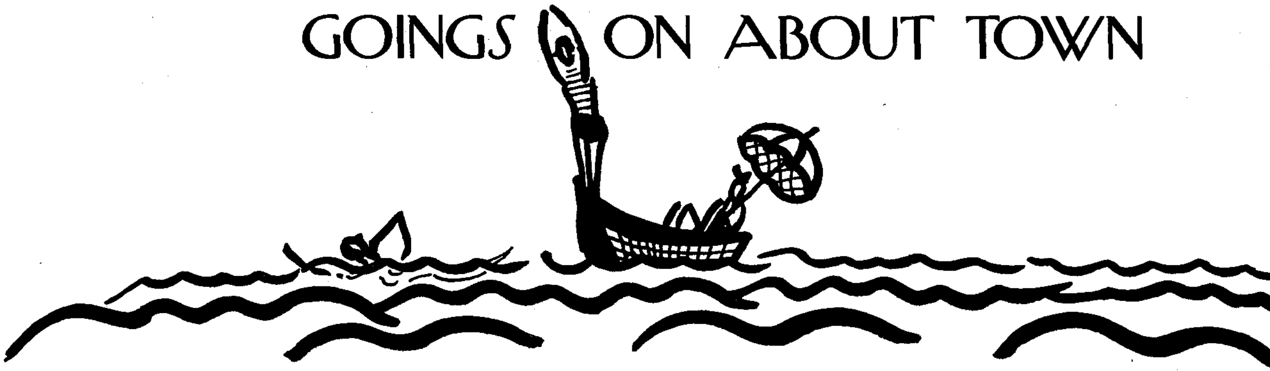

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Capitol Steps—The troupe of former congressional aides and interns presents its latest political-comedy revue, "Unzippin' My Doo-Dah and Other National Priorities." Opens July 15 at 8. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Falsettoland—William Finn's 1990 musical, in a National Asian American Theatre Company staging. Opens July 16 at 8. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 505-3003.)

Some Like It Hot—John Kelly, Craig Lucas, Holly Hughes, Peggy Shaw, and Everett Quinton are among the cast of Dixon Place's staged reading of the film. One night only: July 15 at 7:30. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 219-3088.)

The Street of Crocodiles—In honor of Israel's fiftieth anniversary, Lincoln Center Festival 98 presents the British Troupe Théâtre de Complicité in its 1992 play based on the stories of the writer and painter Bruno Schulz, a Polish Jew who was murdered by Nazis. Performances begin July 16 at 8 and continue through July 26. (John Jay Theatre, 10th Ave. at 58th St. 721-6500.)

Twelfth Night—Philip Bosco, Helen Hunt, Brian Murray, Paul Rudd, Kyra Sedgwick, and Max Wright are in the cast of a Lincoln Center Theatre staging of Shakespeare's comedy. Directed by Nicholas Hytner. Two previews on July 15. Opens July 16 at 6:45. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Art—Yasmina Reza's farce is a splendid vehicle for three masterly actors, Victor Garber, Alan Alda, and Alfred Molina. They portray friends whose fifteen-year relationship is threatened when one of them buys a large white canvas for two hundred thousand francs. Directed by Matthew Warchus. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/23/98.) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

As Thousands Cheer—The Drama Dept. is in a league of its own, and with this revival of Moss Hart and Irving Berlin's 1933 satirical revue, they've hit another home run. The troupe has a special knack for the nostalgic, and they apply it to these tabloid-inspired scenes of the era's rich and famous (Josephine Baker, the Rockefellers, Joan Crawford, Mahatma Gandhi, etc.) with such a sure touch that the show feels fresh even when it can't help being dated. In fact, it makes you yearn for days like these, when a joke was just a joke and songs were plain wonderful. The cast is a blast, and Allen Moyer's set design is fun, too. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 541-8441. Closes July 18.)

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—The precocious Anglo-Irish playwright Martin McDonagh's riveting winter's tale, set in a rural Irish cottage, about an aged mother and her virgin forty-year-old daughter, who is trapped in a punishing solitude. It's a simple, primitive story, yet it is filled with complex emotional surprises and reversals. (3/16/98) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
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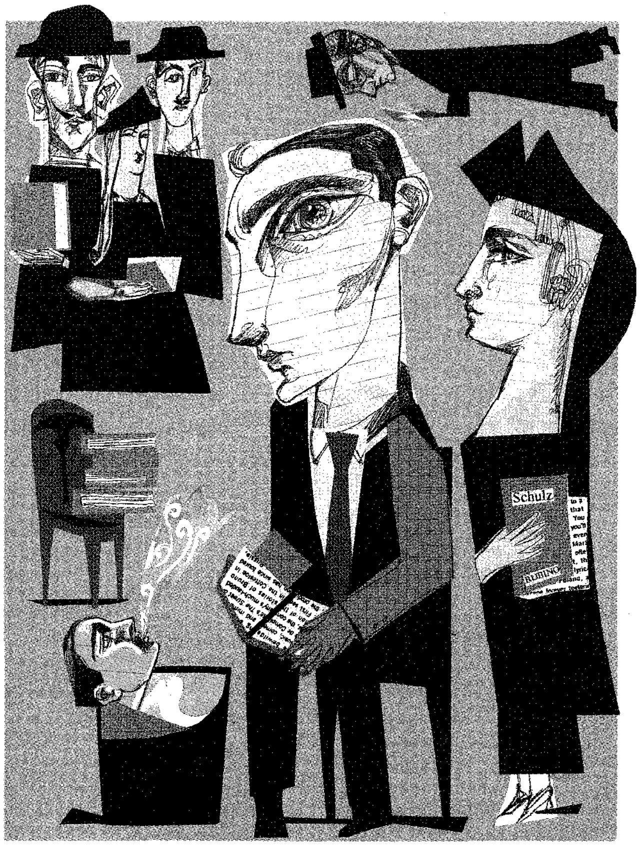
Cabaret—A mesmerizing production of the Kander and Ebb musical. Here, the dancers at the Kit Kat Klub, the symbol of anything-goes Weimar Germany, look shell-shocked and stigmatized. As the Emcee, Alan Cumming is astonishing—with his bruised-looking body, his huge, knowing eyes, and his satanic energy, he's a spectacle of mixed messages. Natasha Richardson, as Sally Bowles, casts a spectral glow. Directed by Sam Mendes. (4/6/98) (Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. 719-1300.)

Charlatan—Tony Tanner portrays Sergey Diaghilev, in his one-man portrait of the Russian ballet impresario. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 362-3544. Closes July 19.)

Dinah Was—Oliver Goldstick's play about the late blues singer Dinah Washington, portrayed by the dynamic Yvette Freeman. (Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. 307-4100.)



Théâtre de Complicité's "The Street of Crocodiles."

CORNEL RUBINO

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—Hedwig, as created by John Cameron Mitchell and Stephen Trask, is a sweet transsexual singer from East Berlin, whose cabaret performance cum stadium act becomes a smart, funny, and very moving exploration of the redemptive, if perhaps fleeting, power of love. Michael Cerveris has stepped in for Mr. Mitchell, who will return to the title role on Aug. 5. (Jane Street Theatre, Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. 239-6200.)

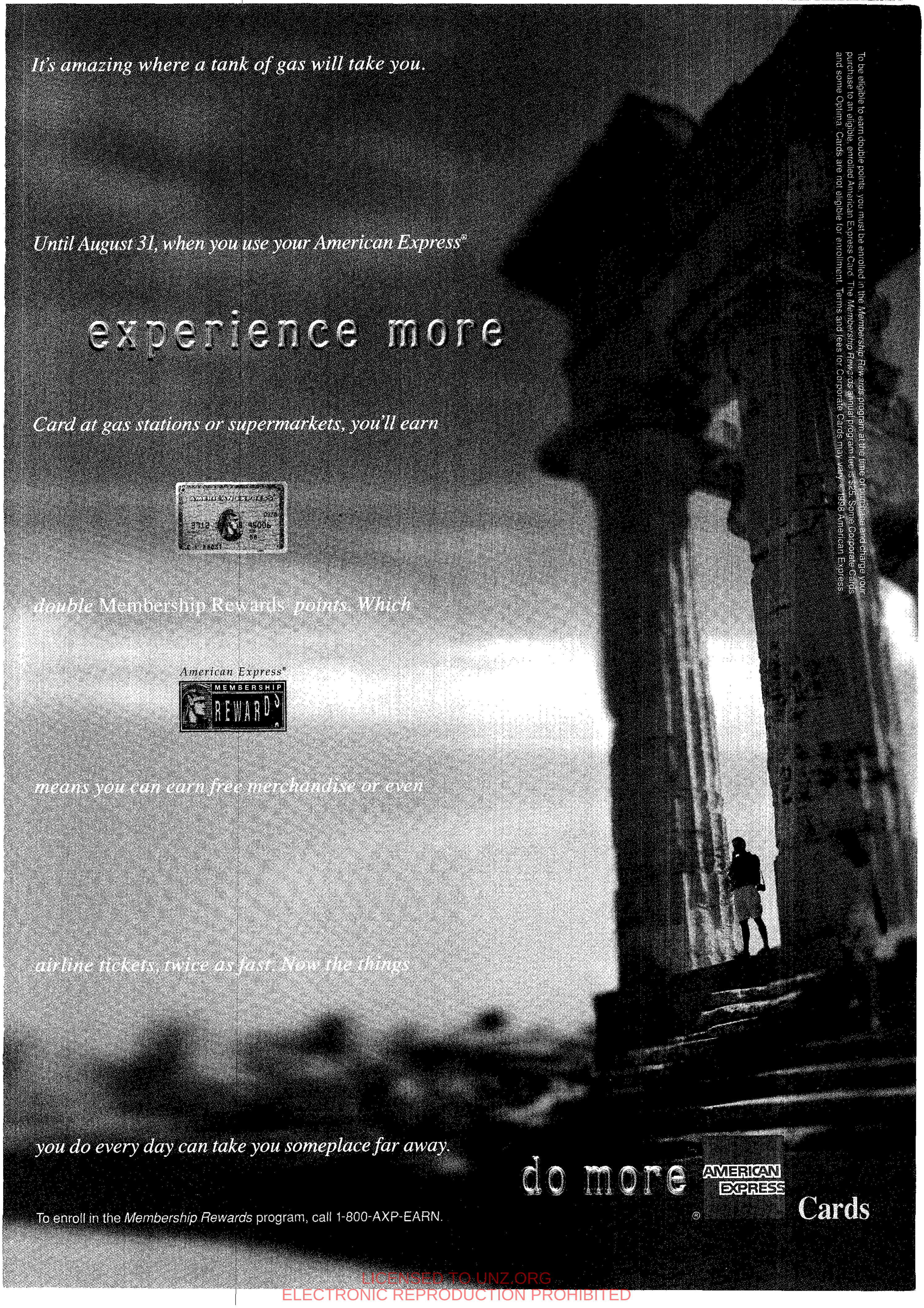
High Society—This musical, based on Philip Barry's play "The Philadelphia Story" and the subsequent movie "High Society," has all the kick of flat champagne. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Ice Factory 98—The SoHo Think Tank's summer series continues with Lenora Champagne's "Wants," in which three women search for fulfillment. July 16-18 at 7. The festival runs through Aug. 15. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 966-4844.)

The Irish . . . and How They Got That Way—This revue by Frank McCourt, author of the best-selling memoir "Angela's Ashes," is a generally good-natured if somewhat choppy amalgam of historical tidbits, quotations from letters and speeches, and Irish songs from the past two centuries, performed by a versatile and charming cast of six singers and musicians. Deftly directed by Charlotte Moore. (Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

Jayson—A musical by Jeff Krell, based on his gay cartoon series. With music and lyrics by Ron Romanovsky and Paul Phillips. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 279-4200.)

The Judas Kiss—Liam Neeson and Tom Hollander star in David Hare's play about Oscar Wilde and his lover Sir Alfred (Bosie) Douglas. Wilde's libel suit against Douglas's father, the Marquess of Queensberry, has just failed, but Douglas talks Wilde out of fleeing England and, thus, out of escaping prosecution for homosexual acts. Hare uses irony to good effect—practically every character in the play except Wilde is having sex—but an emotional charge is missing. Neeson's Oscar doesn't seem needy enough for us to understand his devotion to Hollander's petulant, spoiled Bosie, and sparks don't exactly fly between the two actors. Richard Eyre directed this Almeida Theatre Company production. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Closes Aug. 1.)



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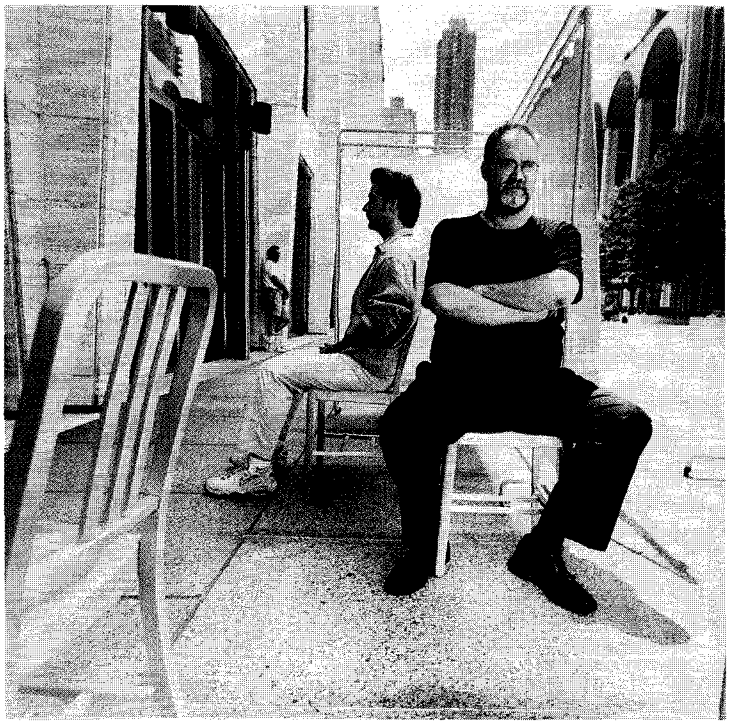
Labor Day—A. R. Gurney has revived a character from "The Cocktail Hour" for this semiautobiographical comedy, about a playwright who tries to revise his latest work during a family holiday. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes July 22.)

Love's Fire—Seven short plays (by Eric Bogosian, William Finn, John Guare, Tony Kushner, Marsha Norman, Ntozake Shange, and Wendy Wasserstein) based on Shakespearean sonnets. Some of the works do a better job than others of translating the sonnets' allusive, metaphorical language into theatre. But, under the inventive yet sure hand of the director, Mark Lamos, the Acting Company gives a series of polished, powerful performances. Over all, a series of rich insights into love and literature, delightfully held together by humor. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200. Closes July 19.)

Miss Coco Peru's Liquid Universe—A heartfelt series of how-I-got-this-way vignettes written and performed by Miss Coco Peru, otherwise known as Clinton Leupp. The show is occasionally syrupy, and Miss Coco should have given herself more opportunities to show off her terrific singing voice, but her self-aware and self-lacerating humor and her engaging way with a story make this a winning evening. The well-paced direction is by Charles Randolph Wright. Sundays at 8. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391.)



Malcolm Gets (in profile), star of William Finn and James Lapine's musical "A New Brain," with Mr. Finn.

BASTIENNE SCHMIDT

A New Brain—Malcolm Gets is a songwriter awaiting surgery, in a new musical by William Finn ("Falsettos") and James Lapine. Graciela Daniele is the director. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

No Strings Attached, Part Two: Mind Attack!—Todo con Nada's Richard Foreman retrospective returns; this year's lineup includes four plays never produced in the United States. (NADA, 167 Ludlow St., south of Houston St. For tickets and schedule information, call 330-6876. Closes Aug. 1.)

Nunsense A-Men—An all-male version of Dan Goggin's 1985 musical comedy, "Nunsense." (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Pera Palas—The Turkish playwright Sinan Ünel's fascinating tale of twentieth-century Turkey, directed by Steven Williford, is a well-observed and rarely didactic cycle of loss and hope in a culture undergoing radical change. The play is overlong, there's some gratuitous (though funny) cross-casting, and the last scene suffers from information overload—but the solid cast establish their characters so sympathetically and intelligently that none of that matters. (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 246-8355. Closes July 19.)

Power Plays—Three short plays, two written by Elaine May and one by Alan Arkin, who perform them with Jeannie Berlin and Anthony Arkin, their respective offspring. May's writing and acting are, almost literally, insanely funny, and she and Arkin are a great match. (They're both long-ago Second City alums.) All three of the plays are too long, but the comic brilliance of May and Arkin père (who also directed) is worth, at a rough estimate, ten million times the price of admission. Presented by Manhattan Theatre Club. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

The Race of the Ark Tattoo—A site-specific memory play by W. David Hancock, set amid dozens of cast-off flea-market items in P.S. 122's tiny gallery space. Tchotchkes chosen by the audience at each performance determine, in part, the story that gets told that night. A deep sense of loss pervades the basic plot, which concerns a foster parent on Cape Cod and one of the kids in his care. Although elliptical and discursive by its very nature, Hancock's drama, performed by Matthew Maher, is oddly affecting. Co-staged with the Foundry Theatre. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Closes Aug. 2.)

Ragtime—E. L. Doctorow's epic novel is transformed into a historical pageant. It's a big, brave, passionate gamble, masterfully directed by Frank Galati. (2/2/98) (Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.)

Sakina's Restaurant—Aasif Mandvi portrays six characters in his one-man exploration of the South Asian community in New York. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200. Closes Aug. 2.)

Side Man—The Roundabout Theatre presents Warren Leight's play about a mid-century big-band musician, which was staged earlier this year Off Broadway. Directed by Michael Mayer. (Broadway at 45th St. 719-1300.)

Smoke on the Mountain—On a Saturday night in June, 1938, the Mount Pleasant (North Carolina) Baptist Church awaits the arrival of the Sanders Family singers and musicians, who are as unpredictable as the Renfro kin in Eudora Welty's "Losing Battles": there's no telling what they'll do when you get 'em all together. This sweet and funny musical comedy, which first played here eight years ago, features Mike Craver and Mark Hardwick's tuneful, often bluegrass-style arrangements of songs like "Bringing in the Sheaves," "I'll Fly Away," and "Rock of Ages." Alan Bailey conceived and directed the show, which was written by Connie Ray. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

The Sound of Music—Rebecca Luker is enormously winning as Maria, and the seven children in the cast are mostly delightful, but the production doesn't linger in the memory; there may be music in those hills, but the producers didn't seem to find a whole lot of fresh air up there. (4/6/98) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Stupid Kids—A dark comedy of suburban-teen angst, by the late playwright John C. Russell. Michael Mayer is the director. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes July 18.)

Symphonie Fantastique—Abstract puppets underwater, set to the music of Berlioz. This isn't rubber-duckie performance art; just as dance can make space a palpable presence onstage, the show's creator, Basil Twist, uses feathers, streamers, mirrors, bubbles, and sophisticated lighting to do the same for water. And, as in dance, the movement illuminates the music. A peerless, delightful summer evening. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.)

A View from the Bridge—The Roundabout Theatre's excellent revival of Arthur Miller's tragic story of the longshoreman Eddie Carbone and his obsession with his orphaned niece. Tony Danza replaces Anthony LaPaglia on July 21. (1/5/98) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Villa Villa—Theatre as mosh pit. The Argentinean troupe De La Guarda herds you into a crowded space, performs undistinguished rock music, swings on ropes over your head, and splashes you until you're drenched. It's an extraordinarily loud and transgressive show, with no point, it seems, beyond proving the troupe's mastery of the carabiner. (Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200.)

The Winter's Tale—Shakespeare's fantastic story of a king who accuses his queen of adultery, banishes their infant daughter, regrets it all, and then gets them back sixteen years later. It's not one of his more tightly woven scripts, but, as with any fireside tale, it can cast a delicate spell. The first act of this Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival production is moving and engrossing melodrama (particularly helped by Celeste Ciulla's luminous performance as the queen), but the second half, much of which is broad comedy, is directed by Terrence O'Brien as if it were a different show altogether. The spell is broken, and not even another very good performance, by Glenn Fleshler, as a rogue, can keep the ending from seeming like much more than a device to send us home on time. (Boscobel Restoration, Garrison, N.Y. For ticket information and directions, call 914-265-9575. Closes July 19.)

You Never Can Tell—A summer treat from the Roundabout Theatre Company. In Shaw's early comedy, a young dentist (the wry and handsome Robert Sean Leonard) tries to romantically outwit an ostensibly modern turn-of-the-century woman (Katie Finneran) but ends up succumbing to her inherently old-fashioned ways. Allen Moyer's seaside-resort set is lovely, as are Michael Krass's costumes, and the cast is super. It would have been a better day at the beach, though, had the director, Nicholas Martin, toned down Catherine Kellner and Saxon Palmer, whose precocious-siblings act seems more suited to Looney Tunes. (Broadway at 45th St. 719-1300.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **BRING IN DA NOISE, BRING IN DA FUNK:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY STRIKES BACK!:** Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200. . . . **GROSS INDECENCY: THE THREE TRIALS OF OSCAR WILDE:** Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. . . . **HOW-**

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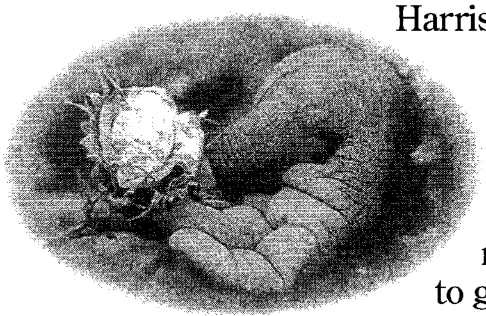

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DANCE

HAMBURG BALLET—The troupe presents two programs, both choreographed by Milwaukee native and company founder John Neumeier. July 14 and July 16-17 at 8: "All Our Yesterdays," set to the music of Gustav Mahler. . . . ¶ July 15 at 8 and July 18 at 2 and 8: "Bernstein Dances," set to the music of the storied West Sider. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

PILOBOLUS—The six-member company with two artistic directors for every three dancers returns for its summer engagement with new works ("The Hand That Mocked, the Heart That Fed," "Apoplexy," and "Orangotango") and repertory pieces, including "Day Two," with its water-slide finale. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. July 15-17 and July 20-21 at 8 and July 18 at 2 and 8. Through July 25.)

NOCHE FLAMENCA—The premier flamenco ensemble returns to work up a sweat in its downtown stomping grounds. (Theatre 80, at 80 St. Marks Pl. 279-4200. July 15-18 and July 21 at 8 and July 19 at 3. Through Aug. 15.)

SAVION GLOVER/DOWNTOWN—The John Coltrane of tap sneaks back into town with his own brand of fireworks: a tight crew of tappers, a loose-limbed jazz quartet, surprise guests, and a promise that no two of his twenty-one explosive performances will come out the same. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200. July 15-17 and July 20-21 at 8 and July 18 at 6 and 10. Through July 25.)

DANCES FOR WAVE HILL—In "Seven Pheasants," the choreographer Ann Carlson enlists park staff to join forces with professional dancers and a string quartet, as part of her "Real People" series. (Wave Hill, 249th St. at Independence Ave., the Bronx. For information, call 718-549-3200. July 15 at 6:30 and July 19 at 5.)

CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE—A split bill: Ben Munisteri premières "Stolen Fire (July 2020)" and remounts "Late Night Sugar-Flight," seen earlier this season, once again with music the dancers have never heard before; and Richard Move, in his increasingly definitive rendition of Martha Graham, recasts dance history with the help of such "Martha at Mother" regulars as Stuart Hodes, Rob Besserer, and Reid Hutchins. (Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 17 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—July 14-16 at 8, July 17 at 8:30, and July 18 at 2 and 8:30: Mark Morris Dance Group. . . . ¶ July 16-17 at 8:15 and July 18-19 at 5: Jazzdance by Danny Buraczeski. (Becket, Mass. For information about tickets, call 413-243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

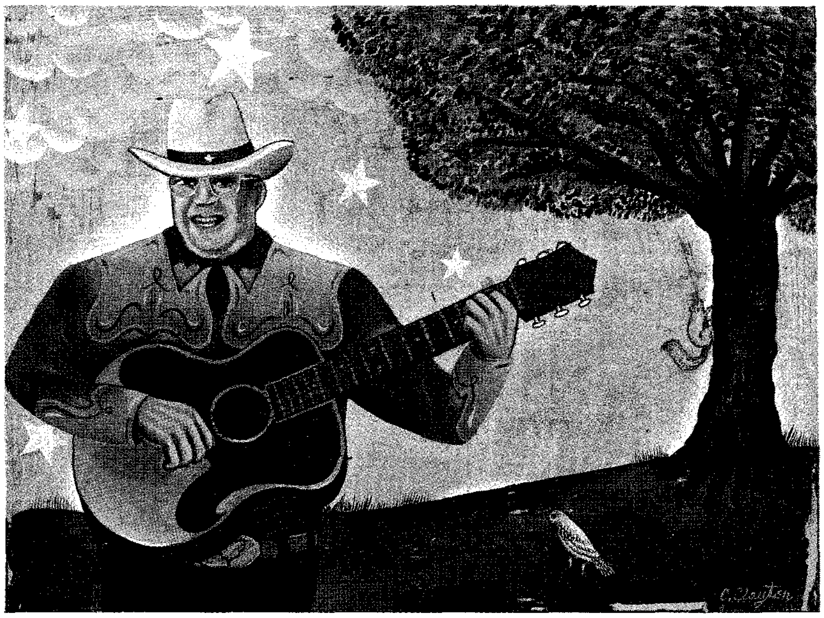
CONCERTS

"LILITH FAIR"—The estrogen-driven all-star revue returns. This year's model includes Sarah McLachlan, Natalie Merchant, Indigo Girls, Missy Elliott, Tracy Bonham, Morcheeba, and, on June 16 only, the event's most intriguing attraction, Liz Phair. (Jones Beach Theatre. 516-221-1000. July 15-16 at 4:30.)

THE BRITISH ROCK SYMPHONY, WITH ROGER DALTREY—In what may be the single most misguided idea since karaoke Elvis, Roger Daltrey, the former lead singer of the Who, leads an evening of orchestral arrangements of classic British rock tunes by the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, the Who, Led Zeppelin, and Pink Floyd. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. July 15 at 8.)

INTEL NEW YORK MUSIC FESTIVAL—Four nights of new music in twenty halls and clubs around the city. For a lineup, call 677-3530 or dial up the Web site, at www.intelfest.com. At the Westbeth Theatre Center, July 17: **FREEDY JOHNSTON**, who has a knack for churning out exacting folk rock with careful detail and piercing language; **LORI CARSON**, whose monologues make you feel like you're eavesdropping—you know you should leave, but you're riveted by the stark, beautiful sadness of her voice and her lyrics; and **STEVE WYNN**, former Dream Syndicate front man and post-punk auteur. (151 Bank St. 741-0800.)

MIDSUMMER NIGHT SWING—Lincoln Center's annual dance-under-the-stars festival. July 15: Traditional Texas country singer and yodeller Don Walser brings the sweet, lonesome sound of the plains to Manhattan, accompanied by his Pure Texas Band. July 17: Rumba and Cuban *son* with Ricardo Lemvo and Makina Loca and dance-hall soca with Arrow. (The Plaza, Lincoln Center. Tickets available at the entrance. Shows begin at 8:15; dance lessons begin at 6:30.)



Don Walser and the Pure Texas Band, at Midsummer Night Swing.

CHRISTIAN CLAYTON

STEVE EARLE/IRIS DEMENT—Having emerged in 1986 as a new-traditionalist country-rock rebel, Earle has continually edged toward tougher territory; his latest songs are spare, gritty, and—unlike the ones on his guitar-cluttered early-nineties albums—dirty to the core. With the forceful folk-country singer DeMent. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 16 at 7. For information about tickets, which are required, call 307-7171.)

LUNA—Led by Harvard grad Dean Wareham, who drove Galaxie 500 to college-rock greatness, this New York quartet makes a dreamy kind of music so frankly derivative that it's both disposable and eternal. (Castle Clinton, Battery Park. July 16 at 7. Free tickets, which are required, will be distributed at 5.)

BRIAN SETZER ORCHESTRA—The former Stray Cat plays swing and rockabilly. (Hammerstein Ballroom, Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. 564-4882. July 16 at 8.)

"ROYAL SOUL REVIEW"—Featuring Ben E. King, Gene Chandler, Percy Sledge, Sam Moore, Peter Wolf, and G. E. Smith. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. July 16 at 8.)

METALLICA—The post-metal force of nature. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 212-307-7171. July 17 at 7.)

BACKSTREET BOYS—The teenybopper singing group that makes thinking people everywhere wax nostalgic for New Kids on the Block. (Radio City Music Hall. July 17 at 7:30.)

JIMMY PAGE AND ROBERT PLANT—The rock gods are having fun again. (Continental Airlines Arena, the Meadowlands. 212-307-7171. July 18 at 8. . . . ¶ Jones Beach Theatre. July 19 at 8.)

"CELEBRATE BROOKLYN!"—The Senegalese singer Baaba Maal headlines the daylong festival "Afrerica." Like his countryman Youssou N'Dour, Maal offers soaring melodies and churning percussion, and his lyrics dabble in mystical imagery. (Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park W. at 9th St., Brooklyn. July 19. Festival begins at 1, Baaba Maal at 7. No tickets necessary.)

TRICKY—On his latest disk, "Angels with Dirty Faces," the founding father of trip-hop neatly reaffirms his sonic inventiveness. Live, he makes the room groove like a Lava-lamp love palace. (Hammerstein Ballroom, Manhattan Center. July 21 at 9.)

"JAZZ IN JULY"—The 92nd Street Y's annual summer series kicks off with "Happy Birthday, Judge," a gala tribute to the eighty-eight-year-old bassist Milt Hinton. A paragon of professionalism who has played with *everyone* in the past seventy years, Hinton's been a central figure in elevating the bass from backrow ballast to front-and-center solo instrument (listen to his 1939 feature "Pluckin' the Bass" with Cab Calloway's band) while never losing sight of the instrument's essential role as a workhorse. The guests honoring Hinton include Kenny Davern, Jon Faddis, Phil Flanigan, Byron Stripling, Frank Wess, Dick Hyman, Jay Leonhart, and Eddie Locke. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. July 21 at 8.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Arlene Grocery, 95 Stanton St., between Ludlow and Orchard Sts. (358-1633)—July 15: The country, folk, and rock sounds of the **HEALTH & HAPPINESS SHOW.** July 18: Local rock and funk with **FONTAINE.**

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—July 15: **LISA J. CORNELIO,** an up-and-coming country singer from New England. July 16: The guitar-toting **ROSIE FLORES,** who has long been the darling of the Austin and L.A. country circuits. July 18: The downtown combo **ELYSIAN FIELDS.** July 21: Swampy blues with **MAGIC DICK AND JAY GEILS.**

Bowery Ballroom, 6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—July 15: A singer-songwriter evening with **VICTORIA WILLIAMS, STEVE POLTZ,** and **EMM GRYNER.** July 16: Bostonian **TRACY BONHAM** is the anti-Alanis: she writes her own songs, owes nothing to any record-company marketing team, and on her début, "The Burdens of Being Upright," she displayed a broad emotional palette. With **HOLLY MC NARLAND** and **DAVID POE.** July 18: The eclipsed college rockers **BUFFALO TOM.** July 21: **GREG GARING,** who crosses traditional country and bluegrass with a digital-sampling mind-set.

Coney Island High, 15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959)—July 18: An evening of kitsch, both old and new: **? AND THE MYSTERIANS** gave the world "96 Tears"; the **UPPER CRUST** plays soft metal in corsets and powdered wigs.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—July 15: Eighties New Wave oddities the **JESUS AND MARY CHAIN.** July 16: Rock with local heroes the **BOGMEN,** and revved-up pop and chanteys with Newfoundland's **GREAT BIG SEA.** July 17: The Washington, D.C., hard-rocking foursome **SHUDDER TO THINK.** July 18: The celebrated Czech dissident rock band **PLASTIC PEOPLE OF THE UNIVERSE** plays its first show outside its homeland. July 21: **SPACEHOG.** Powered by the zircon-throated Royston Langdon and his guitar-playing brother, Anthony, this glam outfit from the Lower East Side via Leeds has a classic blokes-from-down-the-road charisma and a handful of anthems that would make Spinal Tap proud.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—July 15: Topflight Welsh rock with **SUPER FURRY ANIMALS** and **GORKY'S ZYGOTIC MYNCI.**

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—July 16: Transplanted British guitarist **FRANCIS DUNNERY.** July 17: The Philadelphia outfit **BARDO POND** weaves tapestries of crashing sound. July 18: Topnotch singer-songwriter **KEVIN SALEM,** who has played guitar for Freedy Johnston and Yo La Tengo. July 19: Former Minuteman **MIKE WATT.**

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The Brazilian percussionist **CYRO BAPTISTA** and his ten-piece ensemble **BEAT THE DONKEY** are in on July 15. Dining.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—July 15: **JOE ELY.** This gritty singer-songwriter formed the infamous seventies group the Flatlanders with fellow-Texans Jimmie Dale Gilmore and Butch Hancock. He's still a square peg caught in country rock's round hole. July 17: "Joey Ramone's Cyber-Bash '98," with **RONNIE SPECTOR,** the **DICTATORS,** and others.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—July 17: Hillbilly punk with **JASON AND THE SCORCHERS.** With **GREG GARING** (see Bowery Ballroom). Canadian rockers **THE TRAGICALLY HIP** come in for a four-night stand starting July 21.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Birdland, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—Some guitarists are bent on cramming together as many notes as possible, but **JIM HALL** (July 15-18) plays the instrument with a jeweller's touch: a gorgeous chord here, a lyrical phrase there, a perfectly placed note ringing in luxurious space. July 19: The **CHICO O'FARRILL AFRO-CUBAN JAZZ BIG BAND.** July 20: The **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** July 21: The **FAMOUS DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA.** Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through July 19: The **COUNT BASIE BAND** (under the direction of Grover Mitchell), with its unison smeared trumpet lines, float-like-a-butterfly-sting-like-a-bee rhythms, and blues-based repertoire, will surely keep the sounds of classic big-band jazz with us well into the next century. The elegant and agile guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** is the guest soloist. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through July 19: The **AHMAD JAMAL** trio. Instead of mellowing with time, Jamal gets more eccentric. A charming minimalist back in the fifties, the pianist has metamorphosed into a verbose extrovert with his own game plan of stop-and-start rhythms, mood-swing digressions, and catch-me-if-you-can shenanigans with his sidemen. Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **LES PAUL.**

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—July 16-17: Avant-garde trombone patriarch **ROSWELL RUDD** and his trio. July 18-19: **PHILIP JOHNSTON AND THE TRANSPARENT QUARTET.** This unit may not be as boisterous as Johnston's late lamented Microscopic Septet, but his distinctive writing and exacting soprano-saxophone work still thrive in it. July 21: If you've followed the career of the brilliant saxophonist Joe Lovano (see Tonic, below), you also know who **JUDI SILVANO** is. Popping up regularly on her husband's recordings, this eager soprano adds an unexpected tonal flavor that is not to everyone's taste. Fortunately, though, she's no preening traditionalist; if she errs, it's on the side of unbalanced experimentation.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through July 19: The **DANNY MOORE** quintet. If obscurity has any advantage at all, it's the purity of style that isolation breeds. Trumpeter and flugelhornist Moore isn't the great lost jazzman of the age, he's just a polished, vital player whose biting runs and vocal phrases are untouched by affectation or fashionable tics. Dining.

Tonic, 107 Norfolk St. (358-7503)—July 16: Saxophonist **CHARLES GAYLE** defends his neo-expressionist turf, eschewing chord changes and polite tonalities for raw and focussed emotion. Brave music for brave listeners. July 17: It's difficult to predict what stylistic direction saxophonist **JOE LOVANO** might embark upon here; there is no avenue he can't explore with conviction. But the wide-openness of this club's musical series gives the versatile improviser carte blanche to explore his more esoteric interests. July 18: Pianist **ANTHONY COLEMAN'S SEPHARDIC TINGE** reshapes ethnic themes as modernist anthems. July 19: Pianist and composer **MYRA MELFORD** has figured out how to incorporate the sonic fauvism of Cecil Taylor and other modernist keyboard heroes into her own knotty playing and writing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through July 19: The **ROY HARGROVE** sextet. Trumpeter Hargrove is feisty, historically aware, and blessed with a brassy, ringing tone, but his defining quality may be his sheer enthusiasm. Music possesses him—a brief trip to Cuba a few years back turned him upside down, and an immersion in Latin jazz immediately followed. Having got the blasting soloist part of the equation down, Hargrove's now working hard on a group aesthetic; sharing the front line with the tangy alto saxophonist **SHERMAN IRBY** bodes well for the trumpeter's maturation process. On July 20, the **ROY HARGROVE BIG BAND** gives the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra a breather.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Through July 18: Cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** and guitarist **JOE PUMA** must channel Bix Beiderbecke and Eddie Lang when they play together, so simpatico is their feel for the lyrical pleasures of classic jazz. Bassist **MURRAY WALL** rounds out the trio. Dining.

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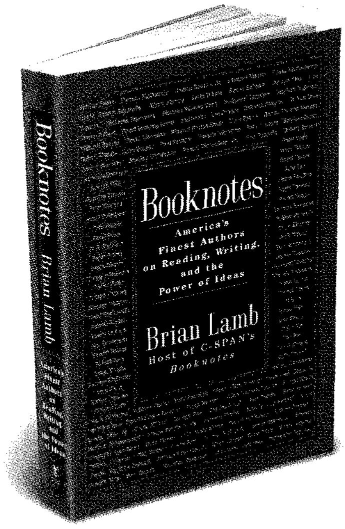
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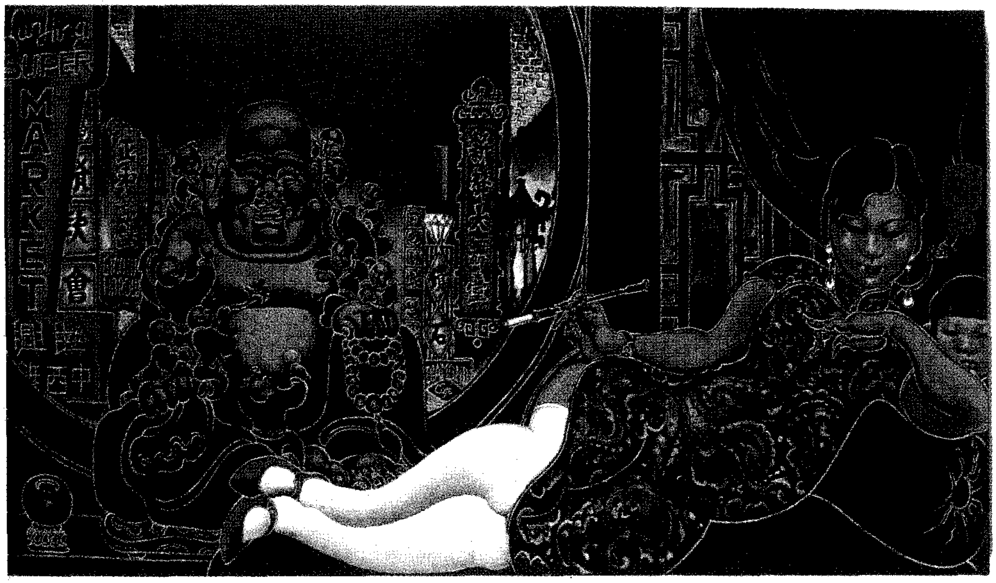
ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—"Edward Burne-Jones: Victorian Artist-Dreamer," a splendid survey devoted to this preëminent Pre-Raphaelite. The exhibition includes paintings, works on paper, books, stained glass, and tapestries that Burne-Jones executed in collaboration with his friend William Morris. Burne-Jones was immersed in the past—in medieval legends and fantasies, which form the basis of most of his pictures, as well as in his febrile attention to Italian Renaissance painting. Burne-Jones has been unfashionable for a century; this show reanimates him. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ "Ellsworth Kelly on the Roof," an installation of large-scale metal sculptures in the Cantor roof garden. . . . ¶ " 'The Academy of the Sword': Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500 to 1800." . . . ¶ "Jean Dunand: Master of Art Deco." Through Oct. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)



"Ms. Chinatown," by Martin Wong, at The New Museum.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—For seemingly arbitrary reasons, Pierre Bonnard's genius has been reflexively measured against Picasso's, and found wanting. Proust, however, is closer to home, and this exquisite retrospective—the first here in thirty-four years—shows why: both the painter and the novelist turned the surface shimmer of bourgeois contentment into mysterious evocations of memory. Particularly moving are the four large canvases of Bonnard's wife, Marthe, in her bath. Nothing could be further from Picasso's Georgie-Porgie crying women than these sad and sweetly devoted portraits. Through Oct. 13. (See also Galleries—Uptown.) . . . ¶ "Love Forever: Yayoi Kusama, 1958-68." Through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ "Tony Smith: Architect, Painter, Sculptor," a comprehensive retrospective devoted to an artist too often lumped with the Minimalists, largely due to his reliance on reductivist geometries in his black sculptures (several large ones have been installed in public places throughout the city, including, notably, Seagram Plaza, at Park Ave. and 52nd St.). Best known for these sculptures, Smith nevertheless worked prolifically in painting, drawing, and modernist architecture, all of which are on display. But for all the breadth, this is a refreshingly tight, focussed exhibition, with relatively little fat to trim—it even manages the difficult task of situating Smith historically, as a figure straddling both the Abstract Expressionist and the Minimalist generations. Best of all, Philip Johnson's magnificent sculpture garden has been cleverly reinstalled with only Smith sculptures, mostly of medium scale, although the huge hit of last year's Chelsea gallery season, "Moondog" (1964), also puts in an appropriately monumental appearance. Through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ "Aleksandr Rodchenko," the first United States retrospective of the work of the Russian Constructivist. Through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Though the current Willie Cole exhibition is presented as part of MOMA's "New Concepts in Printmaking" series, the artist in fact employs a very old concept—imprinting a hard object on paper—to craft ironic heraldic crests from the scorched silhouettes and handwritten brand names of various irons. Cole intends to evoke the history of African-American domestic servitude, but the metaphor carries only so far: a woodcut comparing the air-hole patterns on an ironing board with the crowded hold of a slave ship is a bit of a stretch. Through Oct. 13. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 6; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—"The Art of the Motorcycle," a dazzling collection of a hundred and eleven bikes, from the late nineteenth century to the present. The installation, designed by architect of the millennium Frank Gehry, is itself a work of art: he has faced the ramps of the rotunda with stainless steel, endowing Frank Lloyd Wright's already spacey conception with a fresh veneer of hallucinatory shimmer. The show might be summarized in one word: bitchin'. Through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ "Peggy Guggenheim: A Centennial Celebration." This member of the art-patron clan was a renowned benefactor of mid-century avant-garde artists, primarily through her almost compulsive urge to collect (not to mention the allowance she bestowed upon a struggling Jackson Pollock). Her hundredth-birthday fête is distinctly archeological, using letters, guestbooks, photographs, and even a few art works to cast her as one of high society's last pharaohs: her reconstructed bedchamber is done in its original shade of turquoise, and features a reliquary filled with scores of earrings designed by the likes of Alexander Calder. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ "Vilhelm Hammershøi (1864-1916): Danish Painter of Solitude and Light." Through Sept. 7. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500)—Six finalists for the Hugo Boss Prize—Douglas Gordon, Huang Yong Ping, William Kentridge, Lee Bul, Pipilotti Rist, and Lorna Simpson—await the announcement of the winner, later this month. In the meantime, museumgoers may judge for themselves. Through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Four video installations ("Bronx," "Roma," "Liquid Crystals," and "Baroque Cathodic Movements") by the Venetian artist Fabrizio Plessi. Through Sept. 13. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—A mid-career retrospective of Charles Ray, one of the most discreet yet powerful artists to emerge from the raucous L.A. art scene. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ "Unknown Terrain: The Landscapes of Andrew Wyeth." The one revelation in this survey of sixty years' worth of landscapes is that the artist has apparently *chosen*, from a range of manners he was proficient in, his distinctive style of brittle realism. The show includes a lovely and loose-limbed series of watercolors from the late thirties and early forties, depicting the Maine shoreline with a mellifluous palette of reds and greens, as well as one still-life, "Sculpin," which feels positively Japanese. Through Aug. 30. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum of Art, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—"Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement" showcases more than a hundred and fifty works from the museum's extensive collection. Through Aug. 23. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 9; and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (849-8300)—"Fountains: Splash and Spectacle." The best part of this historical survey of fountain design is the neat aqua booklet that comes with it, listing the top fountains in New York—from Paul Manship's golden Prometheus, at Rockefeller Center, to Gilmore Clarke's Unisphere (and unofficial swimming pool), in Queens. Alas, there are no fountains splashing here, except for those in the photographs and in prints that date back to the time of Siena's Fonte Gaia (ca. 1419). Through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ "Under the Sun: An Outdoor Exhibition of Light" is less an exhibition than a solar-energy propagandafest ("adaptable, clean, constant, durable, versatile," etc.); still, it's certain to fascinate kiddies and idealists alike. Cool solar-powered stuff (a lawnmower, a circus tent, a highway call box, a house) accompanies a retrospective of working photovoltaic cells, tracking their use from NASA satellites to solar-powered Chinese villages. Through Oct. 25. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (423-3200)—Long cast as one of Pop's elder statesmen, George Segal now appears, in light of this retrospective, as a staid American realist. His life-size plaster casts and polychrome bas-reliefs from the sixties and seventies have a whiff of early Oldenburg, but they're not nearly as sly. His stiff memorials to the Holocaust and the Depression are crowd-pleasers, furthering American statuary's age-old tradition of stoicism. Through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ "An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine." Through Aug. 16. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

National Museum of the American Indian, 1 Bowling Green (668-6624)—"Indian Humor," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures that counter the stoic stereotype, includes Choctaw Marcus Amerman's "Iron Horse Jacket," a leather biker jacket with a beaded image of Brooke Shields in a bikini; Blackfeet Ernie Pepion's "Manifest Dysentery," a disposable diaper taped to moss; Caughna-

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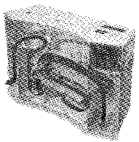

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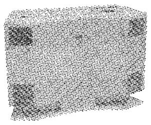

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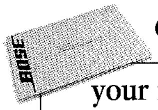

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waga Mohawk Richard Glazer-Danay's "Fry Bread Freda" and "Fry Bread Fred," a pair of painted upside-down bowls; and Hupa and Yurok George Blake's "D.C. Redneck," a ceramic football helmet that displays the profile of a bald and badly shaven blond man. Through Aug. 2. (Open daily, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway (219-1222)—The urban folk paintings of Lower East Sider Martin Wong mix graffiti with Ashcan School realism. In this retrospective of mostly eighties work, garish Chinatown scenes and paeans to the poet Miguel Piñero keep company with life-size realistic storefronts, such as Wong's "Iglesia Pentecostal," an edge-to-edge composition whose scumbled white passages are reminiscent of the abstractions of Robert Ryman. Through Sept. 13. (Open Wednesdays and Sundays, noon to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, noon to 8.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Summer hours: unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

"Food for Thought"—Art about comestibles, by Milton Avery, Isabel Bishop, Roz Chast, Janet Fish, Jacob Lawrence, and Wayne Thiebaud, among others. Through Aug. 12. (DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 247-2111.)

"The Inflatable Moment: Pneumatics and Protest in '68"—Blow-up structures (chairs, pods, domes), sketches, and architectural drawings, many of them associated with Utopie, a movement of French activist architects. Charmingly literal applications for political hot air. Through Aug. 29. (Architectural League of New York, 457 Madison Ave., at 50th St. 753-1722.)

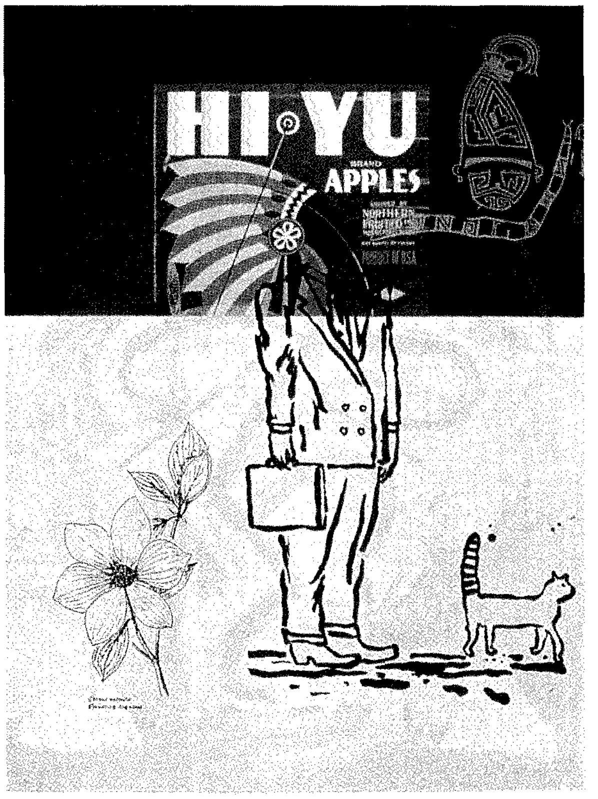
"The Sixties in the Seventies"—Performance, Pop, and Minimalist work by big-timers (Artschwager, Dine, Johns, Judd, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Warhol, and cohorts) who were still tousled sprats in the sixties, when they all showed in galleries in the East Seventies. Through July 24. (Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. 794-4444.)

Short List—robert berlind, De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 262-5050. Through July 17. . . . **woodrow blagg,** ACA, 41 E. 57th St. 644-8300. Through July 25. . . . **pierre bonnard,** Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. 879-0500. Through Oct. 10. . . . **james d. butler,** Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 355-4545. Through July 24. . . . **george fitzpatrick,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. 879-6606. Through July 17. . . . **shirley goldfarb,** Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. 752-1223. Through Sept. 4. . . . **yayoi kusama** and **robert filliou,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454. Both shows through Aug. 7. . . . **shari mendelson,** St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Through Aug. 24. . . . **auguste rodin,** Channel Gardens, Rockefeller Center, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Through Aug. 31. . . . **anne ryan,** Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. 397-6780. Through July 31.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

"Bathroom"—A large, ambitious, and generally satisfying group show dedicated to that most humble yet essential of household and institutional rooms. Curated by Wayne Koestenbaum, author of such witty ventures into cultural studies as "The Queen's Throat" and "Jackie Under My Skin," the show assembles works by the famous (Andy Warhol, Alice Neel, Robert Mapplethorpe) as well as the young and relatively obscure. Among the highlights of the latter group: Chivas Clem and Claude Wampler's "Frank Hole (Gloria Sinatra)," a viciously funny video sendup of the late singer in which the two artists visited a university glory hole and took turns poking their tongues through an orifice in a glossy photo of Ol' Blue Eyes. Lurid, disrespectful, great. Through Aug. 7. (Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. 243-3753.)

"Painting: Now and Forever, Part I"—In their attempt to summarize thirty-odd years of painterly practice, joint exhibitions at the Marks and Hearn galleries nevertheless place an emphasis on the present—the now within forever. Hence, examples of sixties color-field painting (such as a stunning Kenneth Noland target painting) reinforce recent tendencies toward a new psychedelic opticality (e.g., works by Franz Ackermann, Michael Bevilacqua, Lisa Ruyter, and several others). The painterly gesture also gets its turn on the stage, both historically (an elegant Brice Marden stands out) and among younger artists (the swirling rings of Keith Mayerson's picture). Camp has its moments—notably Suzy Spence's deliciously tacky picture of "Beverly Hills 90210" star Tori Spelling floating in a pool, smiling vacantly. And there is no lack of the unusual: Warhol's "piss," or oxidation, paintings are well known enough, but who before now was privy to his set of small "come paintings," executed in gesso and semen? Through July 31. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St., 243-0200; and Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St., 727-7366.)



"Modern Times," by Jaune Quick-To-See Smith, at the National Museum of the American Indian.

Short List—vinnie angel, Kravets/Wehby, 529 W. 21st St. 352-2238. Through Aug. 28. . . . **deborah brown,** Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave., at 23rd St. 242-7767. Open Sundays, noon to 5; through July 31. . . . **arthur ganson,** Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819. Through July 18. . . . **jonathan horowitz,** Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. 463-7770. Through July 31. . . . **charles long,** Bonakdar Jancou, 521 W. 21st St. 414-4144. Through July 24. . . . **h. n. semjon,** Au Base, 433 W. 14th St. 414-0563. Through July 31. . . . **richard tsao** and **madeline weinrib,** DeChiara Stewart, 521 W. 26th St. 967-6007. Both shows through July 18.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Rachel Whiteread—The British sculptor, whose concrete cast of the interior of a London row house set off a career-making ruckus, now sets her sights on New York's urban architecture. But her version of a wooden water tower, cast from ghostly translucent resin, looks somewhat wan amid the real things. Still, it's a more welcome SoHo monument than Old Navy. ("Water Tower," which was funded by the Public Art Fund, can be seen by standing on the southwest corner of West Broadway and Grand St. and looking up. For more information, call 980-4575.)

"Contemporary Self-Portraits"—These self-portraits, from many countries, show a lack of narcissism that's remarkable in this age of unbidden memoirs. The young English collective Gob Squad produces QVC-style video adverts, each member rattling off his or her mundane talents and the prices they're offering them for. Dutch artist Vibeke Tandberg sends up photography's current fad for vérité family albums with her series of computerized snapshots in which she becomes her own twin; the faux Kodak moments are nonetheless touching. Through July 24. (Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St. 343-2405.)

"Deep Thought"—This bid to link old-school Conceptualists to a new crop of systems-oriented artists only highlights their differences: Matthew Ritchie's paint-chip cosmology, David Bunn's found poetry (from library card catalogues), and Toland Grinnell's allegorical "computer" (a rickety cabinet enclosing a plastic oasis) bespeak the currently fashionable trend away from gravity and toward whimsy. Through July 31. (Basilico Fine Arts, 26 Wooster St. 966-1831.)

"Ground Control"—Now that John Glenn and Major Tom are both members of the Geritol set, young creatives tend to consider the golden years of space exploration as they do the British Invasion: suspiciously, and as an interesting anachronism from a less fraught time. Accordingly, the most stirring images in this show of space art (from straight science to cosmic comics) are the Apollo-era photos of the moon and Earth taken from a lunar-landing craft—painstakingly assembled panoramas from an age of unfettered optimism. Through July 31. (Lombard Freid, 470 Broome St. 334-5060.)

"Painting from Another Planet: New Painting from Los Angeles"—Ignore the flip title and you'll find some fine works: Sharon Ellis's subtly psychedelic field of daisies, "Morning" (1998), makes one hope for a more ample New York showing; Kevin Appel's super-flat interiors pay homage to the architectural legacy of Moderne homeboys Neutra and Schindler; and Chris Finley's tableaux of bodybuilders and pizzas refer to his nearly pathological sculpture (legendary in L.A., but hardly seen in New York). Through July 31. (Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 343-7300.)

"Peep Show"—A scattershot group show of art about sex, the body, and looking. No great curatorial insights here, but some real finds: a Robert Colescott watercolor, a few of David Salle's underappreciated photographs, a Hopper etching, and two of Eugene von Bruenchenhein's touching (and touched) forties-era photos of his wife in stripper attire. Even better are cheek-burningly erotic Japanese and Indian prints from centuries past—historically shagadelic, baby. Through July 24. (Ross, 568 Broadway. 343-2161.)

Group Show—Feature remains one of the few SoHo galleries that can put together a surprising, eclectic summer bill of fare. The current group includes German painter Jochen Klein, whose work falls in the Gerhard Richter lineage. Jeff Ono evokes high formalism with conspicuously humble materials (straws, chewing gum) à la Sol Le Witt. Scott Hug lives, like so many young artists, for trippy geometries. And Richard Hawkins's “Zombies” are among the most riveting recent evocations of teen (homo)erotic obsession gone over the brink: computer-generated heads of lusciously vacant boys. Through July 31. (76 Greene St. 941-7077.)

Short List—**suellen glashausser,** Eno, 594 Broadway. 226-5342. Through July 9. . . . **yayoi kusama,** Blum, 99 Wooster St. 343-0441. Through Sept. 26. . . . **joan personette,** Courtyard Gallery, World Financial Center, 220 Vesey St. 945-0505. Through Aug. 9. . . . **tomoko takahashi,** The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. 219-2166. Through July 31. . . . **richard tuttle,** A/D, 560 Broadway. 966-5154. Through July 31.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Michael Ackerman—“Smoke,” a new series of photographs taken in Cabbagetown, an old industrial neighborhood in Atlanta. Through July 26. (Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. 477-1820. Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 7, and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

"Color"—A group show of works by gallery artists Lynn Davis, Sally Mann, and Victor Schrager and guest artists Christopher Bucklow, Adam Fuss, and Dana Hoey. Through Aug. 14. (Houk, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 750-7070.)

"Drive-Ins: Disappearing Summer Cinema"—Featuring works by Jeff Brouws, Lee Friedlander, Richard Misrach, Andrew Moore, Lynn Saville, and Hiroshi Sugimoto. Through Aug. 7. (Richardson, 560 Broadway. 343-1255.)

"Modernist Mexican Vistas"—Photographs by Paul Strand, Anton Bruehl, and Marion Michelle. Through Aug. 1. (Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. 223-1059.)

"Neighborhood Watch"—Diverse takes on suburbia from Gregory Crewdson, Roe Etheridge, Arne Svenson, and others. Through Aug. 14. (Saul, 560 Broadway. 431-0747.)

"Ship/Shape"—Nautical imagery by such European and American photographers as Doris Ulmann, Edward Steichen, Harold Costain, and Edward Prince of Wales. Through Aug. 29. (DeLellis, 47 E. 68th St. 327-1482. Closed Tuesdays.)

"A Summer Wedding"—Works by a broad range of artists, including Donna Ferrato, Charles Harbutt, Bruce Davidson, Andy Marcus, Mary Ellen Mark, Sylvia Plachy, and Philip Jones Griffiths. Through Aug. 8. (Leica, 670 Broadway. 777-3051. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

"Take the A Train"—A very large compendium of mostly black-and-white shots of the subways and trains of New York City by such photographers as Louis Faurer, William Klein, Louis Stettner, Walker Evans, Danny Lyon, and Helen Levitt. Through Aug. 14. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. 334-0010.)

International Center of Photography—“Comparative Concepts: Photographs by August Sander, Karl Blossfeldt, Albert Renger-Patzsch, and Bernd and Hilla Becher.” Through Sept. 13. (1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. 860-1777. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

International Center of Photography Midtown—“Mathew Brady's Portraits: Images As History, Photography As Art.” Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ “A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of AIDS, by Steve Hart.” Through Sept. 6. (Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. 860-1777. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**manuel alvarez bravo,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. 925-5510. Through July 24. . . . **herman costa,** Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819. Through Aug. 14. . . . **lucien hervé,** Gallery 292, at 120 Wooster St. 431-0292. Through Aug. 14. . . . **michael kenna,** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. 570-1223. Through Aug. 14. . . . **nina korhonen,** SABA, 116 E. 16th St. 477-7722. Through Aug. 31. . . . **alexander rodchenko,** Schickler, 560 Broadway. 431-6363. Through Aug. 14. . . . **josef sudek,** Alan Klotz/Photocollect, 22 E. 72nd St. 327-2211. Through Aug. 1. . . . **john waters,** Gavin Brown's Enterprise, 436 W. 15th St. 627-5258. Through July 31.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

New York Grand Opera—The company's Verdi series continues with a staging of “Stiffelio,” with Vincent La Selva conducting. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 15 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

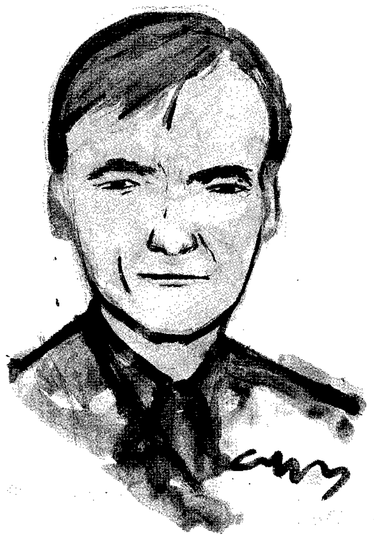
Opera Nova—The company offers “The Metermaids' Sister,” an updated, English-language version of Donizetti's “La Fille du Régiment.” (Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. July 16-18 at 7:30 and July 19 at 3:30. For information about tickets, call 724-8204.)

Amato Opera Company—A double bill of Wolf-Ferrari's “The Secret of Susanna” (in English) and Massenet's rarely performed “Thérèse.” (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. July 17-18 at 7:30 and July 19 at 2:30. Through July 26.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—In the first of the orchestra's free Parks concerts, Kurt Masur conducts Mussorgsky's “Pictures at an Exhibition” (in Sergei Gorchakov's orchestration), a suite from Prokofiev's “Romeo and Juliet,” and Ravel's “Boléro.” (Great Lawn, Central Park. July 21 at 8. For rain-date information, call 875-5709.)

Lincoln Center Festival 98—July 15 at 5:30: Christopher Herrick continues his survey of Bach's complete organ works by playing the Prelude and Fugue in E Minor (BWV 548, the “Wedge”), “Canonic Variations on ‘Vom Himmel Hoch,’” A-Minor Prelude (BWV 569), B-Minor Fugue (BWV 579, after Corelli), and G-Minor Fantasia and Fugue (BWV 542). (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ July 15 at 8: Kurt Masur and the New York Philharmonic offer Ives's “Three Places in New England,” Copland's Clarinet Concerto (featuring the orchestra's principal clarinettist, Stanley Drucker), Bernstein's Symphony No. 1 (“Jeremiah,” with mezzo-soprano Suzanne Poretsky), and Gershwin's “Rhapsody in Blue” (with pianist Fazil Say). (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ July 16 at 5:30: Mr. Herrick performs Bach's Preludes and Fugues in C Major (BWV 547), G Minor (BWV 535), and F Minor (BWV 534); G-Major Prelude (BWV 568); chorale partita “Christ, der du bist der helle Tag”; Trio No. 4; and Fantasia and Fugue in C Minor (BWV 537). (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ July 17 at 5:30: Mr. Herrick's Bach survey continues with the D-Minor Prelude and Fugue (BWV 549a), G-Major Fugue (BWV 577, the “Gigue”), E-Major Toccata, Trio No. 5, chorale partita “Ach, was soll ich Sünder machen?,” and C-Minor Passacaglia (BWV 582). (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ July 17-18 at 8: Mr. Masur directs the New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia Singers Chorale, and soloists Christine Goerke and Wendy Nielsen (sopranos), Florence Quivar (mezzo-soprano), Jon Villars (tenor), William Stone (baritone), and Boris Carmeli (narrator) in Penderecki's oratorio “Seven Gates of Jerusalem.” (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ July 18 at 5:30: The Bach organ cycle continues as Mr. Herrick plays the Fantasias in G Major (BWV 572) and A Minor (BWV 561), Canzona in D Minor (BWV 588), Trio No. 6, chorale partita “O Gott, du frommer Gott,” and F-Major Toccata and Fugue (BWV 540). (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ July 19 at 5:30: Mr. Herrick performs Bach's “Orgelbüchlein.” (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ July 20 at 5:30: Mr. Herrick plays Bach's G-Minor Fugue (BWV 578), five chorale preludes, C-Major Prelude and Fugue (BWV 531), A-Minor Concerto (after Vivaldi), F-Major Aria (after Couperin), and Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (BWV 538). (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ July 20 at 8:30: A recital of solo and chamber works by Bernstein. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ July 21 at 5:30: Mr. Herrick's Bach series continues with performances of the Preludes and Fugues in C Minor (BWV 546) and C Major (BWV 545), C-Minor Fugue (after Legrenzi), “Fantasia con Imitazione” in B-Minor, and the eighteen “Kirnberger” chorale preludes. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . **note:** “Rainforest,” a sonic environment by David Tudor, has been installed in the Clark Studio Theatre, on the seventh floor of Lincoln Center's Rose Building; open July 15-17 from 4 to 8 and July 18-19 from noon to 8. (For information about tickets for all festival performances, call 721-6500. . . . **note:** The Shanghai Kunju Opera Company's production of “The Peony Pavilion,” scheduled to be presented through July 19, has been cancelled. For information about ticket refunds, call 875-5030.)



Pianist Stephen Hough, performing this week at Tanglewood.

CHRIS CURRY

RECITALS

"Music in the Garden"—In this installment of the Church of the Holy Trinity's outdoor picnic-and-concert series, violinist Jorge Avila, violist David Wallace, and cellist Allen Alexander play works by Byrd, Beethoven, and Haydn. (316 E. 88th St. July 15 at 7:15. Admission by contribution.)

Opera Manhattan—Musicians from the company perform Borodin's Piano Quintet, Mussorgsky's song cycle “The Peep Show,” and Khachaturian's Clarinet Trio. (Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. July 16 at 1. No tickets necessary.)

Bargemusic—July 16 at 7:30 and July 19 at 4: Mozart's G-Major Serenade (K. 525, “Eine Kleine Nachtmusik”), the première of Lev Zhurbin's Duet for Violin and Viola, and Borodin's D-Major String Quartet. . . . ¶ July 17 at 7:30: Music by Beethoven, Schubert, and Brahms (including his C-Major Piano Trio). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061.)

Summergarden—A recital of string quartets by Elliott Sharp, Henry Cowell (his Fifth), Mario Davidovsky (his Fourth), and William Schuman (his Third). (Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. July 17-18 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Uptown Sounds—Chamber works by Schubert, Bartók (his First Rhapsody), and Schumann (his Piano Quartet), performed by violinist Yosuke Kawasaki, violist Ori Kam, cellist Iris Regev, and pianist Ilan Rechtman. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. July 19 at noon. For information about tickets, call 718-885-2478.)

Salon Soirées—A wide-ranging program with violist Ori Kam, cellist Iris Regev, and pianist Ilan Rechtman. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. July 19 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

Lucy Bardo and Dongsok Shin—The violist da gamba and the harpsichordist perform works by Bach and others as the entertainment for a dinner concert. (Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. 840-6800. July 19 at 6:30.)

Iris Regev—Cellist, playing Schumann's Adagio and Allegro, as well as several works by the evening's pianist (and her husband), Ilan Rechtman. (Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. July 20 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

"New Music July"—The final recitals in a series that emphasizes twentieth-century piano works. July 20 at 9: Marilyn Nonken performs Salvatore Martirano's "Cocktail Music" and Schoenberg's Three Pieces (Op. 11), pieces written for her by Michael Finnissy and Jason Eckardt, and works by Alvin Lucier and Jonathan Harvey that employ live electronic playback. . . . ¶ July 21 at 9: Lisa Moore offers Janáček's "From the Street," Martin Bresnick's "The Dream of the Lost Traveler," Chopin's Fourth Ballade, and Frederic Rzewski's "De Profundis." (Flea Theatre, 41 White St., between Church St. and Broadway. 226-0051.)

James Abbington—Organist, performing Samuel Coleridge-Taylor's A-Minor Impromptu, Leslie Adams's Prelude and Fugue, Ulysses Kay's Suite for Organ, Fela Sowande's "Introduction, Theme, and Variations on a Yoruba Folk Theme," and the première of Chihchun Lee's "Testify!" (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. July 21 at 7. Admission by contribution.)

OUT OF TOWN

Tanglewood—July 15 at 8:30: Pianist Stephen Hough performs three sonatas by Domenico Scarlatti, Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," George Tsontakis's "Ghost Variations," Federico Mompou's "Charmes," and Liszt's B-Minor Sonata. . . . ¶ July 17 at 8:30: James Conlon conducts the Boston Symphony in Shostakovich's Suite from "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk," Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Van Cliburn), and orchestral excerpts from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung." . . . ¶ July 18 at 8:30: The Boston Symphony, conducted by Seiji Ozawa, plays Dvořák's Violin Concerto (with Pamela Frank) and Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra." . . . ¶ July 19 at 2:30: Mr. Conlon and the Boston Symphony offer an all-Mozart program: the Piano Concerto in E-Flat Major (K. 271, with Mr. Hough), several arias (with mezzo-soprano Jennifer Larmore), and the Symphonies No. 34 and No. 35. (Lenox, Mass. 800-274-8499.)

Caramoor—July 16 at 4:15: A recital by violist Nokuthula Ngwenyama and pianist Reiko Uchida. . . . ¶ July 17 at 8: The Eroica Trio performs piano trios by Mozart (in C Major, K. 548), Paul Schoenfield (his "Café Music"), and Schubert (in B-Flat Major). . . . ¶ July 18 at 8: A semi-staged production of Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia," with soprano Lauren Flanigan, mezzo-soprano Vivica Genaux, tenor Bruce Fowler, and bass Hao Jiang Tian; Will Crutchfield leads the Orchestra of St. Luke's. . . . ¶ July 19 at 4:30: Solos, duets, and trios for guitar, played by Manuel Barrueco and the Duo Assad. (Katonah, N.Y. 914-232-1252.)

Opera Festival of New Jersey—Final performances of the season. July 16 at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ July 17 at 8 and July 19 at 2: Carlisle Floyd's "Susannah." . . . ¶ July 18 at 8: "Tosca." (McCarter Theatre, 91 University Pl., Princeton, N.J. 609-683-8000.)

Newport Music Festival—No festival boasts grander venues than this one, whose concerts, sometimes as many as five in a day, are held in Newport's gilded-age cottages. The following represent several of this week's highlights. July 16 at 9: Pianist Abbey Simon performs Beethoven's Seven Bagatelles (Op. 33), Schumann's C-Major Phantasie, and Chopin's B-Minor Sonata. (The Breakers.) . . . ¶ July 17 at 2: An all-Beethoven concert, with the McDermott sisters—pianist Anne-Marie, violinist Kerry, and cellist Maureen—among the performers. (Music Tent at The Elms.) . . . ¶ July 17 at 11:45 P.M.: Pianist Stephen Drury performs Frederic Rzewski's Variations on "The People United Will Never Be Defeated," a powerful work of socialist political protest which has probably never been presented in less egalitarian surroundings (and following a champagne reception, no less). (Marble House.) . . . ¶ July 21 at 9: Piers Lane performs virtuosic piano works by Chopin, Alkan, Moritz Rosenthal, and others. (The Breakers.) (Newport, R.I. 401-849-0700. The festival continues through July 26.)

Music Festival of the Hamptons—Highlights of the festival's final week include the following performances. July 18 at 8: Cellist Dorothy Lawson and pianist Michael Boriskin collaborate in a concert that comprises Irwin Bazelon's "Alliances," Norman Dello Joio's Sonata No. 3, Morton Gould's "Harlequin Waltz" and "Boogie Woogie Étude," and David Del Tredici's "Virtuoso Alice." . . . ¶ July 19 at 6: Lukas Foss conducts the InterSchool Orchestras of New York in Mozart's C-Minor Piano Concerto (with Peter Serkin) and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7. (Snakehollow Road, Bridgehampton. For information about tickets for all festival events, call 800-644-4418.)

Glimmerglass Opera—July 18 at 8 and July 20 at 2: Virgil Thomson's "The Mother of Us All." . . . ¶ July 19 at 2: "Falstaff." (Cooperstown, N.Y. 607-547-2255.)

Maverick Concerts—The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble performs harpsichord works, solo sonatas, and trio sonatas by Handel. (Woodstock, N.Y. 914-679-8217. July 19 at 3.)

Music Mountain—The Leontóvych String Quartet performs quartets by Beethoven (in F Major, Op. 18, No. 1) and Debussy, in addition to Schubert's C-Major Quintet (with cellist Stephen Kates assisting). (Falls Village, Conn. 860-824-7126. July 19 at 3.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Life on the Hudson—Mark Twain is most often associated with such places as Hartford, Connecticut, and the banks of the Mississippi River, but he didn't neglect New York City. "I have taken a liking to the abominable place," he wrote his sister during a trip here as a teen-ager in 1853. "And every time I get ready to leave, I put it off a day or so from some unaccountable cause." Twain launched his ill-fated publishing house here, and he lived, during the early part of this century, in the West Village and in Riverdale. On July 18 at 1, Peter Salwen, a public-relations executive and ardent fan of the author, gives a slide talk on "Mark Twain's New York," during the inaugural meeting of the Mark Twain Circle of New York, an organization intended, according to Mr. Salwen, for "anyone with a fairly lively interest in Mark Twain." Brunch will be served. (Pete's Tavern, 129 E. 18th St. For reservations and more information, call 242-5546.)

Peaceful Challenges—The Good Will Games, which start July 18, will bring some fifteen hundred athletes from more than sixty countries to New York City and Long Island to compete in fifteen sports for five million dollars in prizes. They were founded twelve years ago by Ted Turner in response to the United States' and the Soviet Union's boycott of each other's Summer Olympics, in 1980 and 1984. Highlights of this year's events include the participation of such track-and-field superstars as Michael Johnson, Dan O'Brien, Jackie Joyner-Kersee, and Gail Devers; a triathlon in Manhattan; beach volleyball in Central Park; and entertainment by the likes of country singer Trisha Yearwood and Broadway stars. For information on dates and venues, call 484-7600, or visit the Web site www.goodwillgames98.com.

Readings—July 15 at 7: By Stewart O'Nan, from his novel, "A World Away," and Samantha Gillison, from her novel, "The Undiscovered Country." (K.G.B., 85 E. 4th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ July 16 at 7: By Joseph Heller, from his memoir, "Now and Then: From Coney Island to Here." (Prospect Park Picnic House, Prospect Park W. at 5th St. No tickets necessary.)

Talk—July 16 at 7: Herman Melville biographer Hershel Parker talks about the writer's ties to Staten Island. (Snug Harbor Cultural Center, Staten Island. For more information, call 718-448-2500.)

BOOK CURRENTS

Apothecary Tales

The rampant euphoria that surrounded the arrival of Viagra is a reminder that sensational new drugs rely not only on scientific breakthroughs but also on the public's wishful thinking. Two classic satirical novels offer cautionary lessons about having blind faith in pharmacology. In H. G. Wells's novel **Tono-Bungay** (Oxford), a young Edwardian scientist, George Ponderevo, helps his uncle market the bogus medication Tono-Bungay ("slightly injurious rubbish," in George's words) and, through his exploitation of a gullible public, enjoys "freedoms and powers that no life of scientific research, no passionate service of humanity could ever have given me." The eponymous uncle in Roald Dahl's **My Uncle Oswald** (Penguin) turns the discovery of a potency drug extracted from an African beetle to lucrative effect, first marketing it to aspiring Lotharios, then using it to cajole sperm samples from the creative lights of Europe, in hopes of creating a stellar sperm bank for women who want to become mothers of the next Freuds, Monets, Shaws, et al.

EVER MEULEN

A less fanciful avenue of pharmaceutical research is chronicled in **The Billion-Dollar Molecule** (Touchstone), by Barry Werth, who followed the company Vertex in its search for an AIDS drug and for a new kind of relationship between the corporate and scientific communities. Stephen Fried's **Bitter Pills** (Bantam) exposes some of the dangers of assuming that a legal drug is always a safe one. He wrote his book after a single pill of the antibiotic Floxin caused his wife's physical and mental collapse.

Some of the developments that may shape our experience of medicine in the next century are explored in **21st-Century Miracle Medicine** (Plenum). The author, Alexandra Wyke, paints such an optimistic picture that you may conclude that if we can simply survive the next decade or so of research we may never have to die at all. But those who place too much faith in miracle cures should remember the Greek myth of Asclepius. When he learned how to bring people back from the dead, Zeus was so annoyed that he killed him with a thunderbolt.

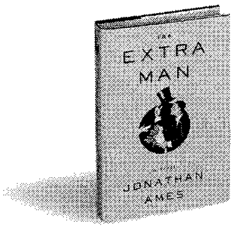
Books.

[AT BARNES & NOBLE]

THE EXTRA MAN

by Jonathan Ames

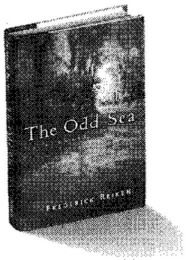
Combining an Evelyn Waugh sensibility with a Bertie Wooster-ish protagonist run amok, this is the memorable tale of a young gentleman's search for himself in the wilds of New York City.
(Scribner)


THE EXTRA MAN
JONATHAN AMES

THE ODD SEA

by Frederick Reiken

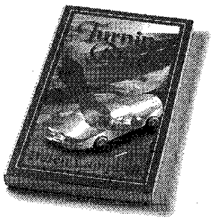
The impact of a boy's mysterious disappearance on a family and a town is portrayed with remarkable insight in this extraordinary debut.
(Harcourt Brace)


The Odd Sea
Frederick Reiken

TURNIP BLUES

by Helen Campbell

If Thelma and Louise were senior citizens, they might very well be the characters in this engaging novel about two lifelong friends who embark on the road trip of a lifetime.
(Spinsters Ink)



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OBJECT OF YOUR LOVE

by Dorothy Speak

Nine stories strike a balance between poignancy and humor as they explore the anguished choices women make about their friendships with other women.
(St. Martin's Press)

OBJECT OF YOUR LOVE

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THE DIGITAL HOOD

by P.J. Rondinone

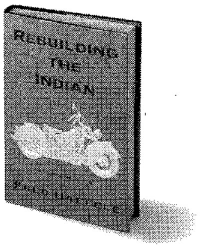
The characters in this collection of dazzling stories live in an inner-city world where respect is worth dying for and loyalty is all-important.
(Picador)

Stories
The Digital Hood
P.J. RONDINONE

REBUILDING THE INDIAN

by Fred Haefele

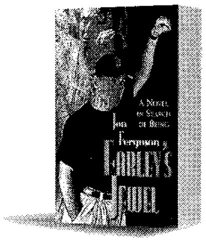
Using a passion for motorcycles as a springboard to more philosophical discourse, *Rebuilding the Indian* is as much about family, hope, and defining one's self, as it is the perfect ride.
(Riverhead Books)


REBUILDING THE INDIAN

FARLEY'S JEWEL

by Jon Ferguson

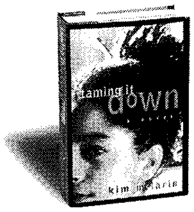
As a man weaves his way through his marital crisis and his mother's illness, he brings an abstract philosophy to the everyday in this smartly inspired novel.
(Cinco Puntos Press)


A Novel in Search of Being
Jon Ferguson
FARLEY'S JEWEL

TAMING IT DOWN

by Kim McLarin

The evolution of a bright young African-American woman from optimistic child to embattled young adult is thoughtfully captured.
(Morrow)


taming it down
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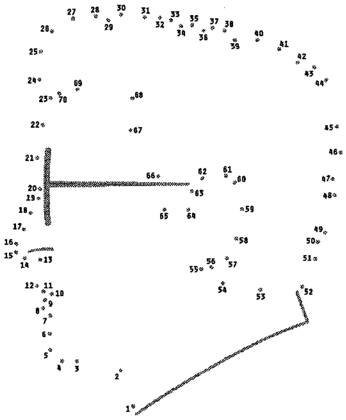
The Man Who Loved Only Numbers

THE STORY OF PAUL ERDÖS AND THE SEARCH FOR MATHEMATICAL TRUTH



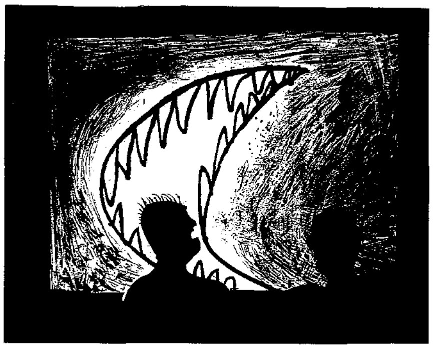
Written by Paul Hoffman
Publisher of Encyclopedia Britannica

"MARVELOUS ...a vivid—and strangely moving—portrait of this singular creature, one that brings out not only Erdös' genius and his oddness, but his warmth and sense of fun, the joyfulness of his strange life."
—OLIVER SACKS

AT BOOKSTORES NOW FROM HYPERION

ILLUSTRATION: NEIL FLEWELLEN

THE MOVIES



OPENINGS

Boys in Love 2—A program of seven short films about gay men. Opening July 17. (Cinema Village.)

The Mask of Zorro—A swashbuckling tale of revenge and sword fighting set during the early days of California. With Antonio Banderas, Anthony Hopkins, Catherine Zeta-Jones, and Stuart Wilson; directed by Martin Campbell. Opening July 17. (64th and 2nd.)

Polish Wedding—Writer-director Theresa Connelly's story of a Polish-American family in Detroit. With Lena Olin, Gabriel Byrne, and Claire Danes. Opening July 17. (Angelika Film Center and 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Silver Screen: Color Me Lavender—Mark Rappaport's film explores homosexuality in Hollywood from the thirties to the sixties. Opening July 17. (Quad Cinema.)

Slamnation—Poetry slams are the subject of Paul Devlin's documentary. Opening July 17. (Film Forum.)

There's Something About Mary—Ben Stiller, Cameron Diaz, and Matt Dillon star in a romantic comedy, directed by Bobby and Peter Farrelly. Opening July 15. (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Thief—Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening July 17. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

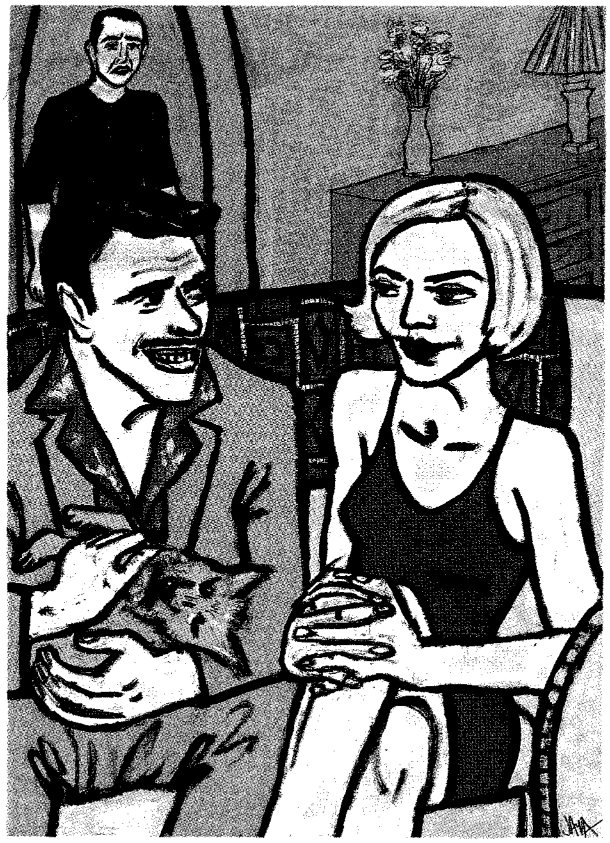
FILM NOTES

(If a movie has been reviewed recently in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein (1948)—Universal revitalized its baggy-pants franchise with this amiable monster mash. The saturnine Abbott and the ever-mugging Costello show vaudevillian panache as baggage handlers who have the misfortune to process the coffins of Count Dracula (Bela Lugosi) and Frankenstein's Monster (Glenn Strange). Add Lon Chaney, Jr.,'s tortured Wolf Man and you've got a snug-fitting context for Costello's infantile frenzies. The heavies maintain their deadpans and get the biggest laughs. (Strange's Monster does a horrified double-take at his first sight of Costello.) The last shot features Vincent Price as the voice of the Invisible Man, a come-on for future—and inferior—comedies of terrors.—*Michael Sragow* (Film Forum 2; July 21.)

Un Air de Famille (Family Resemblances)—The fourth feature from director Cédric Klapisch, a graduate of the N.Y.U. film school, is a tight, depressing comedy of manners—or, at any rate, of increasingly bad manners. A family gathers at a crummy café in a French provincial town; any hopes of a smooth evening start to blister almost immediately. The mother (Claire Maurier) favors one of her adult sons and disdains the other. There is also a belligerently unmarried daughter (Agnès Jaoui) and a birthday girl, Yolande (Catherine Frot), who buckles under her first glass of champagne. Klapisch steeps his cast in an authentically sick and yellowing light, and there's real confidence in his timing. But the film is a struggle; it was originally a stage play by Jaoui and her co-star, Jean-Pierre Bacri, and it still feels sullen and cramped. What saves it is Catherine Frot, whose tipsy dance routine, revelling in indignity, seems like a brief and wondrous escape. In French.—*Anthony Lane* (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

Armageddon—"The Right Stuff" meets "The Dirty Dozen" in a frenzy of special effects and ear-shattering detonations. An asteroid "the size of Texas" is speeding toward our fair planet, and unless it's nuked within eighteen days we'll all be saying good night, world. NASA's executive director (Billy Bob Thornton) devises a plan to drill a hole in the asteroid and blast it from the inside. Enter Bruce Willis, as Harry S. Stamper, "the world's best deep-core driller" and a maverick with a heart of patriotic mush. Harry recruits a crew of roughnecks, including A.J. (Ben Affleck), a hot-rodder who's in love with Grace (Liv Tyler), Harry's babe of a daughter, and Rockhound (Steve Buscemi), who likes hanging out with strippers. Willis, with his imperturbable gaze and incessant little smirk, doesn't seem a natural choice for even a scruffy hero like Harry, but Affleck demonstrates a sexy Paul Newmanish charm and is clearly bound for star-



Ben Stiller, Matt Dillon, and Cameron Diaz in Bobby and Peter Farrelly's "There's Something About Mary."

JAYA MICELI

dom. The surprisingly witty script was worked on by a squadron of writers, including Robert Towne.—*Daphne Merkin* (7/13/98) (Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, Embassy 2, Murray Hill Cinemas, Olympia, Orpheum VII, Sutton, and Village Theatre VII.)

Destry Rides Again (1939)—"Marlene Dietrich! . . . When you wear feathers, and furs, and plumes, you wear them as the birds and animals wear them, as though they belonged to your body."—Jean Cocteau. "She possesses the rarest of civilized virtues, irony."—Kenneth Tynan. These two gifts were combined in Dietrich's classic comedy role as Frenchy, the quixotic harlot of a frontier saloon. George Marshall directed this satiric revitalization of a 1932 Tom Mix Western, based on a Max Brand novel. By taking her spangles and feathers into the Old West and dropping her sultry voice to a howling baritone, Dietrich revitalized her own career. James Stewart is charming and even a little bit sexy as the mild-mannered Destry. Dietrich sings "Li'l Joe the Wrangler," "You've Got That Look That Leaves Me Weak," and "The Boys in the Back Room"—all by Frank Loesser and Frederick Hollander.—*Pauline Kael* (Film Forum 2; July 19-20.)

Dr. Dolittle—Eddie Murphy plays the doctor who has the ability to talk to the animals, in this comedy directed by Betty Thomas. (Criterion Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Waverly.)

Henry Fool—Hal Hartley's latest film takes a while to get going: almost an hour passes before it develops any emotional momentum. Yet when it does, it's powerful and strangely unnerving—there's an original and ambitious voice at work here that puts most independent filmmakers to shame. The story concerns an oddball garbage man named Simon Grim (James Urbaniak) who becomes a famous poet under the tutelage of Henry Fool (Thomas Jay Ryan), an ex-convict drifter. Hartley has refined his offbeat writing style from rambling riffs to sharp, halting spurts of dialogue that are funny, with an edge of desperation. The film captures the sad world of Hartley's lost poetic lovers better than any picture he's made before.—*Bruce Diones* (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Kurt & Courtney—Nick Broomfield's chilling documentary, set in the netherworld of Seattle, in which we get to meet various people who believe that Courtney Love may have killed her husband, Kurt Cobain. Rozz Rezabeck, a former rocker and boyfriend of Courtney's, is the most amusing figure; Hank Harrison, Love's father, who reveals that he bought pit bulls to discipline his adolescent daughter, is the most frightening. One comes away from the film unnerved by the distance travelled: we begin in a sleepy Washington town, with a little blond boy who likes to sing Beatles songs, and end up lost in a haze of heroin.—*D.M.* (Reviewed in A Critic at Large, 6/8/98.) (Cinema Village.)

The Last Days of Disco—Whit Stillman is back on home ground—Manhattan—in the last of a trilogy of romantic comedies. Two Hampshire College graduates in the early eighties—Charlotte (Kate Beckinsale) and Alice (Chloë Sevigny)—share lowly jobs in book publishing and a consuming desire to hang out at "the club." Their fellow-revellers include Des (Chris Eigeman), the club's lightly amoral manager, who claims to be gay when he wants to break up with a woman; Jimmy (Mackenzie Astin), who's desperate to impress his advertising clients; and Josh (Matt Keeslar), a junior prosecutor who's capable of deconstructing any subject, including disco fever. The recognizable Stillman touches are here—especially the instant nostalgia for the moment as it happens—but the film doesn't leave much of an imprint.—*D.M.* (6/15/98) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Quad Cinema.)

Lethal Weapon 4—Mel Gibson, Danny Glover, Joe Pesci, and Rene Russo are joined by Chris Rock (as a young detective) and Jet Li (as a crime lord) in the continuing adventures of Martin Riggs and Roger Murtaugh. Directed by Richard Donner. (Astor Plaza, Coronet Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Murray Hill Cinema, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

Madeline—Hatty Jones stars as the heroine, in this film based on Ludwig Bemelmans' stories of a young girl in a Parisian private school. With Frances McDormand, directed by Daisy von Scherler Mayer. (Chelsea West, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII.)

Mad Max (1979)—Featuring cops dressed in Hollywood Babylon leather and nomadic bikers apparently descended from the Sodomites, this is a madcap Australian Apocalypse Soon. Max (Mel Gibson) starts out as a saintly supercop. But after the vile Toe-Cutter and his minions kill his child and turn his wife into a vegetable, Max revs up "the last of the V-8s" and outdoes the evil ones in sadistic vengeance. In George Miller's dazzling dehydrated vistas of Down Under in the near future, vitality depends on horsepower. With offhand, goofy touches like a cop handing a benign cyclist a "get-out-of-jail-free card," Miller's entire movie is an amoral, anarchistic joke—a good, rich, exploitation triumph.—*M.S.* (Guggenheim Museum; July 17.)

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy 1, 2, and 3, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

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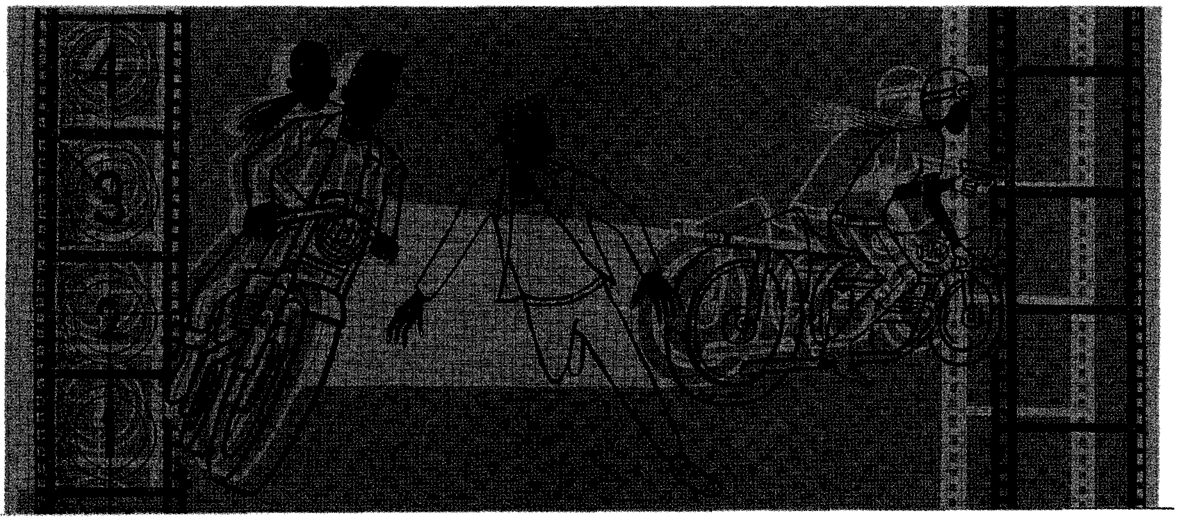

At the Guggenheim Museum, a program of films and television shows in which the motorcycle is featured.

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd. The first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman, Will B. Johnstone, and Arthur Sheekman). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense, which features such songs as "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "When I Take My Sugar to Tea."—*P.K.* (Film Forum 2; July 17-18.)

Mulan—Disney takes it easy on the hype this time, allowing its latest summer animated picture to build its own fan base. It's a canny decision, and the story, based on a Chinese legend, is clever: a young girl cuts her hair, joins the army disguised as a man, and saves China from the Huns. It gives boys lots of exciting (if cross-dressed) action, and lets girls root for an empowering hero. While the movie sticks to the familiar Disney formula, the cute sidekicks are less intrusive and the songs are not as overbearing as usual; for the most part, it sustains an enjoyable hum.—*B.D.* (Chelsea West, Cinema I, Guild, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

1941 (1979)—Steven Spielberg tried out new things in this intricate slapstick farce, from a script by Robert Zemeckis and Bob Gale. The movie, which is about civil defense and a Japanese submarine off the West Coast, has a choppy beginning, and Spielberg overdoes some of the cartoon aspects—several of the performers seem to be carrying placards telling you what's wacko about them. But the movie gets better and better: the U.S.O. jitterbug number is a great piece of film choreography, and the film over all is an amazing, orgiastic comedy, with the pop culture of an era compacted into a day and a night. There are such surprising slapstick payoffs that the film's commercial failure in this country didn't make much sense. It was accused of gigantism, and it did seem huge, though part of what was so disarmingly fresh about it was the miniature re-creation of Hollywood Boulevard at night in 1941, with little floodlights illuminating the toy cars tootling around the corners and toy planes flying so low they were buzzing through the streets. The large cast includes John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, Nancy Allen (as the girl who has a thing for planes), Robert Stack (as General Stilwell he anchors the action), Bobby Di Cicco (the terrific dancer), Patti LuPone, Wendie Jo Sperber, Frank McRae, Ned Beatty, and Toshiro Mifune; the witty score is by John Williams.—*P.K.* (American Museum of the Moving Image; July 19.)

Out of Sight—After many mishaps, the art of bringing Elmore Leonard's novels to the screen is coming to fruition. This latest adaptation, by director Steven Soderbergh and screenwriter Scott Frank, gets it just about right. George Clooney, a kindly bank robber, breaks out of jail and into the life of Karen Sisco (Jennifer Lopez), who is, if you are prepared to believe it, a U.S. marshal. He kidnaps her, then releases her, after which she turns the tables and spends the rest of the movie looking for him; behind the threat of violence, it's a fluent comedy of errors. This being Leonard country, the two leads are required to go to bed with each other before the final shootout; the sex itself is the one point of visual sloppiness in a movie that is otherwise crisp and smartly edited, full of bleached Miami sunshine and leaden snowstorms in Detroit. The supporting players—Ving Rhames, Nancy Allen, Catherine Keener, and a balding Albert Brooks—are a casting director's dream, with the honors going to the stoned and dumbly dazzled Steve Zahn.—*A.L.* (7/6/98) (Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, State, and 34th Street Showplace.)

A Perfect Murder—An update of "Dial M for Murder," with an elegantly vile Michael Douglas as the murdering husband and Gwyneth Paltrow as the wife in jeopardy. The movie dresses well, it's lavish and richly photographed, but it has nowhere to go. The story was rather mundane even when Hitchcock filmed it, in 1954, and the new production fails to add a single creative spin to the original. The only thing going for it is the performance of David Suchet; as the investigating detective, he brings a menacing precision to the old game of cat and mouse.—*B.D.* (Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, Waverly, and State.)

π—Writer-director Darren Aronofsky's sci-fi thriller about a mathematical genius (Sean Gullette), Wall Street, and Jewish mystical writings. (Angelika Film Center.)

Quai des Orfèvres (1947)—A stunningly well-made entertainment, this detective film by Henri-Georges Clouzot features the master actor Louis Jouvet in the role of a police inspector. His world is contrasted with that of the music hall, represented by the full-blown, hypersexual Suzy Delair. When this voluptuous slut sings "Avec Son Tra-la-la," she may make you wonder if the higher things in life are worth the trouble. With Bernard Blier as Delair's worshipful-masochist husband, Charles Dullin in the role of a lecherous hunchback, and, as a lesbian photographer, Simone Renant, at the time said to be the most beautiful actress in Paris. From a novel by S. A. Steeman, adapted by Clouzot and Jean Ferry. The film took the top prize at Venice, but in this country it never got the audience it deserved.—*P.K.* (Walter Reade Theatre; July 15-16.)

Six Days, Seven Nights—Is that really Harrison Ford, or is it an aging hunk from a TV beer commercial? Ivan Reitman's inexcusably limp comedy has Ford playing a selfish, lazy pilot who shepherds tourists around the South Pacific. Anne Heche is a workaholic magazine editor who crashes with him on a tiny island and falls for his utter lack of charm. Aside from Heche, who is a quick, witty actress, the film seems to reside in a bizarre time warp of bad seventies comedy, complete with retrograde ethnic stereotypes and huge, jiggling breasts.—*Sarah Kerr* (Cinema II, Embassy 3, Lincoln Square, and Village East Cinemas.)

Small Soldiers—An adventure story about action-figure toys that come to life. Directed by Joe Dante. (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Spanish Prisoner—A young inventor (Campbell Scott) dreams up something called "the Process" that is destined to bring untold wealth to his bosses but not to himself. When he airs this grievance to a businessman whom he meets in the Caribbean (Steve Martin), he finds himself enmeshed in a plot from which there is no escape, unless you count the suspiciously loving attentions of a fellow-employee (Rebecca Pidgeon). If you're prepared to ignore the plot's absurdities, David Mamet's film is addictive, and Carter Burwell's score works on you like a massage. The film also offers the sharpest and most quizzical work that Steve Martin has turned in for some time.—*A.L.* (4/13/98) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Village East Cinemas.)

The Truman Show—Peter Weir's new movie is a sunlit black comedy. Jim Carrey plays Truman Burbank, a genial insurance agent who lives with his chronically nice wife, Meryl (Laura Linney), in the town of Seahaven. The place itself is drowning in pleasantness. The sky is a dome, the sun and moon are lights in the roof, and every inhabitant is an actor—everyone except Truman, who is the innocent star of the most successful documentary soap opera of all time. It's a startling conceit, but the picture's doomy warning—that television will overrun our lives and brains—is not exactly original. Still, it picks up in the second half, as the hero discovers his predicament and flees; up above, trying to control him, is the omnipotent Christof—the creator of the show, a great role for the solid and scary Ed Harris. Carrey is on his mettle, but you wonder why thirty years of close observation have made Truman so funny; shouldn't he be a regular guy gone mad?—*A.L.* (6/15/98) (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, Olympia, Orpheum VII, State, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

HIROSHI TANABE

THE X-FILES—Two of television's most beloved characters—F.B.I. agents Mulder (David Duchovny) and Scully (Gillian Anderson)—make their big-screen début in Chris Carter's attempt (along with series director Rob Bowman) to revive the great seventies governmental-conspiracy movie. (The contemporary twist has to do with aliens and a secret government that is aiding in the colonization of Earth—it's "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" meets "The Parallax View.") The strength of the movie, as with the series, is not just the creepy paranoid atmosphere—its dark, rain-drenched alleys are a delicious, steely noir—but also the hushed, unrequited romance between the two leads. But the film is ultimately disappointing—it's somehow less engrossing when played outside the solitary intimacy of the tube. It'll be a great video flick.—*B.D.* (Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Six-plex, First & 62nd Cinemas, 34th Street Show-place, Village East Cinemas, and Ziegfeld.)

ALSO PLAYING

THE BIG HIT: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **BROTHER:** Film Forum. . . . **BUFFALO '66:** Angelika Film Center, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **CHINESE BOX** (reviewed in our issue of 4/20/98): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **CITY OF ANGELS:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **8½:** Paris. . . . **FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS:** The Screening Room and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **GONE WITH THE WIND:** Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and 64th and 2nd. . . . **HE GOT GAME:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **HIGH ART:** Angelika Film Center and 62nd & Broadway. . . . **HOME BEFORE DARK:** Quad Cinema. . . . **I WENT DOWN:** Beekman and Village East Cinemas. . . . **MR. JEALOUSY:** The Screening Room. . . . **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema. . . . **THE OPPOSITE OF SEX:** Angelika Film Center, 59th Street East Cinema, and Regency. . . . **SMOKE SIGNALS:** Angelika Film Center and Gotham Cinema. . . . **SUICIDE KINGS:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **WHATEVER:** Criterion Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Village East Cinemas.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

FILM FORUM 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—A series of comedies made by Universal Studios. July 15-16: "Pillow Talk" (1958, Michael Gordon) and "Lover Come Back" (1961, Delbert Mann). . . . July 17-18: "Duck Soup" (1933, Leo McCarey) and "Monkey Business" (†). . . . July 19-20: "Destry Rides Again" (†) and "Harvey" (1950, Henry Koster). . . . July 21: "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein" (†) and "Buck Privates" (1941, Arthur Lubin).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—July 16 at 2:30: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1971, Melvin Van Peebles). . . . July 16 at 6 and July 17 at 8: "House Party" (1990, Reginald Hudlin). . . . July 17 at 2:30: "Bird" (1988, Clint Eastwood). . . . July 17 at 6 and July 19 at 2: "A Rage in Harlem" (1991, Bill Duke). . . . July 18 at 2 and July 20 at 6: "All About Eve" (1950, Joseph L. Mankiewicz). . . . July 18 at 5 and July 21 at 2:30: "Raising Arizona" (1987, Joel Coen). . . . July 19 at 5 and July 20 at 2:30: "Die Hard" (1988, John McTiernan). . . . July 21 at 6: "Simple Men" (1992, Hal Hartley).

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—A program of French films about art and artists; in French, with English subtitles. July 15 at 2 and 6:15 and July 16 at 4: "Quai des Orfèvres" (†). . . . July 15 at 4 and 8 and July 16 at 2 and 9: "The Gates of Paris" (1957, René Clair). . . . ¶ July 16 at 6:30: "One" (1997, Tony Barbieri). . . . ¶ From July 17: The New York Video Festival.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—A program of films directed by or produced by Steven Spielberg. July 18 at 2 and 7: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (1981). . . . July 18 at 4:30: "Used Cars" (1980, Robert Zemeckis). . . . July 19 at 2: "Back to the Future Part II" (1989, Zemeckis). . . . July 19 at 4:30: "1941" (†).

BRYANT PARK, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.—Mondays, starting at dusk: free drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with coming attractions. The feature on July 20 will be "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953, Jean Negulesco). (Rain date is the following night.)

A DIFFERENT LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 151 W. 19th St.—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On July 19 at 7, the feature will be "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958, Richard Brooks).

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3587)—A program of films featuring the motorcycle. July 15 at 2:30: "Sturgis '90: 50th Anniversary" (1990). . . . July 15 at 6: "Mask" (1985, Peter Bogdanovich). . . . July 17 at 2:30: "Mad Max" (†). . . . July 17 at 7:30: "God Speed You, Black Emperor" (1976, Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese) and "Shonan Bakusozoku: Bomber Bikers of Shonan" (1986, Nishizawa Nobutaka; in Japanese). . . . July 18 at 2:30: "Ponch's Angels" (1981), a two-part episode of the television series "CHiPs." . . . July 18 at 7:30: "She Lives to Ride" (1994, Alice Stone).

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—July 15 at 8: Two films by Lynn Sachs. . . . ¶ July 16 at 8: "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940, Ernst Lubitsch). . . . ¶ A program of films by Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian, with English subtitles. July 17 at 8 and July 18 at 6:30: "L'Avventura" (1960). . . . July 18 at 9:30 and July 19 at 3:30: "La Notte" (1961). . . . July 19 at 8:30: "L'Éclisse" (1961). . . . ¶ July 18 at 6 and 7:30 and July 19 at 6:30: Two different programs of films by the Lumière brothers. . . . ¶ July 19 at 6: "A Sixth of the World" (1926, Dziga Vertov; silent).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—July 21 at 12:30, 3:30, and 6:30: "Divertimento" (1992, Jacques Rivette; in French). . . . July 21 at 9: "A Flame in My Heart" (1987, Alain Tanner; in French).

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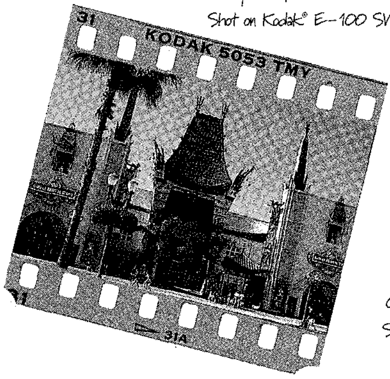
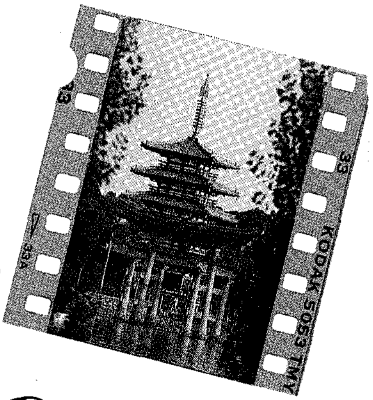
Morocco: Nikon N70 w/50 mm 1.8
Shot on Kodak® E-200, f 2.8 @ 1/60

Tues. 8am
Hollywood & Vine: Nikon N6006 w/28-85 mm
Shot on Kodak® E-100 SW, f 5.6-1/3 @ 1/125



Tues. 2 pm
China: Nikon N90 w/70-210 mm
Shot on Kodak® E-100 S, 1/500
@ f 5.6 1/2



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Canada: Nikon N70 w/28 mm
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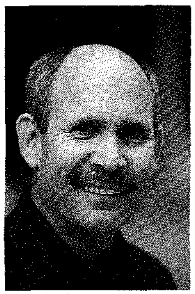

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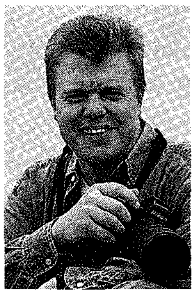

Joe McNally
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Kathleen Norris Cook
Photo by Dottie Froese

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THE
NEW YORKER

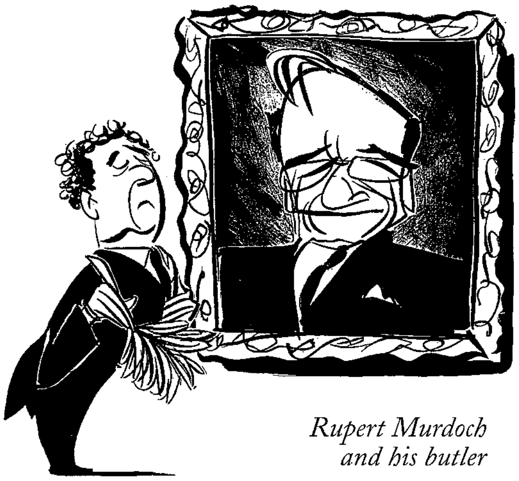
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

THE BUTLER DID IT

Murdoch gets the Murdoch treatment on Fleet Street.

SERVANTS who iron and tell are nothing new to Rupert Murdoch: his own *News of the World* has published the recollections of plenty of them. There was the Prince of Wales's valet, who told of grass stains on the royal pajamas after visits by Camilla Parker Bowles to Charles's country house; and the royal housekeeper, who told of rumpled sheets in the guest bedroom used by James Hewitt, Diana's riding instructor. But this month it is Murdoch who is being Murdoched. The British magazine *Punch* has just published "Murdoch by His Butler—Rupert's Servant Tells All," a six-thousand-word reminiscence by one Philip Townsend, who, with his wife, Penny, ran Murdoch's household in London for five years, until 1993. The article provides a series of embarrassing details that have never been aired: Rupert's favored underwear brand (Harrods, though it was Marks & Spencer before Anna Murdoch insisted he upgrade); his attempts to defy the aging process (Rogaine and what looked suspiciously like a face-lift); his switch from sleeping pills to alternative medicine ("Phil, I'm into yin and yang and all that shit").

This blush-inducing portrait appears at a moment when Murdoch would otherwise be unassailable: this is the week of the News Corporation's triannual conference, which is taking place in Idaho, where the company's current financial prosperity will doubtless be celebrated. The editor of *Punch*, James Steen, says he is trying to reinvent the venerable humor magazine as a media-industry watchdog—what *Brill's Content* would be if it were put out by the low end of Fleet Street. "I love embarrassing these people," he said, unabashedly, last week. (Recently, the magazine was successfully sued by the press baron Lord Rothermere for publishing humiliating details of the appetites of his late wife, Bubbles.) Steen has billed the Murdoch revelations as "Banned by Fleet Street," claiming that other publications are too afraid of Murdoch to cover the butler story themselves. *Punch* calls the article a "gripping eight-page special," but it is gripping in the way that watching the neighbors move around their kitchen when they've left the blinds up is gripping. What Townsend reveals is the banality of the Murdochs' domestic life and of the great man's private opinions: Prime Minister John Major is not "leadership material"; the Duchess of York is "a jolly girl, but if you'd seen her propping up a bar in a pub before she met Prince Andrew, you wouldn't have looked at her twice"; the mad newspaper proprietor Robert Maxwell was "mad."



Rupert Murdoch and his butler

In betraying his former employer, Townsend also betrays himself as that peculiarly English social type: the belowstairs snob. (The late socialist scholar Raymond Williams held that the English point of view is that of the upper servant.) Townsend makes much of his own class pedigree and that of his wife. "Neither of us were remotely qualified for domestic service," he writes, adding that his mother was a "member of the Cobbold brewing family." Townsend makes it clear that he frowns on his uncouth employer for such frugalities as having his Savile Row suits and Turnbull & Asser shirts copied in Hong Kong.

But, in what looks like an instance of the Stockholm syndrome, Townsend seems strangely fond of his old boss. He says Murdoch has a "sweet disposition" and is "generous"—though the latter quality has its limits, as when a group of Hungarian journalists came to dinner. "He said: 'Don't bother too much. They haven't had a square meal in their lives. They've never been anywhere except perhaps to Vienna once. Buy an apple pie.' "

—REBECCA MEAD

DEPT. OF HAZING

How Disney makes its employees feel warm and fuzzy.

OVER the past few weeks, parade workers at Disneyland Paris have been protesting that their pay is inadequate to their labors, thereby combining an American tradition—dressing up in silly costumes—with a French one: going on

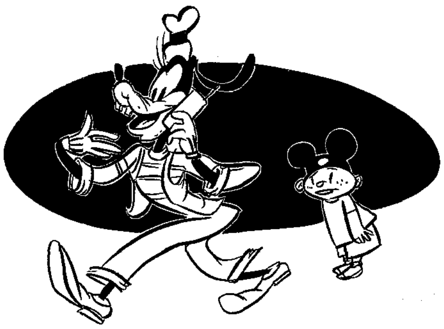
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

strike. Senior executives at Disney may or may not be persuaded by the strikers' wage demands, but they will almost certainly be sympathetic to reports of the discomforts of wearing a large Disney-character costume (they are heavy; they get hot in summer and cold in winter), because most senior executives have experienced those discomforts firsthand. While working at Disney, every higher-up is supposed to go on a ten-day course called Disney Dimensions, the highlight of which is the moment when they take off their Armani suits, don Pluto or Goofy costumes, and venture out into the Magic Kingdom, snout to nose with the young customers.

"It is extraordinary, because you realize people's reaction to the brand—you *are* the character," Danny Hillis, who is an Imagineer at Disney, said last week of his stint as Don Karnage, from the animated TV show "Talespin." Michael Lynton, the former president of Hollywood Pictures, who is now the head of the Penguin Group, said, "I dressed up as the Sheriff of Nottingham, from 'Robin Hood,' which I remember to be a large fox or rodent. It was in August or September, so it was unbelievably hot, but it was a fantastic experience, because every single kid runs up and kisses you." Not, apparently, if you are Friar Tuck, as was Steve Burke, the former president of ABC Broadcasting, which is owned by Disney. "I was devastated," he said, "because all the kids ran to the other characters, and no one knew who Friar Tuck was." Mickey and Minnie are off limits for this tier of temps, and the costumes are otherwise assigned by size. "I think you can maybe be Pluto," Michael Lynton said. "You *may* be able to get Goofy." More often, inductees are outfitted as less popular, sidekick characters. Two former executives who did not wish to be identified did their service dressed as Mr. Smee, Captain Hook's rotund first mate.

Some people do manage to skip Disney Dimensions, but they can't avoid having to dress up. "At the employees' Christmas party, all the executives from the studio would go and run the rides at Disneyland," one executive, who asked not to be named, said. "We would get in costume, and we would put on lederhosen or space suits, as was appropriate." Whether Michael Ovitz underwent the Disney Dimensions initiation when he joined the company, in 1995, is a matter of some obscurity. (He couldn't be reached for comment.) But Disney's chief, Michael Eisner, is assumed by all to indulge occasionally, since he created the program, and it is said to be his belief that you cannot know Mickey until you have walked a mile in his shoes. "I am sure he has been in costume," Steve Burke said. "I have this feeling in the back of my mind that he was Goofy once."

Burke recently left Disney to become president of the Comcast cable company, for reasons unrelated to costume-wearing, but he looked back on his dressing up as "a very interesting experience. All of a sudden, you are sitting there in a character costume in a Disney theme park, and you say, 'Hey, this company is *different*.' " —REBECCA MEAD



Michael Eisner as Goofy?

CLASSICS

Mr. Television (né Televinsky) turns ninety with a Greek theme.

LONG before Mr. Coffee came along, and even before Mr. Clean made it O.K. for manly guys with earrings to mop floors, there was Mr. Television. Fifty years ago, in his loud, bossy, rubber-grin, anything-for-a-laugh way, Mr. Television, who also goes by the name Milton Berle, changed the face of this country. His Tuesday-night show, "Texaco Star Theater," was so popular that it gave people the itch to have a television set of their own instead of going over to their neighbor's house every time they wanted to see a boxing match or watch Mr. Television put on a dress.

This is a big year for Milton Berle. On July 12th, he turned ninety, thereby joining the slender ranks of those who would challenge Bob Hope for the title of America's Favorite Nonagenarian Comedian Now That George Burns Is Gone. Last month, he was honored during the broadcast of "Comic Relief 8." He stood on the stage at Radio City and expertly threw his familiar, mildly poisonous darts. Promising the delighted audience that he wouldn't stay on too long, he added, "And if you believe that, you'll also believe there'll be a Richard Simmons, Jr."

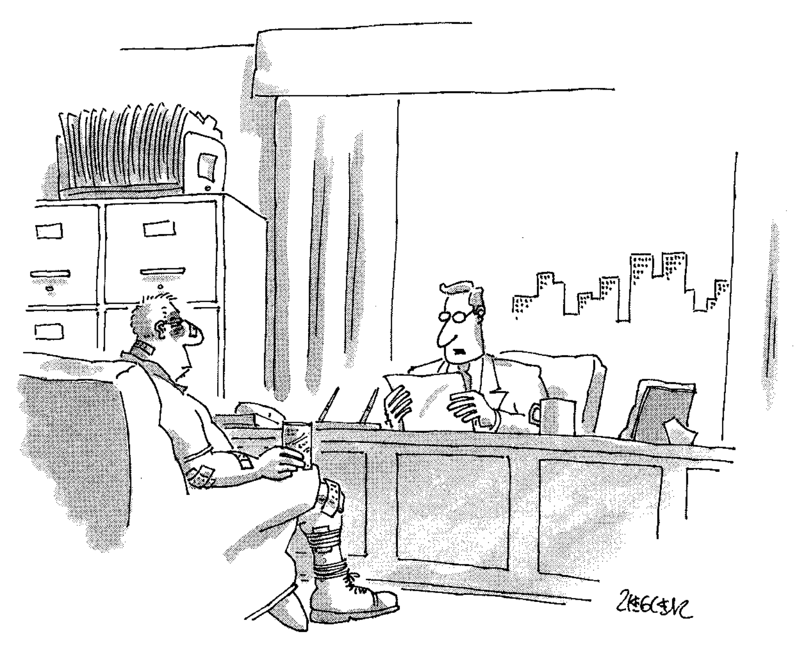
The following evening, Denise Rich, who is an unusual combination of socialite, philanthropist, and pop songwriter, held a birthday dinner for Berle at her East Side apartment, which faces Central Park and is a lot bigger than your apartment. I don't care who you are—hers is bigger. On the dozen or so tables in Rich's living room, little foot-and-a-half-high plaster Venus de Milos stood, and at each end of a buffet table were Ionic columns made of ice. If you're going to go Greek, you might as well go all the way, so the female help wore pale, gauzy, floor-length gowns and high heels (so Greek, high heels), and the male help, in order to convey that Greek-waiter look, wore false mustaches, unless they had real ones, in which case they wore them. A capuchin monkey named George was walking around the apartment shaking guests' hands. Paintings by Salle, Haring, Basquiat, Miró, and Schnabel crowded the walls. One of the Schnabels was a smashed-crockery portrait of the hostess in a previous incarnation, cosmetically speaking. Schnabel himself was one of the guests at the party, and he said that he had done that painting in Switzerland eight years ago.

What was he doing in Switzerland? Just hanging out?

"I never just hang out," he said.

Berle, after posing for pictures with various guests, sat in a corner of the living room and greeted such well-wishers as Keith Hernandez and Joey and Cindy Adams. Joey Adams sat next to the birthday boy, and once, when Berle wasn't looking, he touched the business end of Berle's ever-present cigar to see whether it was lit. It wasn't.

Squeezing in next to Berle, I asked him where his parents were born. They weren't from the Old Country, it turns out—they were born in New York, as



"I see from your résumé that you enjoy attending the occasional soccer match."

was Berle, whose original name was Berlinger. For years when he was a boy, he did a vaudeville act with his mother, and she can take most of the credit for getting his career started. Berle speaks of her proudly, and why not? His mom not only raised five children (Berle has one surviving sibling, his brother Phil, who is ninety-seven) but also worked as a department-store detective.

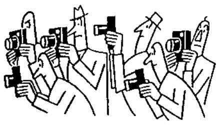
Before I was shouldered away from Berle by other guests, he asked whether I was familiar with "Texaco Star Theater." I saw no way around confessing that, through no fault of my own, I was born in 1956, the year it went off the air.

He looked away for a couple of seconds to take this in, and then, in a grave voice, he said, "I *died* in 1956."

—NANCY FRANKLIN

DEPT. OF NIGHT LIFE

Clubgoers are seeing the future—and the future is seeing them.



On a recent Friday night, the former heavyweight champion Mike Tyson and his bodyguard visited Life, a popular night club on Bleecker Street. Though the boxer's visit was not noted in the gossip columns, the next day thousands of people knew all about the blond woman he danced with, and even that he was wearing shorts. Without his knowledge, Tyson and his friends had been captured in action by NiteLifeCam and broadcast on a new Web site at www.Spy7.com.

A few days later, Spy7's creator, Frank Monte, sat at a café on Madison Avenue discussing the new venture. Accompanying him was a young man, a regular on the club scene, who is one of Monte's special NiteLifeCam operatives. Monte explained that before these young people go out on their nightly party rounds they are each fitted with a tiny video camera no larger than a postage stamp. A fibre-optic lens, itself the size of a grain of caviar, peers through a buttonhole, ready to record (and broadcast) the ambient goings on of unwitting citizens in search of relaxation. The result is a sort of after-hours C-SPAN: there's the same Dadaesque, real-time monotony, but with less Brooks Brothers and more spandex.

Andy Warhol once said, "I'm the type who'd like to sit home and watch every party that I'm invited to on a monitor in my bedroom." Monte is unfamiliar with that remark; his inspiration, he says, comes not from Warhol but from his past experience in the field of surveillance. An Australian-born private investigator, he has worked as a bodyguard for Frank Sinatra and Neil Diamond and as a corporate spy. (He was once hired by Aristotle Onassis to bug the telephones of his business associates.) "I had been trying to think up a way to weave together surveillance technology and the Internet," Monte told me. NiteLifeCam was the answer.

Spy7, which broadcasts NiteLifeCam for at least three hours each evening beginning at eleven, funds itself by offering the humdrum vulgarities that have become the bread and butter of the Internet. One service shows girly photographs. Another gives a peek at some female N.Y.U. students who have wired up their dorm room. A third had been set up to peddle an explicit sex tape of a rock star and was halted by a restraining order before it could do so. Spy7 currently has forty-five hundred subscribers, who pay $19.95 for a month of access.

For legal reasons, NiteLifeCam consists of visuals only. "I can't do sound," Monte says. "That's bugging." And so far much of the footage has consisted of hypnotic nothing-muchness, people-watching in fancy spots, but Monte is certain that famous faces (like Mike Tyson's) are bound to wander into view. He recalls sitting down with one of his operatives at another Madison Avenue *brasserie:* "We saw Elle Macpherson, Alec Baldwin, Winona Ryder, and Elizabeth Hurley and Hugh Grant going into the corner deli—all in the space of an hour!"

There are still glitches. For instance, a NiteLifeCameraman had filmed a show at Life a few nights earlier. "There were women onstage singing," Monte said. "Some of them were completely naked." His tone was mournful, because it turned out that the cameraman had attached the camera to his lapel with a safety pin, running the spike through it and short-circuiting it. Another night, a camera was poorly placed, and for several minutes viewers were treated to the image of a wineglass.

The application of surveillance techniques to party reporting is bound to have consequences. For one thing, celebrities can be expected to withdraw more and more into their own protected domains. (Elle Macpherson may just start sending out for her groceries.) Those who find this an unlikely scenario might reflect that there is already a template for such a way of life. It is called Los Angeles.

—ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST

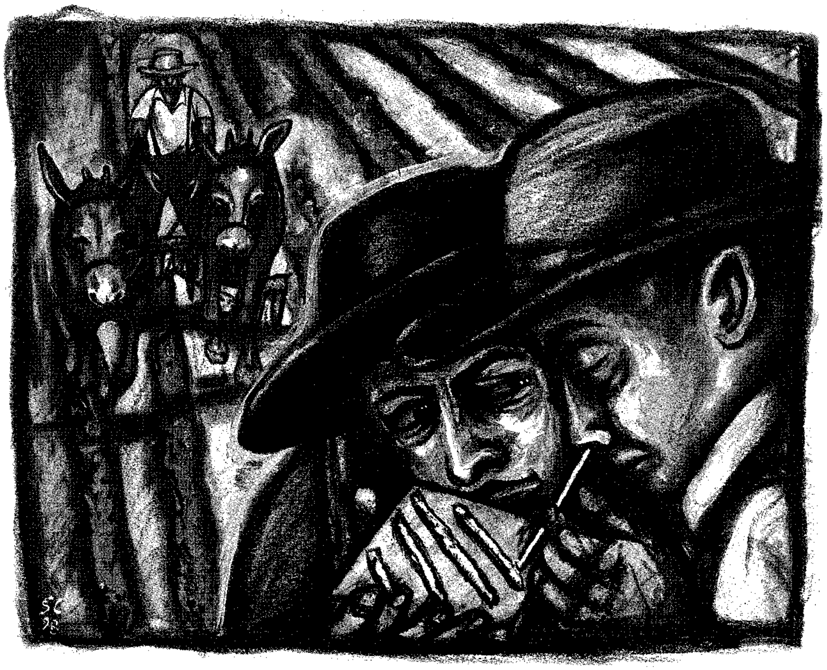
LETTER FROM LANCASTER COUNTY

BAD SEEDS

In the heartland of the Amish, the outside world finally intrudes.

BY DAVID REMNICK

EARLY next October, United States District Judge Clarence C. Newcomer will preside over a narcotics trial that will surely be among the strangest in American history. The charges are standard issue, and the amount of drugs involved, while in the "multikilogram" range, is not especially distinguished, either. The defendants are another matter. Eight of the ten are members or candidate members of the Pagans, a motorcycle gang well known in the Mid-Atlantic states for a penchant for violence and drug trafficking. The other two defendants come from the Old Order Amish of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, a farming community that considers the use of tractors, electricity, and even zippers violations before God. The Amish are in a constant battle with modernity. They keep themselves separate from non-believers, and strive to be "without spot or blemish." On July 2nd, two Amishmen, Abner Stoltzfus and Abner King Stoltzfus, were charged with conspiracy to distribute cocaine and methamphetamine. Another Amishman, a juvenile called C.S. in the indictment, was also named. Stoltzfus and Stoltzfus are in their early twenties and worked together in a roofing business. They are not related.



"The whole thing is horrendous," a farmer says. "Amish drug dealers? It's like Eskimos going swimming in Miami."

SUE COE

The indictment charges that Abner and Abner King bought cocaine from members of the Pagans and then sold it to other young Amishmen at weekend parties known as hoedowns or hops. The Pagans who were indicted include the president of the Chester County chapter, Emory Edward Reed. Reed, it appears, was quite the disciplinarian when it came to his dealers. According to the indictment, he broke a dealer's leg with an axe handle because of his refusal to make a timely pickup; another time, Reed knocked out a Pagan's front teeth because he was late on a drug payment. Other men named in the indictment include Dwayne (B.D.) Blank, Douglas (Juke) Hersch, Lawrence (Twisted) Mellot, and Robert (Fat Head) Reeder.

The clash is between a biker gang that presents itself to the world as "one-per-centers" ("We are the baddest of the bad") and a devout sect of Anabaptists who practice an ethic of Plainness and are perhaps more cut off from the mainstream of American life than any other subculture. The juxtaposition of Harley-Davidsons and buggies, of Abner and Twisted and Abner and Fat Head, has proved irresistible, and for days TV trucks glided along the roads of Amish farming towns in Lancaster County: Intercourse, Bird-in-Hand, Churchtown, Gap, Ronks, Paradise. The local newspapers, while ordinarily rather mild and wary of any hint of sensationalism, could not but play the bust with all the full-blown wonder of a Mars landing. After the U.S. Attorney, the State Police, and the F.B.I. announced the arrests, in Philadelphia, the evening newspaper in Lancaster County, the *New Era*, responded with a double-decker six-column headline:

AMISH, PAGANS ARRESTED
IN TWO-COUNTY DRUG RING

And since comedy is now a requisite notch on the news cycle, the story led to a wisenheimer field day. The host of Comedy Central's "The Daily Show" cracked that the state authorities had been tipped off to the Amish connection because "the cocaine was cut with apple butter." On the "Tonight Show," Jay Leno said the police knew the Amish must have been on drugs when they noticed that a barn raising took two minutes. David Letterman came through with a Top Ten list of "signs your Amish son is in trouble":

10. Sometimes stays in bed till after 6 A.M.
9. In his sock drawer, you find pictures of women without bonnets.
8. Shows up at barn raisings in full "Kiss" makeup.
7. When you criticize him, he yells, "Thou Suck!"
6. His name is Jebediah, but he goes by Jeb Daddy.
5. Defiantly says, "If I had a radio, I'd listen to rap."
4. You come upon his secret stash of colorful socks.
3. Uses slang expression: Talk to the hand, 'cause the beard ain't listening.
2. Was recently pulled over for "driving under the influence of cottage cheese."
1. He's wearing his big black hat backwards.

THE arraignment, at the United States District Court at Fourteenth and Chestnut Streets, in Philadelphia, took just eight minutes. Abner and Abner King limited their remarks to "not guilty" and fled the courtroom. (The Pagans also entered not-guilty pleas.) Both Abners, wiry men in their early twenties, were dressed in Plain style: suspenders, black trousers, nondescript shirts. Their families had come to Philadelphia from Lancaster County and sat in the third row of the courtroom, looking alternately shamed and terrified, not least because of the possibility that they would be photographed or shown on television, a violation of Amish modesty guidelines. The last time the Amish of Lancaster County felt so exposed and embarrassed was in 1984, when Peter Weir came to film "Witness," the story of an Amish boy who sees a murder linked to rogue cops and the sale of narcotics.

A couple of days before the arraignment, Abner King Stoltzfus met with a reporter for the *New Era* on his parents' seventy-acre dairy farm, in the town of Ronks. He said he started using cocaine five years ago, shortly before hiring two members of the Pagans, Twisted Mellot and David (Trog) Cianci, for his roofing business.

Abner King's freedoms—his outside business, his car, his association with outsiders—were not especially unusual. The Amish, like the Mennonites, are Anabaptists and they do not officially join the Church until they are baptized as adults. Until then, Amish young people go through a period of relative freedom and experimentation called *rumspringa*. In Lancaster County, they join one of about twenty-four youth "gangs," or "crowds," with names like the Rockies, the Rangers, the Bluebirds, the Orioles, the Canaries, and they get together on weekends to sing hymns, play ball, and, above all, meet a future mate. There are three "fast" gangs, however, and Abner King belonged to one of these, the Crickets. At meetings of the Crickets, the "sings" were all-night parties in someone's barn featuring Budweiser and local rock bands playing the latest heavy-metal and grunge hits. Instead of limiting themselves to horses and buggies, members of the fast crowds often buy cars, usually souped-up Camaros or Chevy trucks. And sometimes there was cocaine.

Abner King had tried cocaine before partying with the Pagans on his work crew. But then he started buying a half ounce or a full ounce and bringing the stuff to Amish hoedowns. The dozen or so young men who were interested laid out lines of coke on a tape case or a CD jewel box and snorted them. Abner King sold the coke—but only at cost, he told the *New Era*. Sometimes he was so out of it, so wasted, that he failed to collect his money and lost as much as a thousand dollars on a weekend. "I'd start drinking beer and I'd lose track of who I gave it to," he said. "They wouldn't tell me and I'd forget." After a while, the drugs took a toll on Abner King's health. He lost his strength and "got a cold for two years." He said that when drug use was at its peak in the Amish youth groups, two years ago, two other groups, the Antiques and the Pilgrims, also had access to cocaine.

One day in 1996, Abner King got a call from the Pennsylvania State Police and was asked to come down to the Embreeville barracks. He thought the police might have some information about a car that had been stolen from him not long before, but, as it turned out, the police revealed that in pursuing the Pagans they had developed a rock-solid distribution case against him and another roofer he had hired, Abner Stoltzfus. Abner King's biggest mistake (after trying and buying cocaine in the first place) was in hiring Cianci, who was, in fact, a police informer. "He was around. I partied with him," Abner King told the *New Era*. "I took him as a nice, quiet guy who never asked questions, who minded his own business."

JOHN PYFER is a Lancaster-based attorney, and he is handling Abner Stoltzfus's case. When I asked him what kind of work he usually does, he said, "Predominantly divorce and matrimonial law, selective criminal cases. You remember that professor who taught at three colleges under three names? I had him. I represented this guy who lived under a bridge who was called the Troll and shot a kid. Stuff like that. But we represent a lot of Amish, too. A lot of Amish kids are involved in underage drinking. They get in trouble, minor stuff, maybe they get a little boisterous, occasionally a drunken buggy-driving incident out on

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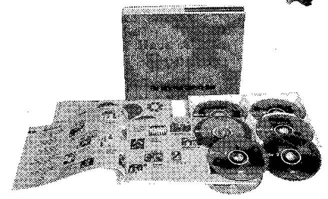

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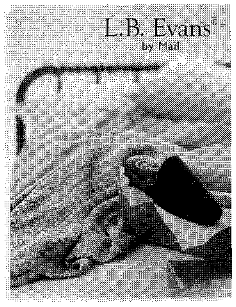

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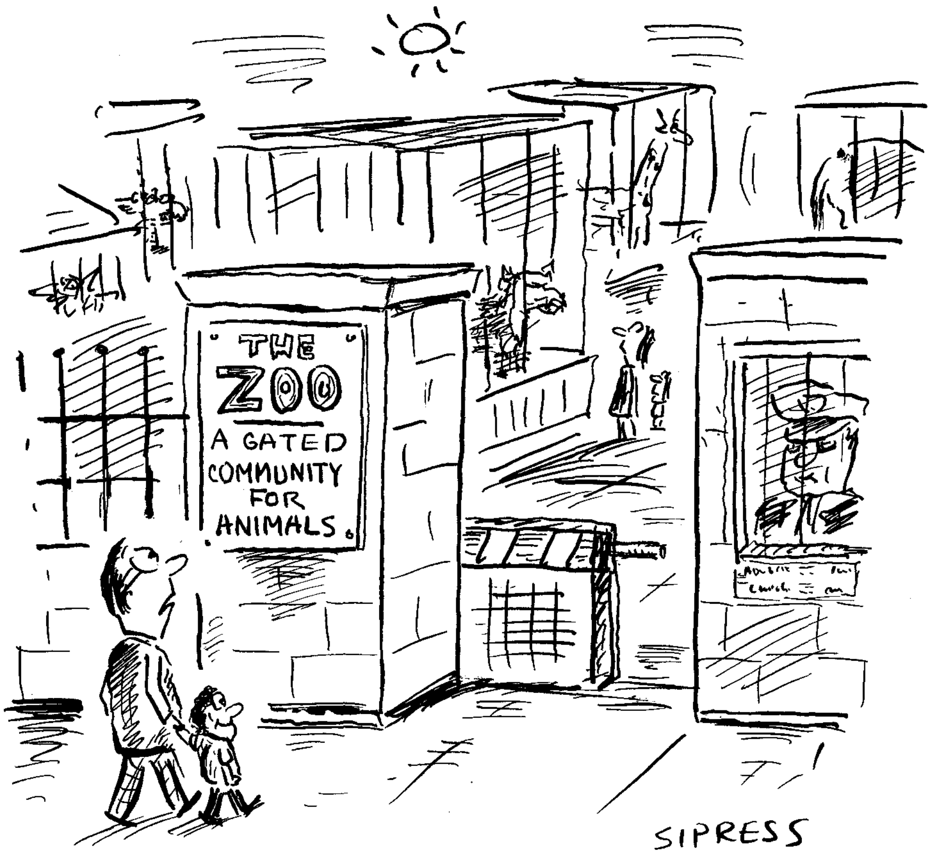

THE ZOO
A GATED COMMUNITY FOR ANIMALS
SIPRESS

the highway. I mean, very occasionally.”

A couple of years ago, a local police officer said, a few Amish boys went out one night in a buggy and started smashing mailboxes with a baseball bat. The officer pulled them over and the boys politely agreed to pay damages and a fine. Another time, many years ago, one Amishman told me, some boys went out at night and laid a fallen telephone pole across the road—a motorcyclist was killed and the boys went to prison.

But such incidents are extremely rare, and the little trouble that does arise among the Amish in Lancaster County is all but invisible to a visitor. Not that trouble is what anyone is looking for. On a summer day, streams of tourists drive slowly along Route 340 in search of an essentially self-enclosed, serenely devout people: men who begin milking the cows in darkness and hardworking women who seem like figures out of a painting by Vermeer. It is one of the great ironies of the Amish that in three hundred years they have gone from being an oppressed sect in Europe, whose members were frequently burned at the stake for their devotion to a radical reformation, to being a community adored by fallen Americans, who come to ogle them as atavistic specimens of holiness and simplicity. Southeastern Pennsylvania is within driving distance of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York—easy prey for the tourists, who roam around Intercourse in search of Amish like safarigoers at the salt licks of the Masai Mara. As mementos of their journey into Plain exotica, the tourists buy quilts that they may actually use and jars of pepper jam that will likely languish in the back of the refrigerator. Every year, tourists spend twenty-nine thousand dollars for every one of the twenty thousand Amish men, women, and children in Lancaster County.

“We learn about the world by watching what’s heading up and down Route 340,” a dairy farmer named Stoltzfus told me with a sharp, rueful laugh. (Stoltzfus is the Smith, Jones, and Brown of the Lancaster Amish.) “We see a pretty broad spectrum, from New York Jews to Miami betting enthusiasts to Windy City stockbrokers and Wall Street analysts and Long Island executives. They all think we’re some kind of exhibition and that we’re supposed to pose for photos like we’re actors in Colonial Williamsburg.” Sometimes a tourist will approach an Amishman and ask, “Are you real?”

The attraction, if not the ignorance, is understandable. The Amish *are* unique. The Hasidim, a seemingly parallel sect (or collection of sects), wear sidecurls and the dark clothing of their original Eastern European villages, but they are not a people wholly apart. Hasidim tend to live in urban and suburban communities in the New York area, and they are very much in the quotidian swirl. They get involved in everything—business, law, local politics, the darker corners of human temptation. We are no longer shocked when a Hasid winds up in court for anything from domestic violence to a business swindle. Last year, two rabbis in the Bobover Hasidic community in Brooklyn were charged with conspiring to launder and hide $1.75 million in drug profits for a group of Colombian narcotics dealers.

The Amish invite a kind of awe because of their insistent apartness, their plainness, their well-guarded innocence. For the visitor, the Amish provide the serenity of New Age, but history and authenticity, too. One morning, I went to the People’s Place, a kind of informational community center in Intercourse, where, for four dollars, I watched a slide show on the lives of Old Order Amish. Like a hypnotist, the soothing narrator asked us, the visitors, to be “very still” and overcome the “handicap” of our rushed lives. “Come with us to another world,” he said gently. “It’s not strange or scary—it’s wonderful. . . . Our goal is to be at peace with ourselves, our neighbors, our surroundings, our God.” Then came a half hour of reapers bathed in autumnal golds, children awash in the yellow shine of summer, communal barn raising, cheerful churchgoing.

Even without the gooey romanticism of the People’s Place, the Amish present a seductive narrative. Anabaptists have their origins in sixteenth-century Europe. First came the Mennonites (followers of Menno Simons, in Switzerland) and then, in 1693, the Amish, a splinter group in Alsace under a spiritual leader named Jacob Amman. To escape religious oppression, the Amish began coming to

America in Colonial times. (There are no longer any European Amish.) Some farming families go back so many generations in Lancaster County that their forebears bought their land from William Penn. Despite all the temptations of modernity, very few Amish leave the Church. Families average seven children, and the Amish population in America has doubled every twenty-two years. There are two hundred and thirty Amish settlements in twenty-two states and Ontario; the biggest communities are in rural parts of Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Ohio.

From community to community, there are variations among the Amish in their rituals and guidelines, according to such scholars as Donald Kraybill and John Hostetler. One group might wear no suspenders, another might wear two suspenders, another just one. The color of the buggy may vary from black to gray, yellow to white. Some allow rollerblades or scooters or telephones (not in the home but in a wooden shed out in the fields). Some allow farmers to use generators or to practice artificial insemination for cattle, others do not. Hymns vary; so do sermons and prayers. But among all Amish smallness of scale, homogeneity, interdependence, pacifism, modesty, and practical work are absolute values. Amish go to school through the eighth grade and then begin working full time; for centuries their work was completely agricultural. Book learning (or "chairmindedness") is considered suspect, pretentious, reeking of pride. (Fear of seeming prideful also prevents most Amish from talking to reporters.)

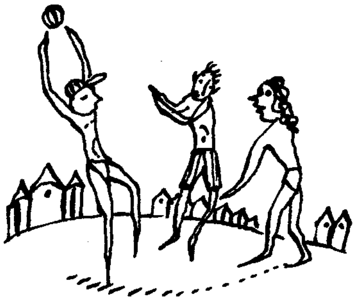
The Amish see themselves as a *Gemeinde,* a redemptive community, set apart from what the sixteenth-century Anabaptist Dirk Philips called the "blind, perverted world." They pay taxes but refuse military service and the benefits of the welfare state. They even refuse the state's electricity. When they vote, they vote Republican. There is absolute respect for the *Ordnung*—the Amish code of behavior—and deviation can result in either *Bann* (excommunication) or, less final but nearly as painful and embarrassing, *Meidung* (shunning).

In all, the Amish values are self-surrender, denial, contentment. Pride is the enemy. As one Amish hymn goes:

> Oh, to be emptier, lowlier,
> Mean, unnoticed, and unknown,
> And to God a vessel holier,
> Filled with Christ, and Christ alone!

WHILE the tourists from the fallen cities and suburbs may come to Intercourse as if to a reservation of the blameless, the Amish are clear-eyed about themselves. It was an Amishman who told me about two Amish pederasts who were jailed, an Amishman who admitted that he knew people who made home-brewed wine for "medicinal purposes" and that "once or twice in every generation someone will develop a problem." When I asked one older Amishman about his reaction to the newspaper accounts of the drug arrests, he said, "I've read the coverage in the papers and I have to say it's been fair—maybe too fair, more polite than it had to be."

Some Amish talk easily about themselves, but it is not at all a transparent culture. Only select outsiders, such as Hostetler and Kraybill, are permitted to attend the weekend sings and can claim easy access over the years to events and rituals. But on most summer evenings, at the Getty gas station in downtown Intercourse, one can meet Amish young people who pull into the parking lot in buggies or pickups (depending on the fastness of their crowd) to find out where the party is, to show off their vehicles, to stand around, hands thrust into their pockets, and chat. I spoke with some, and they were all terrified of any more bad publicity. The arrests had them spooked. A young woman who worked at the Gettymart, a non-Amish named Tammy Huyard, told me, with a scornful edge in her voice, "This drug stuff's been going on a long time. The only thing now is that they got busted, that's all. Just hang out at any bar up and down Route 30 and you'll know. Some come in Amish dress and some not. At one of the bars where I hung out, there was this Amish guy who was a dealer and he could get you anything you wanted—this was last summer." In the region, certainly, the occasional high times among the Amish fast crowd are no secret: last summer, the magazine *Philadelphia* ran a story on the phenomenon headlined "Party On, Amos."



By the time the arrests came, no one, even in the most conservative Amish youth groups and families, could pretend to know nothing about the drug situation. Last October, a group of concerned parents got together to discuss the problem and decided to alert the rest. I spoke with one of the members of the informal committee—like so many Amish who are loath to appear too forward, he would not allow me to print his name—and he told me how "the fear" had gripped him: "We knew there was a small percentage of the kids involved in drugs. I have an eighteen-year-old son working in a plumbing outfit and he's in one of the middle-of-the-road groups. He's O.K., but he knows what's out there. What created the problem is that fifty years ago practically all of us were on the farm and now it's around half. I know Abner and his parents, and he got involved in construction work and that's when he ran into problems. A construction job will take you anywhere and you'll inevitably meet all kinds of people.

"So a group of parents started meeting last fall, and we said we have a problem and it's getting worse and we have to do something about it. We collaborated on a letter and sent it out to a hundred and twenty-five Amish districts in Lancaster, Dauphin, Franklin, and Perry Counties, and then the letter was copied and sent around within the districts themselves, all to make parents more aware. We're talking about a hundred and twenty to two hundred people in each."

Fearing, as always, the appearance of pride, of undue authority, the committee was reluctant to send out the letter. But, in the end, it did:

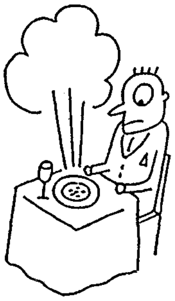
> Dear Friends,
> This is written with love and great concern for our Amish youth. It is not meant to offend anyone. May the Lord help us and grant us wisdom, strength, and grace to work on this problem we have with some of our young people using drugs. Some of you may wonder why any young person

> would use drugs. It is like some of our other evils that slip in caused by peer pressure.
>
> Parents, beware of evil changes which your children could or might be going through. The young folks of today are our future generation. There are drugs out there easily available to our young people in the form of marijuana, heroin, cocaine, and other types that can be smoked, sniffed, or injected into the veins.

The letter warned parents to watch for "jittery nerves, needle marks, lack of respect at home, lack of good workmanship on the job, desperation for cash." It said, "Our bodies are a temple for the soul to live in. . . . There is still time to change, and the time is now."

The letter concluded, "If we have said too much, please forgive us, as tears roll on from our heavy burdened hearts for the youth of this generation and the generations to come."

The passage of *rumspringa* is more a liminal freedom than freedom proper. Even if the Amish indulge in some rock and roll, some beer drinking and car driving, when they join the church they truly settle down. Some may join more liberal Mennonite or New Order Amish groups, which have a less restrictive attitude toward cars, electricity, and dress; a very few leave the Anabaptists altogether.



Even now the vast majority of the Sunday sings resemble the sings of a generation or two ago: teen-agers around a table, boys on one side, girls on the other, singing hymns. Afterward, a girl and a boy may go walking; after three such walks a couple is considered to be going steady. In Hostetler's book "Amish Society," he says that the onset of courtship is usually not discussed within the family or among friends: "Excessive teasing by siblings or friends at the wrong time is considered invasive. Respecting privacy, or at least pretending not to know, is a prevailing mode of behavior, even among parents." A boy will come to a girl's house after the "old folks" have retired—Amish farmers tend to go to bed at around nine-thirty and are at work by four-thirty or five—and shine his flashlight beam on the girl's window. She lets him in the house and they talk or play board games, often till early in the morning. Premarital sex is said to be rare, though far from unknown in groups like the Antiques and the Crickets. In previous generations, steadies would "bundle," lie together on a bed fully clothed. But there is bundling no longer. The bishops disapproved.

Despite the vigilance of the Amish bishops, young people will sometimes leave the Church not because it is too traditional but, rather, because it's not strict enough. In Intercourse, at an Amish information center, I met an Anabaptist in his forties who got involved in some mischief as a youngster. His mind, he said, "often wandered from the teachings of Christ." Sometimes he would sneak a beer or two. He also saw that some of his friends were doing the same, if not worse. One of his Bible teachers cracked down on him and brought him toward a "purer and more disciplined" sense of faith.

"I came to see that, at least for me, in the Amish there was an emphasis on tradition but a less personal experience of Jesus Christ, and so I came to be a conservative Mennonite," this former Amishman told me. "The Amish do allow this period of free choice that we don't. We feel that there had to be a reform, more careful control over our youth. Our young people would never be out on their own like these boys"—the Stoltzfuses—"were. And yet there is so much that is good about the Amish that I don't want you to get the wrong idea. The trouble comes when the Amish drift a little toward mainstream American society and even the worst parts of it.

"A lot of what the Amish or the conservative Mennonites have today is what was natural a hundred, two hundred years ago for everyone, or almost everyone, in America—for Methodists, Baptists, Quakers. They all had a lot in common with the way the Amish live now—the modesty, the hard work, the moral values—but what set off the Amish was the determination not to let history and modernism change them. Your ancestors of a hundred years ago or more would have more in common with us than with you. And so the Amish and the conservative Mennonite movement are becoming more and more separate from the outside. The gap is widening because society is deviating more and more from Biblical principles."

He said that not merely drugs and alcohol but even Elvis and the Beatles threatened the Anabaptist way of life.

"Rock and roll is an evil influence," he said. "When I see someone in a car with rock music on and his baseball cap turned backward, I'm concerned. We were robbed on our farm by a boy who was drug-addicted. I could tell the kid was already half crazy by the way he wore his cap. When did that start? Did some rock star start that?"

AMONG the Amish, and the scholars who study them, the standard reason given for the increase in temptation is the decrease in farming in the community. As the community grows larger, as suburbanization eats up more land and makes parcels more expensive, it is getting far less easy for a young family to buy a decent plot and do the same work that their fathers and mothers did. The economics of farming are vastly changed, too; the Amish have to compete with farmers who use tractors and combines. As a result, many Amish have moved into other businesses, like carpentry, crafts, and roofing.

One morning, I met with a farmer who raised corn and alfalfa and built gazebos, and, sitting in lawn chairs under a spreading shade tree, we talked about the events of the past couple of weeks. He'd been lucky, he said, because his children were able to follow in his path; like him, they became farmers who earned extra money as carpenters and craftsmen.

"But fewer and fewer are so lucky," he said. "In church on Sunday, there was a lot of talk after services about who is to blame and what's to be done and how to talk to your children. The whole thing is horrendous. Amish drug dealers? It's like Eskimos going swimming in Miami.

"The big city and its temptations don't generally attract our kids. If they want city problems, they can always chase twenty-five heifers in a pen built for ten. On the farm, we work—that's our school. And that's the way it used to be for almost all Americans. In 1925, there were no groups of people in America who did not break out in a sweat three times a day. If we could just get back to that idea of physical labor, things would be a lot better for everyone. As a parent, I'm concerned, and I'm concerned about the grandchildren. Why this is happening is a riddle. Is it because we're such an instant society? Is it the glamour of the outside? What is it? Are kids always gonna be daredevils? Can't they see the danger?"

Less than two generations ago, nearly all Amishmen were farmers; now it's half that, which means that more young people are venturing out into the world.

"The answer is to keep 'em on the farm," the farmer said. "How to do it—that's the trick."

The one Amishman I found who had to disagree was one of the first businessmen in the community, Moses Smucker, who makes and sells expensive harness equipment in Churchtown. Many Amish, Smucker included, have become so successful in running small businesses that some of the locals have become envious. Some businesspeople, as well as some of the wealthier farmers, even take winter vacations in Pinecraft, Florida, a town near Sarasota that has become accustomed to the sight of well-to-do families in Plain clothes. Smucker's harness shop racked up six million dollars in sales last year. He makes the harnesses for the Budweiser Clydesdales and the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus horses. He also outfits the pets of Michael Jackson, and a Saudi prince. His sleigh bells are available through the L.L. Bean catalogue. At first, many in the community were suspicious of Smucker. But, after debating some of the details with the community and the bishops, Smucker found a way to stay with the fold without drifting into a threatening modernity. He is not connected to the power company. Instead, his rivet guns and leather trimmers are powered by compressed air and electric generators. And since the bishops have outlawed Amish from using personal computers, he has hired non-Amish to do that for him.

"I was one of the first that had a choice not to farm," Smucker told me. "People couldn't believe I was doing this. But I was bored farming, plain bored. I became brain-dead farming, I couldn't handle it, I needed activity. It doesn't make me a worse person. I have respect for farmers, my son-in-law is a farmer on a hundred-acre farm, but you can't put a square peg like me in a round hole."

I asked Smucker if he thought the drift from farming, which he was so much a part of, was responsible for leading the young out of the community and into the realm of temptation.

"I don't think business had an influence," he said. "Drugs have been around. The problem is that everyone takes these three men and thinks everyone is taking drugs. And who in the press would write a headline like 'THREE METHODISTS TAKE DRUGS' or 'THREE JEWISH BOYS TAKE DRUGS'? It's out of proportion. Don't cast the entire Amish population with these three boys. I agree that our boys are people and they try things. The problem with drugs is that there are addictive things and they get hooked. With alcohol, they can take it and leave it and not get addicted to it.

"We've had curious young people from Day One. I grew up on a farm, and kids got into things they shouldn't have, but they did and moved on. It was alcohol, then. I slipped up, and most people would say they did, too. You're curious, and it's unfortunate. We need to get our young people in legitimate activities to burn off all the energy."

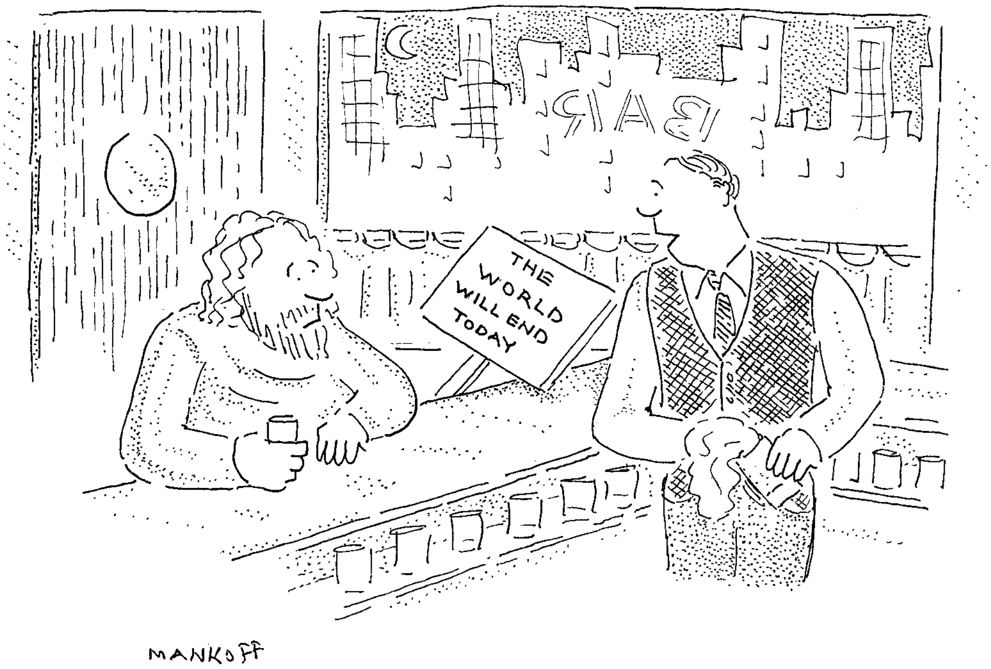
Like what? I asked.

"Well, maybe volleyball games, baseball games. And all that can be done without wearing uniforms. We're not supposed to wear uniforms. One way or another, young people are full of pep and that needs to be directed in the right way. They gotta run and then they gotta settle down."

The two Abners were released on their own recognizance. They have both told their families they are ashamed of the bad publicity they have brought the Amish community and want everyone to know that the vast majority of Amish young people have nothing to do with drugs. Two of the three "fast" Amish gangs still exist; the Crickets are defunct.

For his part, Abner King allowed that although he has not fully returned to the Amish fold, he plans to follow a straighter path. "Now I'll go into a bar and drink beer, and it's just as much fun," he told the *New Era*. "On Sunday, I went to the pool. I had two beers all weekend, and I had just as much fun."

If Abner Stoltzfus and Abner King Stoltzfus are found guilty, they face life in prison. They both say that they plan to be baptized as Amishmen. ♦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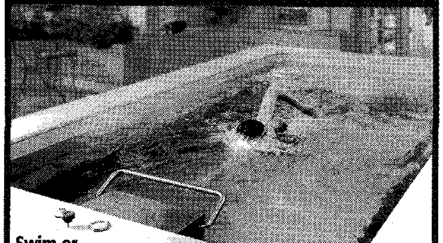

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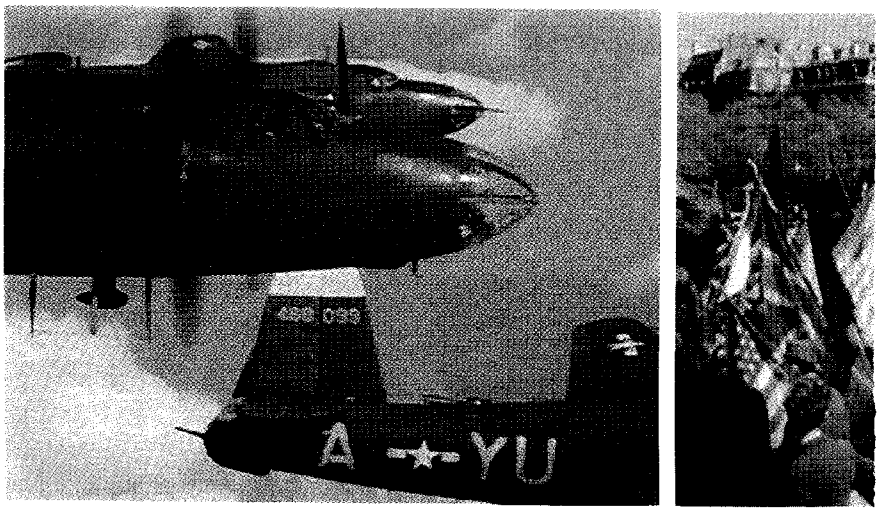
ANNALS OF HISTORY

THE COLOR OF WAR

John Ford stormed the beach at Normandy on D Day, armed with full-color film. What happened to the footage he shot?

BY DOUGLAS BRINKLEY

Most Americans today think that the Second World War happened in black-and-white. That's how it was filmed for newsreels and government archives; that's mostly how it was photographed for *Life* and the other great picture magazines of the time. Everything—uniforms and ocean swells, gutted buildings and booming howitzers, tattered flags and flushed faces—comes in shades of gray, and it is these images that have become embedded in our collective consciousness. As a result, D Day and the Nazi death camps can seem almost as remote to our eyes as do Lincoln and his Union soldiers in Mathew Brady's sepia-tone daguerreotypes. But the soldiers who fought on the beaches and battlefields of Europe lived and died amid vivid colors: blue skies and emerald cropland, billowing purple smoke and bright-red blood. And soon, thanks to the persistence of three men—an Army veteran, a historian, and a collector—the rest of us will be able to see the Second World War as it truly looked.



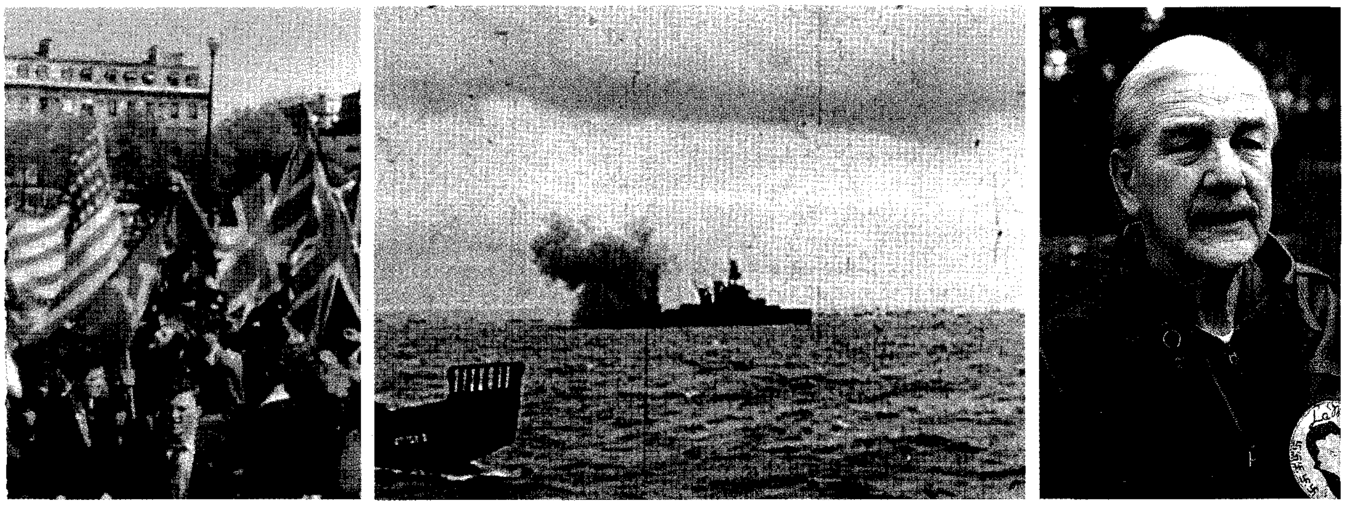
Rare color shots from the Second World War: American B-26s; V-E Day in Par

FROM LEFT: PAN PRODUCTIONS; NATIONAL ARCHIVES/PAN PRODUCTIONS (2); COURTESY VICKI PAISLEY

The veteran is Melvyn R. Paisley, an Army Air Forces aviator who became an assistant secretary of the Navy during the Reagan Administration. The historian is Stephen E. Ambrose, whose 1994 best-seller, "D-Day," noted that John Ford, the celebrated director of such classics as "Stagecoach" and "The Grapes of Wrath," had been in charge of a camera unit on Omaha Beach on D Day, June 6, 1944, that filmed the landing—in color. Ambrose's book mentioned a tantalizing clue to the film's whereabouts: in 1964, Ford had told the magazine *American Legion* that it was "in storage in Anacostia near Washington, D.C." But, Ambrose went on, an extensive search had failed to turn up the film. Paisley, reading this at the age of seventy-two, was hooked. He set out at once to find the lost footage.

Paisley knew that Ford's mission had been to record Operation Overlord—the landing of a hundred and seventy-six thousand Allied soldiers on the beaches of France—for posterity. The director told *American Legion* twenty years later, "The objective of my outfit was simple, just take movies of everything on Omaha Beach. Simple, but not easy." Ford's own job, as the head of cinematography, was primarily logistical. As he put it, "it was up to me to see that everybody who should have a camera had one." Nevertheless, Ford considered his D Day work one of his most significant achievements.

Early in 1944, the Office of Strategic Services (the precursor of the C.I.A.) had dispatched Ford to a secret laboratory at London's Denham Studio where films of the Allied war effort were processed and edited. Upon arriving, Ford announced to the head of the operation, "I'm in command, you're second. I'll take the toughest spot, you take the second-toughest spot." Ford's posturing notwithstanding, what were really the toughest assignments went to Brick Marquard and Junius Stout: they were the lead cameramen whom Ford selected to go ashore with Army Rangers in the invasion's first wave, in order to scout the best camera positions for filming the action to follow.



'lied landing craft off the Normandy coast; and Melvyn Paisley, who discovered the Ford footage with Lars Andersen.*

Even so, Ford opted to reconnoitre the area himself. He fitted certain landing craft with automatic cameras, designed to start rolling as soon as the landing ramps were lowered. Ford said that once he got to the beach "I ran forward and started placing some of my men behind things so they'd have a chance to expose their film." Even under fire, the director stayed focussed on his craft, and he explained later, "I know it doesn't make it blazingly dramatic, but all I could think was that for the most part everything was all so well coördinated, fitted perfectly, went beautifully." Marquard was awarded the Silver Star for his efforts; Stout was killed in Normandy, shortly after the invasion.

Of course, the big picture of June, 1944, was beyond any one participant's frame of vision. "My memories of D Day come in disconnected takes like unassembled shots to be spliced together afterward in a film," Ford recalled of his own experience. "I was too busy doing what I had to do for a cohesive picture of what I did to register in my mind. . . . I was reminded of that line in 'The Red Badge of Courage' about how the soldiers were always busy, always deeply absorbed in their individual combats."

Melvyn Paisley was a fighter pilot in the war, and afterward he never forgot either the shock of crimson blood or the deceivingly peaceful beauty of the skies he had pierced in his silver P-47 Thunderbolt. He could always conjure up memories of the orange fireballs that erupted when a bridge was bombed, the lime-green stretches of fertile Belgian farmland, the red-and-black Nazi flags, and, everywhere, the thick seas of mud.

Paisley's interest in color was reawakened in 1996, a year before he read Ambrose's book, at a reunion of P-47 pilots in Philadelphia, where he and his wife, Vicki, met Lars Andersen, an amateur military historian and a collector of Second World War films. Andersen was there to show the pilots his greatest find: color footage from the Special Film Project originated by Henry (Hap) Arnold, the commander of the Army Air Forces in the Second World War. As early as 1940, in an article for *National Geographic*, Arnold had written enthusiastically of the military uses of aerial color photography. He understood the technology's public-relations value, too: he wanted to make a full-color record, suitable for wide release, of the Army Air Forces' role in defeating the Axis powers. On Arnold's orders, motion-picture cameras were attached to two P-47s to film a massive dive-bombing raid on the Rhine Valley. Now, in Philadelphia, as the images of Arnold's footage lit up the screen, Vicki Paisley suddenly shouted, "Look, Mel! That's you!" And, sure enough, there was her husband, all of twenty years old, as Hap Arnold pinned the Distinguished Service Cross on his chest at a ceremony in Luxembourg in April of 1945. One of the camera-bearing P-47s, of course, had been Paisley's.

"I was flabbergasted," Paisley recalled, "and I formed a partnership with Lars Andersen to turn victory in Europe into color, which is the way it was fought." But, apart from the color reels that Andersen had unearthed, much of them from the National Archives, only a fraction of the American color footage of the war in Western Europe had been brought to light. The best known of this was some five hours' worth—including film of the Nazi death camp at Dachau—that had been shot by George Stevens. The Stevens footage surfaced when the filmmaker's son—George Stevens, Jr., the founding director of the American Film Institute—was cleaning out his father's North Hollywood storeroom after his death, in 1975. "I realized that I was seeing views that had heretofore been seen only by the men who were part of the greatest seaborne invasion in history," George Stevens, Jr., later wrote.

In 1997, when Paisley set out to find Ford's footage, the prospects looked bleak. Every bureaucrat that Paisley got in touch with seemed to think that the film had been ruined in a Potomac River flood. But Paisley wanted to see an official document declaring that a fact. Instead of relying on high-level contacts to get an answer by telephone, he drove to the Navy's archival facility in the Anacostia neighborhood of Washington, D.C., to snoop around. "I ran into an archivist over there who knew me from the Reagan years," Paisley told me recently. When he explained what he was looking for, Paisley continued, "the archivist told me that it wasn't lost in the flood but that it had been kept in waterproof, fireproof vaults until the Nixon era, and then it was shipped to Norton Air Force Base, in California, to be stored with other unusable World War II surplus."

While Paisley was glad to learn that the Ford film hadn't been destroyed by flood, he was disheartened to learn that Norton had been closed in 1994. With more phone calls, and a little detective work, however, Andersen and Paisley picked up the trail again: in December of 1972, they discovered, the film had been shipped from Norton to the National Archives; then, in the early nineties, it was moved to a facility in College Park, Maryland. If the Ford footage still existed, in other words, it would be inside the Capital Beltway.

FORD had hoped to turn the footage into an epic about the Allied victory; as it happened, a copy of his work was chopped into short segments, passed by censors, and shown in newsreels—in black-and-white. Ford eventually gave up on the project and went back to Hollywood, leaving his color film to molder until Melvyn Paisley came along.

Paisley's deduction was right. In a card catalogue in College Park, he finally found a misfiled reference card for John Ford's reels of D Day in color, haphazardly appended to a list of Coast Guard films and miscellaneous maps. Paisley immediately requested copies of the film. "It was the bonanza I had dreamed of," he told me. The film had been on a roundabout journey. The stock that John Ford had used left no negatives, but, because of the high quality of the dyes in the film, the color prints have retained their brilliance over a half century.

As soon as Paisley had the surviving reels in hand (some are still missing), he was eager for someone to produce a full-color documentary—an epic, he hoped, not unlike the one that Ford had hoped to make. He is now in the process of donating a copy of the film to the Eisenhower Center at the University of New Orleans, of which I am the director. The center, which is the home of the largest oral history of Second World War veterans, is now working with the director Steven Spielberg and others to preserve the color film. (Spielberg's own Second World War epic, "Saving Private Ryan," is set for release this month.)

The project has grown so much recently that Ford's work constitutes only a fraction of more than a hundred and fifty hours of color footage that Paisley and Andersen have assembled from other sources—European and Russian, as well as American. Andersen has also tracked down nine cameramen who shot color film in Europe, and the producer Owen Crump, whom Hap Arnold had put in charge of his film project. (On Arnold's orders, Crump's men filmed Buchenwald, so that the Germans could never deny the murder of six million Jews.) Some of the cannisters they found smelled of vinegar, a sign that they had never been opened. A color roll shot by Jack Lieb, a correspondent at the start of the war, shows scenes of the invasion at Utah Beach, of French peasants farming as bombs explode around them, of wounded soldiers being carried to safety on stretchers, of A. J. Liebling and Ernest Hemingway drinking cognac at Mont-Saint-Michel, of seasick soldiers in Higgins boats coming ashore on D Day, and of Generals Montgomery and Eisenhower in a heated discussion. Paisley and Andersen have also located color film of F.D.R. on his 1936 South American cruise; with visiting European royalty in 1939; and at Casablanca and Yalta. Film of his funeral, in 1945, has also been discovered. The two have acquired footage shot by the German side, including Hitler at his Wolf's Lair headquarters in 1943, and Himmler and Wernher von Braun at the German V-2 rocket tests. It's all in perfect, terrifying color. And, one of these days, it is likely to provide the makings of a war movie like no other. ♦

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PROFILE

CLOSET ANALYSIS

Can buying a two-thousand-dollar jacket from Malcolm Levene reveal who you really are?

BY RICHARD RAYNER

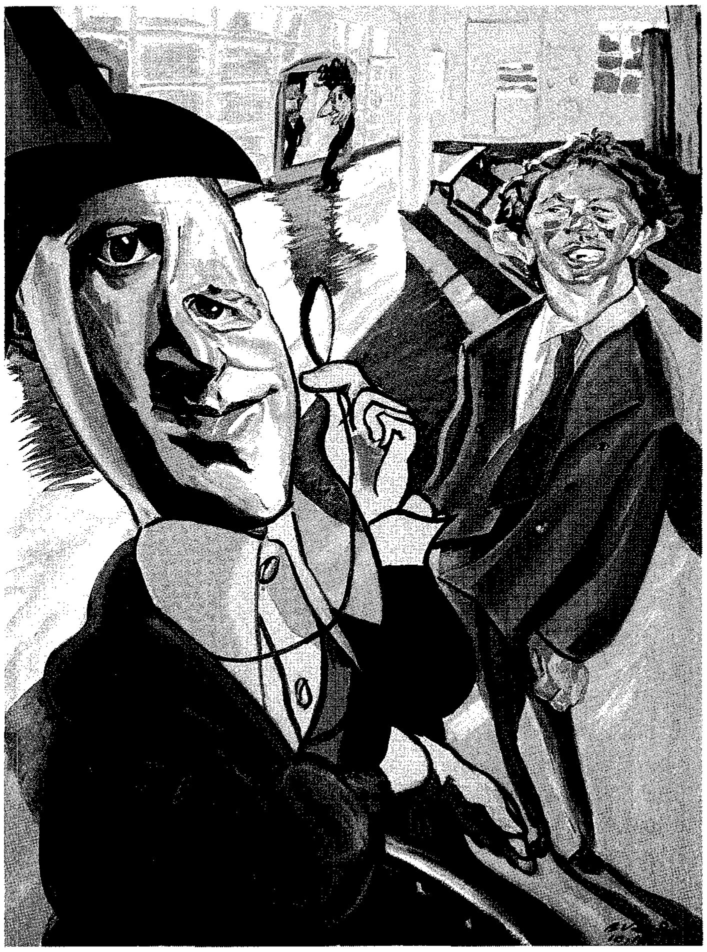
WHEN Malcolm Levene talks about dressing Britain's Prime Minister Tony Blair, he does so with a persuasive glee. "I put Tony in muted dense dyes," he says, recalling a time before last year's general election, "and in soft-to-the-touch fabrics. I also put him in crêpes. Crêpe drapes fabulously. It's a sexy fabric. I wanted to help him convey that he was stylish—of the moment, young, open to change. More than anything else, friendly. Crêpe communicated his personality—the guy next door, so normal. Except he isn't."

When Blair went to Buckingham Palace to meet the Queen on the first day of the new Parliament, he was wearing a Malcolm Levene tie made of woven Venetian silk, which has a more reassuring weight than the traditional English foulard. It wasn't about to fly up around his neck in a sudden gust. It was an authoritative tie, Levene likes to think, yet a witty one: it had polka dots of unpredictable size and placement.

"Someone asked me," Levene continues, " 'Who gives a witch's tit whether Blair's wearing blue crêpe or black pinstripe?' But you've got to get your image down, so that you can get on with who you are. An inappropriate suit is a distraction. Tony Blair now looks accessible."

Levene is a salesman's salesman, and he has made a career out of putting expensive clothes on men who hate shopping. He has persuaded some very powerful people that fashion isn't only in the pages of *GQ* or in clothes by Giorgio Armani. Fashion, he has tried to teach them, is at its most serious when you don't even notice it. But is it really possible to have a fashion that no one notices?

Levene and I meet at a coffee shop in Marina del Rey. Levene, a slender man with brown eyes and a beaky nose, has dark, close-cropped hair reminiscent of Marlon Brando's when Brando played Mark Antony in the old Joseph Mankiewicz movie. "The Caesar cut," Levene says, noticeably unnoticeable in an immaculate white ribbed T-shirt and blue pleated cotton trousers. The trousers were made for him five years ago for five hundred dollars by Clacton & Frinton, in Beverly Hills. I'd thought Clacton and Frinton were seedy English seaside towns. Levene's shiny high-laced patent-leather boots were made by Robert Clergerie, in Paris. I've never heard of Robert Clergerie. I, in turn, am wearing a pair of shorts, black Nikes, and my least fortunate green Gap T-shirt. As Levene takes me in, I'm already beginning to feel uncomfortable. I blurt, "Where do you get a haircut here?"



Levene in his store with Tony Blair, whose guy-next-door personality was unlocked when the designer clothed him in crêpe.

PHILIP BURKE

"What a great question!" Levene says with sudden animation. He considers the issue, weighing—or so I imagine—the merits of sundry salons. Instead, he says, "You'll have to find out who you want to be."

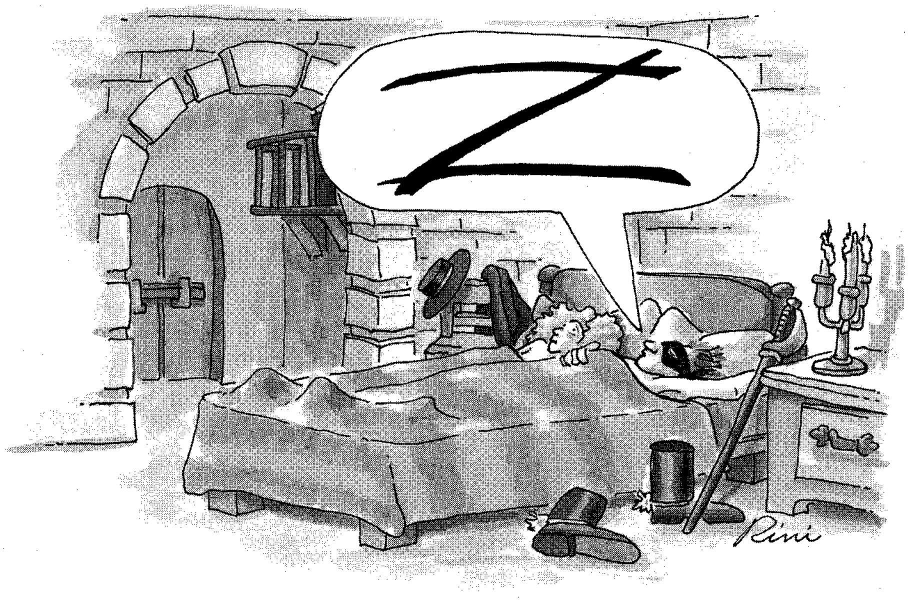
"Who I want to be?"

"Yes."

I think, Well, why not Cary Grant? Then I realize that Levene is serious.

Four years ago, Levene enlarged his operation to Los Angeles, and tomorrow he will be taking me along to witness his latest West Coast enterprise—one-on-one image-therapy consultation. A consultation, for which he charges three hundred dollars an hour, will typically stretch over a period of days, even weeks. "I am able to open doors to the subconscious," Levene says. His thesis is that since clothing is an expression of the self, you need to discover who that self is before you can know what you should wear. "I'm the road you take if you want to save money and get there looking good," Levene, clad in blue hipsters, a white belt, a blue nineteen-seventies bowling shirt, and a pair of white suède shoes by Prada, says in one of his presentation videos. "With me, people get to their image goals and find out who they are and have a lasting style personality that works for them in *every* aspect of their lives."

MARK BERMAN is a cosmetic surgeon on Ocean Avenue, in Santa Monica. The Pacific sparkles in the near distance. Berman is wearing loafers, slacks,



and a white shirt open at the neck. His graying hair is stiff and coiffed. The three of us are sitting beneath an enormous black-and-white abstract oil painting in the surgeon's rattan-decorated office. Berman is a potential client, and Levene is here to do his pitch. Berman is jokey and offhand, not prepared to treat the consultation seriously yet. I can see he's wondering just why he, a top plastic surgeon, asked a short, bouncy Englishman to come round and tell him how to dress.

"I guess," Berman says, manifestly uncomfortable, "we're in the same line of work—the image business. I rebuild people's faces, you tell them where to get a haircut."

Levene—again immaculate, in a gray linen suit, a blue linen shirt, and clunky tan shoes (his watch is antique and Italian)—doesn't register the gibe. He asks Berman to say more about his job.

"Grown-up arts and crafts," Berman says. "If you're working with your hands, it can be artistic. But if it's four hours of liposuction you might as well be digging ditches."

Levene asks Berman to list his loves and hates.

Well, there's his family—that's at the top of his list of loves. There's Ayn Rand and Howard Stern, followed by surgery and flirting and women, and then Paris and Rome.

Favorite movie?

"A Touch of Class."

Levene throws down a handful of ties and asks Berman to pick one he likes. Then he adds, "Don't you think it's a little irresponsible to care so little about your wardrobe?" Berman says nothing but doesn't look happy. Levene produces a large-format book called "Leading Men" and asks Berman to pick out a movie star with whom he identifies. Levene has already told me about the book: the men pick Cary Grant, while the women invariably go for Audrey Hepburn.

Berman leafs through the pages. "This is going to sound insane," he says, "but this is who I'd like to be: Cary Grant. Handsome, poised, charming, but with a comic touch. He reminds me of my life. I'm one of the dullest people in the world, but I have this exciting life. Things happen to me."

Levene is motionless in his chair. "Why do you think you're dull?"

"I'm not," Berman says quickly, stiffening up again, as if he can't quite figure out what he just said or why.

"Do you care about fashion?"

"Yes," he says, "and no. That new sports coat. The high three-buttoned thing? It's hideous."

"Why?"

"It looks silly."

"Why?"

"It doesn't have an aesthetic line. I saw Tiger Woods wearing one in that AmEx ad in *GQ*, and I thought, Boy, does he look like a nerd." He shakes his head, glancing down at his loafers, and then gives an uneasy grin. "I can't believe I'm sitting here with two guys discussing a high three-buttoned thing. Let's go shopping, Malcolm!"

Levene doesn't smile. "Spend a moment with me here, Mark. Do you ever get angry when you get dressed?"

"I don't think so."

"Really?" Levene's eyebrows curl up in skeptical astonishment. "Do you look for endorsement?"

"No."

"Would you consider making a big change—in, say, the way you wear your hair?"

"My *hair*?" Berman grins, turning to me as if to say "Darn-fool notion." This doesn't seem to be going very well.

Levene tries a different tack. "My feeling is that you want to consider a younger look." Levene offers this up as though it were a revelation. I wonder if this is the point when Levene suddenly bursts out, "Hey, I got it! You want to look younger!" I wonder, that is, whether all Levene's clients are men of a certain age and not getting looked at in quite the way they used to. Maybe a little worried that their youthful personality, or their career, seems to be disappearing. I remember Levene's mentioning a new client, an English director with a string of hits in the nineteen-eighties. This was how he described him: "His body is not what it once was. His hair is not what it once was. At parties, people look past him to his young and devastatingly beautiful wife. The man feels he's actually disappearing." Is Levene a minister to the male menopause?

Berman, however, is not about to be drawn in. "I work with people who want to look younger. For business purposes, I need to look older, more respectable. I just want to be comfortable with what I'm wearing." He jumps up off the sofa and fetches a black sports coat from the closet. It's seven years old, by Hugo Boss, and he's rarely worn it. "This thing doesn't work. I know that. I can't bring myself to throw it away."

It's the wife, Berman confesses, who is the one with the taste. The splashy art on the wall is, evidently, by Jean-Pierre Rives, the former French soccer star, and was bought by Berman for no other reason than that he met Rives at a party in Beverly Hills. He adds, "People say image is everything. Is it? That's what I'd like to know."

He mentions a rival in the West Side plastic-surgery game. "The guy is slow, and cumbersome, and has a gigantic ego. He shouts and screams at people.

But he has built a persona for himself. What it comes down to is the real thing versus the nonreal thing. If you read 'The Fountainhead,' by Ayn Rand, he's Peter Keating, I'm Howard Roark."

Levene hasn't read "The Fountainhead," so Berman explains: "Roark's an architect, self-motivated, nonaltruistic. He goes his own way. In the movie, he was played by Gary Cooper." We talk about the end, where Cooper stands triumphant atop a skyscraper in superb baggy pants. We all agree that we wish we had those pants.

"This other guy," Berman says, "he's doing something I'm not. He gets the referrals."

Levene smiles. This is the first thing of substance that Berman has revealed. Levene says, "This is about more than buying a new suit. Can we look around the rest of the office?"

The meeting is over and it hasn't been easy. Outside, Levene wonders whether his act worked this time. Has he reeled him in? Does he even want to? "Did you see his office?" Levene asks. "And what about his shoes? I'd only be interested in working with him if I could take on everything. The office, his business cards, his wardrobe, his *shoes*—everything."

Then he says something curious: "The whole time, Berman was selling, selling."

I ask what he means, and he sighs. "He was nervous. What he really wanted was a hug. In short, he was a mirror of me."

"Of you?"

Levene describes the two approaches to selling. In the first, the salesman asserts himself, dragging the customer to the battlefield and, metaphorically, smashing his skull. "The other way, which is much more stylish, is to become the customer. You listen, you watch, you feel, imagining your customer inside those clothes, and in all the various situations in which they might be worn. You let the customer know that you're in this together."

Because Mark Berman was initially being competitive, Levene felt himself drawn into that first, more primitive mode. And it wasn't effective.

"My aim is to be not pushy. That kind of selling is all about fear. Fear of being judged to be not good enough. Fear, fear, fear. Mostly it's about the fear of not being loved." Thus, someone—Berman? Levene? Berman and Levene?—needed a hug.

FOR sixteen years, Levene has owned and run a men's store on Chiltern Street, an obscure location near Baker Street, in London. The place is small and very unstorelike. The fact that several members of Blair's Cabinet shop there is indicative of its appeal: these are people whose political and ideological stance is traditionally to be indifferent to anything as frivolous as fashion. The actors Kenneth Branagh and Albert Finney shop there, as do the comedians Alexei Sayle and Dudley Moore and the directors Barry Levinson, Stephen Frears, and Terry Gilliam, and so on. The clientele is impressive. "Malcolm's clothes have always worked in a sophisticated way," Grant Boston, the store's creative director, says. "It's not 'I am Giorgio Armani, therefore I am.' Malcolm tends to attract customers who are interested in presenting themselves without having to give the obvious signals, and he's always put a look together for them without any of them quite knowing what he's done. I don't. It's not about showing off a bank balance. It's about showing off an identity."

I discovered the shop accidentally in 1990, on my way back from the dentist. I couldn't believe my eyes. Everything in the store seemed to be a treasure. The ties. The linen shirts with fantastic buttons. The jackets that sat happily on the shoulder and fell just right. The atmosphere was light, fun, very personal, and welcoming—unlike Paul Smith or any of the other upscale stores. This guy's so unpushy, I thought. Thirty minutes later, I left with the most expensive suit I'd ever bought: a rumpled thing in donkey brown, which would have been unremarkable, even ugly, were it not for the stuff from which it was made—a soft, rich Italian linen-wool blend. "Richard," Levene said, unable to disguise his delight, "I have just sold you the world's only five-hundred-pound thrift-shop suit."

I was learning about Levene's gift, as would a friend whom I later introduced to Levene. On his first visit, he bought a four-thousand-dollar high-fashion overcoat. His wife sent him back the next day to return it. He came home that night, still with the same bag, and with two others, each containing a new suit. He'd not only failed to return the coat; he'd spent two thousand dollars more. "A return is not a return—it's an opportunity," Levene says. "What I love is closing the sale—before you take the money. It's not about the money. It's like Houdini. It's magical. The act worked."

LEVENE left school at fifteen, hoping to be an actor or a journalist. His scattered ambitions came into focus only when he thrust himself under the wing of the fashion retailer John Michael, who ran a Bond Street boutique where, Levene recalls, silk polo necks were made behind the closed doors of buttoned-leather cabinets. "I was a pretty boy then. I dressed well, and I wanted to work there so badly I ached."

This was the late sixties, London's sexy-peacock period. Levene describes swaggering down the King's Road in hipster pants by John Stephen, a red Sergeant Pepper jacket by Mr. Bellows, handmade boots by Annello & Davide, and "a blue slippery shiny nylon mackintosh that wasn't expensive but you can be sure that it came from the right shop." He learned from John Michael that a "see-through, round-collared orange shirt with a fly front was likely to be more successful if immaculately made by the same Italian factory that did work for Hardy Amies, tailor to the Queen." Local ingenuity marries foreign expertise—a formula that Levene would later make his own.

On Fridays, he returned to his parents' apartment, in North London. "For three hours every Friday night, we became Jewish." His father was in the business, too, as a tailor's cutter ("a magician with trousers"), but he was not a man of much flair. When he made Levene his first suit, for his bar mitzvah, Levene found the thing "so huge-shouldered I couldn't move in it. I looked like Herman Munster. My dad said, 'That's dealt with then.' " But it wasn't dealt with. Levene coaxed a rich uncle into taking him to Mr. Schimmel, tailor to Prime Minister Harold Wilson, who made Levene a gorgeous butterfly of a suit, from a gunmetal-gray wool worsted jacquard. "It was stunning," Levene says. But then he didn't go to his bar mitzvah after all; he had skipped the Hebrew classes and was afraid of the consequences. And there was the question of the suit: he wasn't about to put on the thing his father had made for him. Instead, he spent the afternoon with friends and returned home to see the food still on the table; the guests were gone. "I felt this huge waft of pain. I feel it now. It was never mentioned. Ever. Deep shame."

It wasn't much later that Levene came home on a Friday and his father wasn't there. "It was the strangest thing," Levene says. "Suddenly, there was no dad." His orthodox, deeply conventional father had walked out.

Levene began a search that eventually led him to Israel. "I was on the road to Haifa and stopped at a garage and went to get a bottle of Coke, and I heard a big bus pulling up—that rattling, shaking sound—and there was Dad, carrying a bundle of books all tied together, looking like death, he was so ill. It was hot, incredibly hot and dusty, and I followed him for ages. I didn't know how to approach him. I suppose I must have chased him all the way to Israel to get money for the family, but at that moment I didn't want anything. I just wanted to tell him I loved him. He looked frail and sad, a six-foot-two bag of bones with ill-fitting clothes and a white nylon shirt that had gone yellow because that's what nylon did back then. I patted his hot, skinny back, and he turned around and said, 'What the fuck do you want?' "

Levene sighs, taking deep breaths. "I said I loved him. He didn't care. It took me years to learn that this wasn't a funny story." The account is fully in character. Levene is surprisingly candid about the unhappiness of his childhood: "I just need to be buffed, to be loved—it was so simple." And it's hard not to recognize how this simple need has, on some level at least, been satisfied by what he grew up to do so exceptionally well: persuade strangers to give loads of their money for things that he has personally picked out for them. Maybe this is the key to all successful salespeople—each deal is a validation, a declaration of liking, an act of being "buffed"—and Levene, by his own admission, is first and foremost a salesman: "There's always that voice inside of me saying, 'Malcolm, get back to the shop floor, get that tape measure back around your neck.' "

"I've always thought there was something evangelical about him," Grant Boston says. "He's got a strong feeling that he has something to say and that he needs to be listened to."

But what, finally, does Levene have to say? Is it merely therapy-speak meets fashion hustle, nothing more than an inspired New Age tweak—Deepak does clothes, feng-shui for the body?

On a hot Thursday night on the Marina del Rey peninsula, we're meeting Jayne Simon ("More than half my clients now are women," Levene boasts), a senior vice-president at MCA Records. Levene is in black hipsters, a tight white T-shirt, and a black patterned bowling shirt that he bought in a thrift shop for sixteen dollars. A few minutes later, he tells me he paid fifteen dollars. By the end of the evening, it cost a mere twelve dollars.

Jayne Simon's apartment is a penthouse. Simon, a slender woman with a mane of light-brown curly hair and startling brown eyes, is wearing white sneakers and khakis. Levene is delving into his Malcolm Levene shopping bag, grabbing fistfuls of bright fabric, which he throws onto the sofa.

While she's considering them, she starts telling a story about being a teenager. Every time she went out with a boy, she tried to straighten her frizzy hair. It was an exhausting ritual that didn't end until she went to college, in the sixties—the Afro time. It was a liberation. "When I let my hair go natural, I felt released from slavery," she says.

"Tell me about your hair now," Levene says.

"Now?"

"Does it represent who you are now?"

"Absolutely."

"It fits your face?"

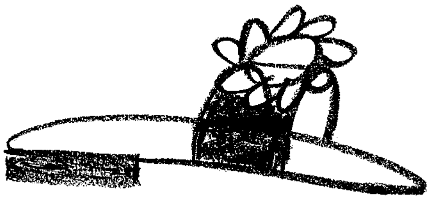
"Yes."

"You're in harmony with your hair?"

"I think so."

"You think so?"

I'm growing familiar with the Levene approach. The props: the fabrics, the ties, the scarves. And the particular personality Levene presents—patient, accommodating, attentive, determined to be the other kind of salesman, a salesman sans ego, sensitive to the emotional ebb and flow of a conversation. During the preparatory phone calls, Levene had already identified that Jayne Simon would respond to a spiritual appeal. (His bag of props tonight includes Alice Miller's "The Drama of the Gifted Child," James F. Masterton's "The Search for the Real Self," Mother Teresa's "A Simple Path," and Kahlil Gibran's "The Prophet.") She's a busy woman who needs contemplative timeouts. And now he's spotted that Jayne Simon is stuck with a hair style that doesn't work anymore because she identifies it with a long-ago moment. It's the kind of thing that needs plenty of three-hundred-dollar-an-hour image-therapy ungluing.

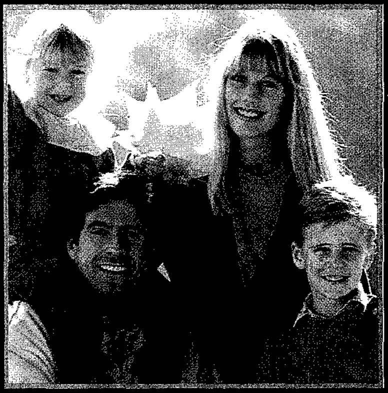


"I want to spend a bit of time on the idea of harmony. 'Harmony,' I've decided," Levene says, "is my Jayne word. Harmony, I suggest, is fundamental."

"You can't buy it in a shop."

"I'm looking for the harmony that you desire, and I don't see it." He raises his finger, about to make a big point. "Harmony, yes. Harmony. *Harmony*. You're in the music business, of course."

By now, I'm squirming. Where, I find myself asking, does this stuff come from? Therapy of all kinds seems to be the answer. Levene started out with a traditionalist, "a Scottish chap named Bill." He's done Rolfing and Heller work. He's done est and Insight, as well as neurolinguistic programming. He's done hypnotherapy, dream therapy, guided-imagery therapy, Gestalt therapy, Jungian therapy, group therapy, rebirthing. He's been to astrologers, healers, channellers, and breathing workshops. He journeyed through the night to encounter an Indian avatar outside Cologne, and met Bernardo Bertolucci at a Buddhist retreat in California. He's pretty much bought the whole cabinet of mental medicine in order to mix his own therapeutic smoothie. It's harmless but daft, Freud watered down to froth, gain without pain. No wonder they love him. And yet, astonishingly, it seems to work. Jayne Simon, having pushed aside three fabrics that she'd picked at the outset, is now reaching for one she hadn't noticed before—a fake-fur wrap that Levene says he almost didn't bring. She



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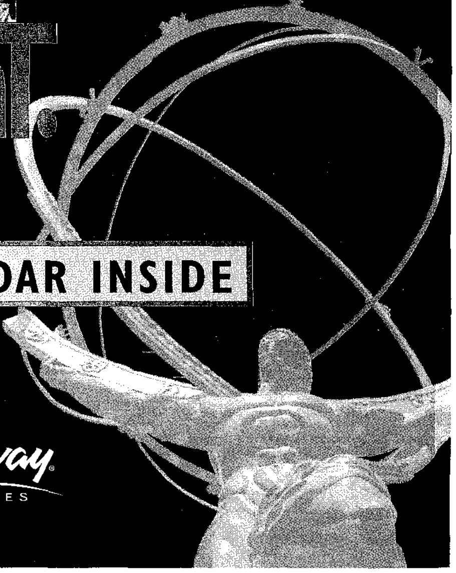

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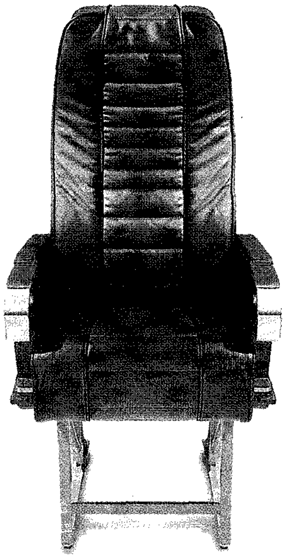

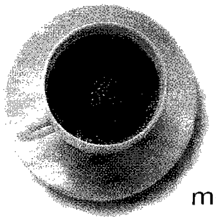

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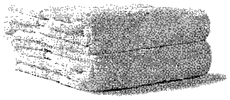

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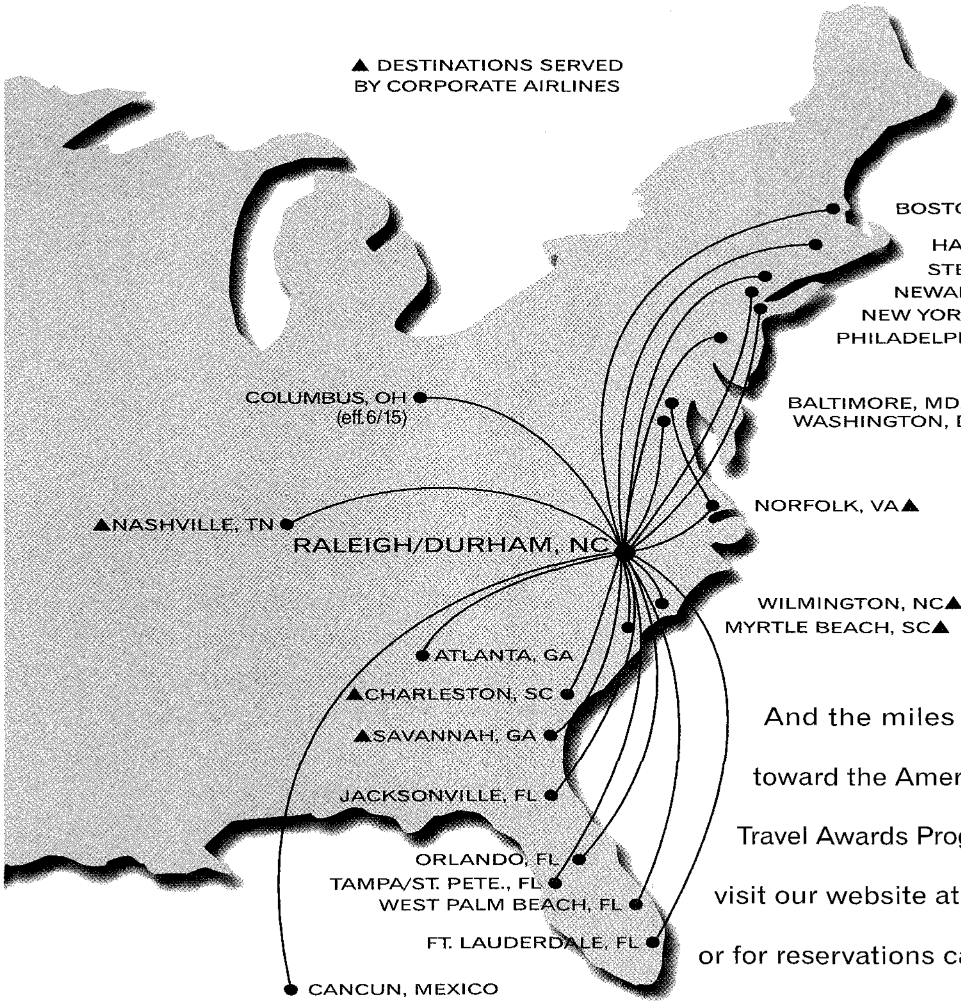
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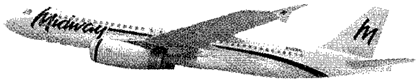
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MY OWN BACKYARD

The memory is still vivid. I was 14 years old when my parents took me to see my first opera. It was *Romeo and Juliet*, and I remember watching with awe as Mirella Freni and Franco Corelli took the stage, bringing to life a story that I knew so well from my studies in school. After that magical performance, we dined at Sardi's. It was an enchanted evening, one that I will never forget. And it was the kind of experience you'll find only in New York.

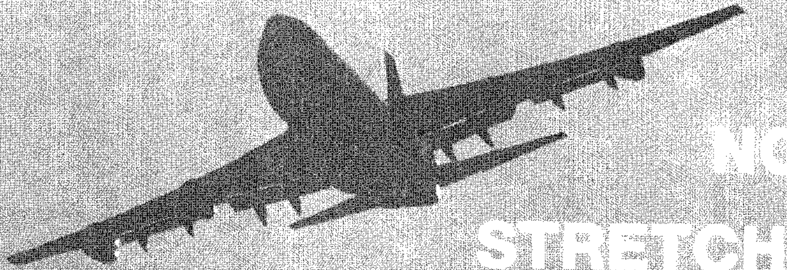
As a native New Yorker, I was lucky to spend my childhood in the world's most extraordinary playground. From Broadway, where I was charmed by *My Fair Lady* at age four, to the green, green grass of Shea Stadium, the city has a way of awakening your sense of wonder. It's big. It's bold. And it's filled with activities that will delight your children—and make an everlasting impression. Where else can you visit 4,000 animals by day at the Bronx Zoo and watch the jungle come alive on stage by night at Broadway's *The Lion King?* Or step back in time with dinosaurs at the American Museum of Natural History and be catapulted into the future on a high-tech New York Skyride? New York City is, indeed, one of a kind.

And now is the best time to plan a family vacation. In the summer and fall seasons, the city is in high gear—with a wealth of incomparable events and activities throughout the five boroughs.

So join us on a fun-filled tour through New York City. This guide will help you create magical moments for your family this year—and forever.

See you around town,

Fran Reiter
President & CEO
New York Convention & Visitors Bureau



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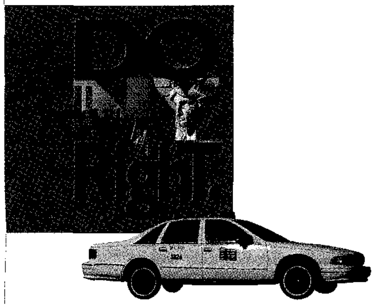
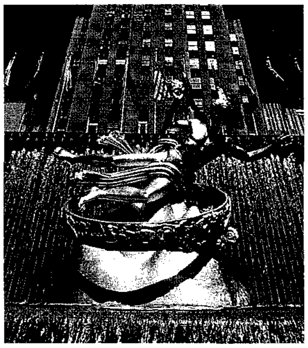




NEW YORK FAMILY GUIDE

TAKE YOUR KIDS, PLEASE!

Think of New York City as one giant amusement park, with five of the best adventure rides you'll find anywhere in the world: Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx and Staten Island. Here's a sampling of the many family-friendly adventures that await you. Start packing!

JUST PLAIN FUN

The sheer energy of New York City will get your adrenaline pumping, but if you need an extra boost, be sure to visit one of these high-tech entertainment centers.

Chelsea Piers Sports & Entertainment Complex (between 17th and 23rd Streets on the Hudson River) will bring out the child in everyone. This 30-acre compound, built on four piers, offers a range of activities, including year-round indoor ice skating, roller blading on a riverside rink, children's rock climbing, swing practice at four batting cages, bowling and much more. And while your kids are learning to skate like a pro, head for the impressive Golf Club, where you can practice your putts and drives, or enjoy a massage at the Origins Feel-Good Spa. Then refuel at The Crab House, a family-priced seafood restaurant located on Pier 61.

New York Skyride offers thrills of another kind, as you soar over (and under) the city courtesy of a flight simulator. Located on the second floor of the Empire State Building, this spine-tingling journey through the streets of New York is more fun than a taxi ride. Hold onto your seats, because you never know what surprises await you around the corner on New York Skyride.

If you prefer adventures of the mind, Sony puts its technological wizardry to work in two unique venues. The **Sony IMAX Theatre** (Broadway at 68th Street) is truly the "eight-story wonder of the world." With a screen as tall as seven elephants, plus state-of-the-art 3-D technology, you'll feel like you're part of the action. Call 212-336-5000 for show times.

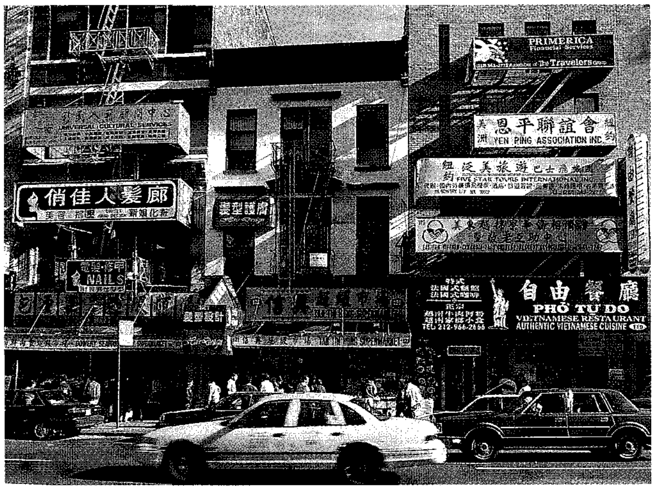
At the **Sony Wonder Technology Lab** (Madison Avenue between 55th and 56th Streets), you'll learn about the latest in communications—and be greeted by a very friendly robot. The kids will marvel as they mix musical components to create a song, surf the Web, look inside the human body and produce a TV show.

And for those who feel comfortable behind the camera, there's no better place to explore the wonders of film, television, video and digital media than at the **American Museum of the Moving Image** (35th Avenue at 36th Street) in Astoria, Queens. Located in the historic Astoria Studios, which was the East Coast home to Paramount Pictures from 1920 to 1932, this wonderful museum houses a fine collection of moving image artifacts. But the real fun starts when you enter the core exhibition, "Behind the Screen," where you'll learn how to create, market and exhibit moving images through a series of interactive exhibits. It covers everything from sound editing to costume design to marketing. And don't miss the special show that's running through the fall, "Computer Space 98," where you can sample classic arcade games. (Remember Pac-Man?)

The **Staten Island Children's Museum** (1000 Richmond Terrace) also provides a hands-on approach to learning. Kids will appreciate the Bugs & Other Insects display, complete with human-size anthill for exploring the life-cycle of this resilient creature. Portia's Playhouse, a theater exhibit with props, costumes and stage make-up, will help them uncover their dramatic side.

Fun and discovery also go hand-in-hand at the **Children's Museum of Manhattan** (212 West 83rd Street, between Broadway and Amsterdam). This city favorite features a variety of innovative exhibits that put kids right into the action—whether they want to create a video, a song or a painting. They can even climb into a 14-foot giant ear, where they'll learn how sound is made. Then it's "green eggs and ham" for everyone at the fabulous "Seuss!" exhibit, which brings to life the famed author's whimsical tales. Talk about quality rhyme time!

Old-fashioned fun is the lure at **Coney Island** (Brooklyn), where the historic boardwalk boasts many reminders of yesteryear. Ride on the famous **Cyclone Roller Coaster**—3,000 feet of terror and fun—or take a spin on **Deno's**

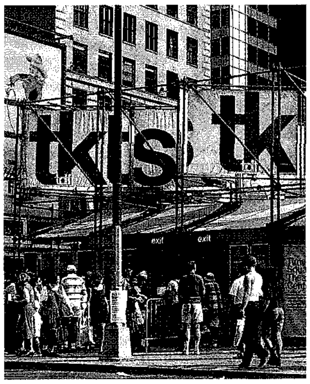


Wonder Wheel, a landmark Ferris wheel built in 1920, which is known for its unexpected dips on certain cars. New York's **Aquarium for Wildlife Conservation** (Surf Avenue at West 8th Street) is also a worthy stop.

WILD LIFE

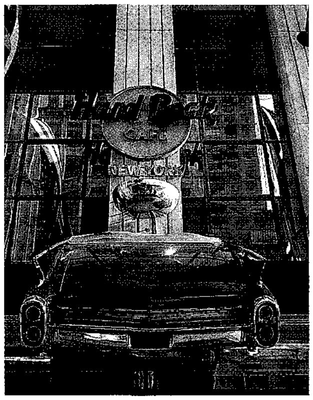
Sure, New York City is a magnificent urban center. But the wonders of nature are never too far from reach. Here are a few ways you can explore the city's wild side.

The **Bronx Zoo/Wildlife Conservation Park** (Bronx River Parkway at Fordham Road) is a must on every family's itinerary. With more than 4,000 animals and a wealth of engaging indoor and outdoor exhibits, you'll need a full day to experience all the zoo has to offer. Special habitats have even been created to make the animals feel at home. For example, JungleWorld re-creates a Southeast Asian rain forest, mangrove swamp and scrub forest so black leopards, monkeys and fruitbats can roam with comfort. The Children's Zoo, where kids can climb into child-sized heron



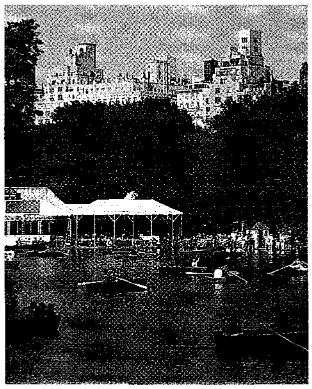
nests and turtle shells, ascend a 20-foot spider web, and pet and feed domestic animals, is an interactive marvel. A can't-miss seasonal exhibit, "The Butterfly Zone" (through October 4), puts you face-to-face with the colorful winged creatures. And then take a ride on the Bengali Express Monorail, deep into the heart of a 38-acre Asian habitat that is home to red pandas, Asian elephants and Siberian tigers.

In search of nature's past? Visit the **American Museum of Natural History** (Central Park West at 79th Street), where dinosaurs are the big draw—no bones about it. The museum's Dinosaur Halls hold the largest collection of real dinosaur fossils in the world. No wonder T-Rex is smiling.



He's also happy about the brand-new Hall of Biodiversity, which opened at the end of May and explores how important the variety and interdependence of living things are to human survival. It features one of the largest dioramas in the world — a re-creation of a Central African Republic rain forest. High-resolution imagery, video and sound will make you feel like you've been transported to this fragile world.

A more sedate stroll through nature can be enjoyed at the **Brooklyn Botanic Garden** (900 Washington Avenue). Your senses will be awakened by the sweet smelling blooms and colorful patterns of flowers. Stop by the Discovery Garden, where young children can walk along a nature trail and make their way through a maze. The Japanese Hill-and-Pond Garden is a soothing refuge and features a viewing pavilion, shrines, bridges and waterfalls.



And for more flower power, stop by the brand-new Everett Children's Adventure Garden at the **New York Botanical Garden** (200th Street and Kazimiroff Boulevard, Bronx). Opened in May, it's a fun-filled way to learn about plants and nature. There are mazes that will amaze and plenty of interactive exhibits to spark the imaginations of future horticulturists. Kids will learn how to pollinate giant flowers, build bird's nests and invent their own plants.

PARK IT

Central Park is an oasis in the city, a grand and glorious playground that is chock-full of activities for every member of the family. Your first stop should be the **Central Park Wildlife Center** (Fifth Avenue and 64th Street), a city landmark that is home to a group

(Continued)

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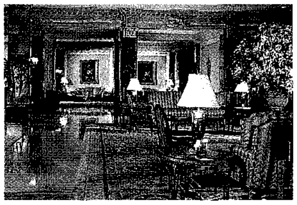

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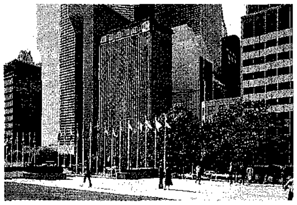

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The Regal U.N. Plaza enjoys a convenient midtown location on 44th Street at First Avenue in a quiet residential neighborhood of Manhattan's fashionable East Side. An upscale, 427-room boutique hotel, it has guest rooms on floors 28 through 39 that offer outstanding views of the Manhattan skyline and East River. It has the only indoor hotel tennis court in Manhattan, a fitness center, indoor pool, restaurant and lounge. Call 800-222-8888.

The Lucerne

This treasured New York landmark has been elegantly restored into Manhattan's newest luxury hotel. The Lucerne has more than 250 European-inspired, exquisitely appointed guest rooms and suites. The Lucerne has a magnificently adorned exterior and a warm and welcoming interior. Just a short walk to Central Park and Lincoln Center, and just minutes from Broadway and the theater district, it's surrounded by the neighborhood atmosphere of the Upper West Side. Wilson's Bar & Grill, which is located in the hotel serves great American cuisine and has live jazz music. Call 800-492-8122

MILLENNIUM
BROADWAY·NEW YORK

The Millennium Broadway is located in the heart of the rejuvenated Times Square, crossroads of the world. It offers "the perfect balance of room, service, location and dining," according to the *Zagat Survey*. Sophisticated guest rooms are steps from Broadway shows, Fifth Avenue shopping and Restaurant Row. Enjoy the Millennium Conference Center, Hudson Theatre and Restaurant Charlotte. Call 800-622-5569.

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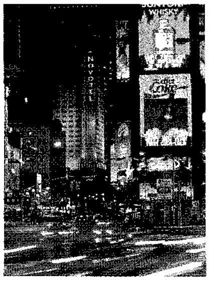
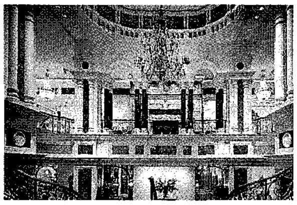


NOVOTEL

In the heart of Manhattan's theater district, the Novotel New York Hotel brings you the best in European hospitality at affordable rates. Whether you're traveling for business or pleasure, you'll enjoy the convenience of our prime midtown location, plus the fine food and spectacular views from our famous Cafe Nicole. It's a New York experience you won't want to miss. Call 212-315-0100 or 800-NOVOTEL.



NEW YORK Palace

The New York Palace surrounds you with the epitome of elegance and personal service and features a wine tasting with some of the finest vintages in the world.The Vintage Weekend Package includes Saks Fifth Avenue shopping discounts, use of the fitness center, and a choice of free parking or continental breakfast.
Call 800-NY-PALACE.

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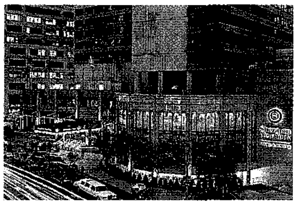
Summertime and living is easy with attractive seasonal rates at The Plaza. A legend from the moment it opened in 1907, The Plaza plays host to celebrated luminaries and renowned business travelers. This summer, traditional rooms begin at just $219 per night, seven days a week, from 6/28 through 9/7/98. (Certain restrictions apply.) For reservations, call 212-546-5493 (in NY) or 800-759-3000 or The Fairmont Hotels at 800-527-4727.

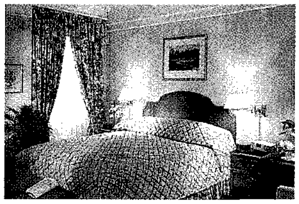
Sheraton New York
HOTEL & TOWERS

In the heart of midtown Manhattan, this all Corporate Club room hotel features "virtual office" guest rooms with oversized desks, ergonomic chairs, in-room data ports, dual telephone lines, enhanced lighting and in-room fax/copier/printer. Enjoy guest amenities at this contemporary business hotel, including a complimentary continental breakfast, evening hors d'oeuvres, free local phone calls and the *Wall Street Journal.* Call 800-223-6550.



Sheraton Manhattan
HOTEL

In the heart of midtown Manhattan, the **Sheraton New York Hotel & Towers** is steps away from Rockefeller Center, Broadway theaters, Central Park and Fifth Avenue shopping. It has elegantly decorated guest rooms, dining facilities, a 24-hour full-service business center and health club. Enjoy Corporate Club Business rooms or Towers guest rooms with butler service at the city's flagship for meetings, business or pleasure. Call 800-223-6550.



Sheraton Russell
HOTEL

The **Sheraton Russell** offers a distinct balance of state-of-the-art business amenities, impeccable service and comfortable elegance. Situated at 37th Street and Park Avenue, the newly renovated hotel is reminiscent of a private English residence. Guests enjoy a complimentary breakfast, hors d'oeuvres, free local calls and newspapers. The **Sheraton Russell** is an urban bed-and-breakfast with the business essentials. Call 800-223-6550.

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Located in midtown Manhattan, just a short walk from great shopping, dining and entertainment, Swissotel New York is the ideal location for business or leisure travel. The newly renovated property touts 495 luxurious guest rooms and suites. All rooms have voice mail, 2-line phones, dataports and fax machines. The hotel offers 24-hour room service, meeting facilities, and a spa and fitness center. Call 888-73-SWISS.

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Doral Court

Doral Court is the perfect home base for families. Enjoy comfortable, oversized accommodations in a serene, residential setting. The midtown location is central to New York's major attractions, themed restaurants, and the magic of Broadway. This summer, be among the first to experience phase one of the hotel renovations.
Call for reservations 212-685-1100.

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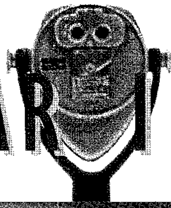


NEW YORK FAMILY GUIDE

BACK TO NATURE

KEEPING UP WITH KEEPERS
Prospect Park Wildlife Center, Brooklyn, Weekends in July

Enjoy special talks with animal keepers and learn about different animals each week.

DOLPHIN DOO-WOP
Aquarium for Wildlife Conservation, Coney Island, Brooklyn
Weekends in August

Elvis is very much alive at this Fifties-themed weekend of dolphin and sea lion shows. Live music, antique cars and an Elvis impersonator add to the fun.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE BIG CATS WEEKEND
The Bronx Zoo, September 5 - 7

Big cats are celebrated through storytelling, arts and crafts, and special performances. See how loud you can roar at the Big Cat Roaring Contest.

CHRYSANTHEMUM AND BONSAI FESTIVAL
New York Botanical Garden, Bronx
October 17 - 18

Asian art and tradition are the focus of the special weekend event that takes place when chrysanthemums are in bloom. Enjoy bonsai from the Yami Ki Bonsai Society, as well as the garden's exquisite collection.

FOR ART'S SAKE

LOUIS COMFORT TIFFANY
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
July 23 - January 31, 1999

From his signature lamps to beautiful blown-glass vases, this exhibit will highlight the extraordinary range of Tiffany's work. On view in the American Wing.

MASTERS OF COLOR AND LIGHT:
Homer, Sargent and the American Watercolor Movement
Brooklyn Museum of Art
Through August 23

This survey of American watercolors from 1777 to the mid-20th century will include paintings by renowned artists Winslow Homer, John Singer Sargent and Georgia O'Keeffe.

THE ART OF THE MOTORCYCLE
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
June 26 - September 12

With 100 motorcycles on view, this exhibition explores the motorcycle as both cultural icon and design and technical achievement.

NORMAN LEWIS: BLACK PAINTINGS, 1946 - 1977
The Studio Museum in Harlem
Through September 20

A showcase of paintings and other works by Lewis, a noted abstract impressionist, in which he utilized black as color and thematic symbol.

JACKSON POLLOCK: A RETROSPECTIVE
Museum of Modern Art
October 28 - February 2, 1999

Approximately 120 paintings and 60 works on paper will be part of this retrospective that highlights the artist's entire career.

ETHNIC FESTIVALS

A FLOAT FOR ALL SEASONS: NEW YORK'S ETHNIC PARADES
Museum of the City of New York
Through January 10, 1999

Ethnic parades—in all of their colorful glory—are the focus of this unusual exhibit, which features mini-floats, float ornaments and photographs of the city's many cultural celebrations.

WEST INDIAN-AMERICAN DAY CARNIVAL
Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn
September 7

Feel the Caribbean beat, sample sumptuous dishes and enjoy the colorful costumes at this annual extravaganza.

ANNUAL FEAST OF SAN GENNARO STREET FESTIVAL
Mulberry Street, Little Italy
September 10 - 20

Fun and games in Little Italy, a feast for the eyes and stomach. Make sure you try the sausage and peppers.

KOREAN DAY PARADE
Broadway from 41st to 24th Streets, September 26

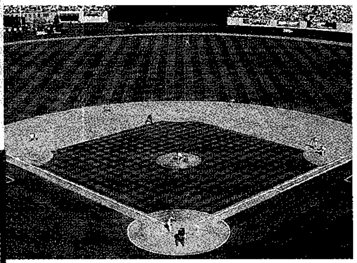
A celebration of the cultural and artistic traditions of Korean-Americans.

COLUMBUS DAY PARADE
Fifth Avenue, October 12

Italian heritage and American history come together in this popular parade.

POSITANO
RISTORANTE

> "The only credential the city asked was the boldness to dream."
> —*Moss Hart*



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FUN STUFF

FAMILY FUN DAYS
Belmont Park, Queens
Sundays through July 26

Enjoy a different theme each weekend. Arrive for breakfast between 7 and 9:30 A.M. and watch the thoroughbreds train. Then you'll see a starting gate demonstration and meet a horse up close.

SUMMER SUNDAYS
Snug Harbor Cultural Center, Staten Island, Sundays in July and August (3 P.M.)

Enjoy free outdoor concerts in a variety of musical styles and explore 83 acres of park land and restored buildings in this historic landmark district.

SECOND ANNUAL KIDS' PERFORMING ARTS DAY
Chelsea Piers (The Roller Rinks-Pier 62) July 25

The world's a stage at this family event, which features performances, workshops and clinics in music, theater and dance, plus storytellers, give-aways and prizes.

MACY'S TAP-O-MANIA
34th Street between Broadway & 7th Avenue
August 23

Tap dancers from all over the world gather to learn a routine and perform it shoulder-to-shoulder in the biggest group tap dance on record. Children of all ages are welcome.

SIXTH ANNUAL INTREPID TUGBOAT CHALLENGE
Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum
September 6

Enjoy the parade of tugboats, then watch them race down the river. Other activities include a tugboat beauty contest, best crew tattoo award and Popeye the Sailorman spinach-eating contest.

NEW YORK IS BOOK COUNTRY
Various Locations
September 23 - 27

The 20th anniversary of this New York City tradition. More than 100 events throughout the five boroughs at bookstores, libraries, museums and cultural institutions culminating with the September 27 Book Fair on Fifth Avenue.

OLD HOME DAY: THE AUTUMN CELEBRATION
Historic Richmond Town, Staten Island, October 18

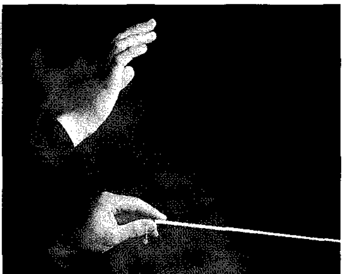
Celebrate the harvest with traditional crafts and trades demonstrations, including blacksmithing, candlemaking and quilting. Enjoy seasonal foods and bluegrass music. Children's activities abound.

HALLOWEEN ON HAUNTED WALK 1998
New York Botanical Garden, Bronx, October 25

Wear a costume and walk among giant pumpkins, tap dancing skeletons, ghosts, goblins and a 10-foot-tall spider at this spectacular Halloween celebration.

BOO AT THE ZOO
Bronx Zoo
October 31 - November 1

Say boo and enjoy the hayrides, arts and crafts and other spooky treats. Children 12 years old or younger in costume are admitted free when accompanied by an adult.



AFTER DARK

HBO/BRYANT PARK FILM FESTIVAL
Through August 24
Monday Nights at Sunset
(Rain Date: Tuesday)

In celebration of New York's Centennial, the city is the theme for this year's free Monday night film series in Bryant Park. The festival kicks off with 42nd Street and features *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* and *On the Town*, among other classics. For movie information, call 212-512-5700.

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NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL
Lincoln Center
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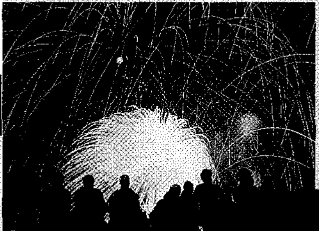

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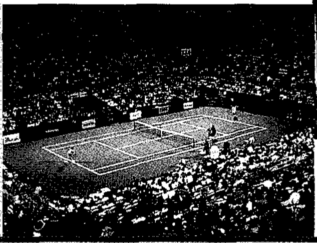

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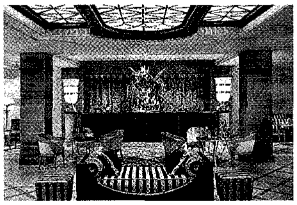

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THE MARK
THE MARK

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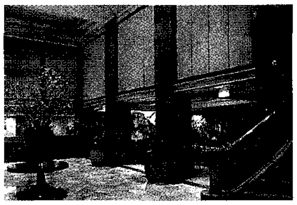

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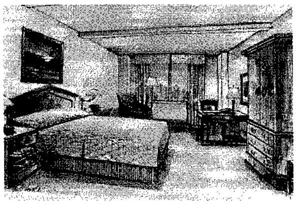

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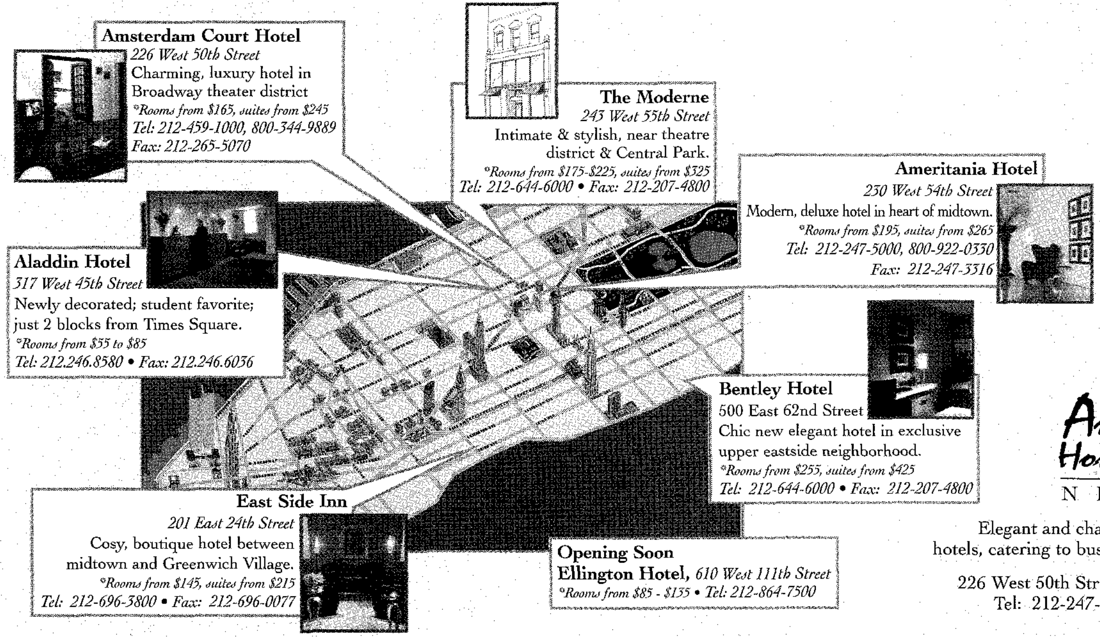

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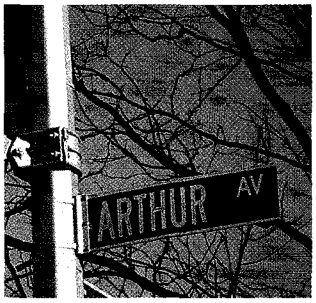
NEW YORK FAMILY GUIDE



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of very playful polar bears. You'll enjoy watching them frolic in the Polar Circle, one of three ecological areas. Or visit the Tropic Zone, with its toucans and colobus monkeys. Or stop in the Temperate Territory, where you can watch snow monkeys play on their own private island.

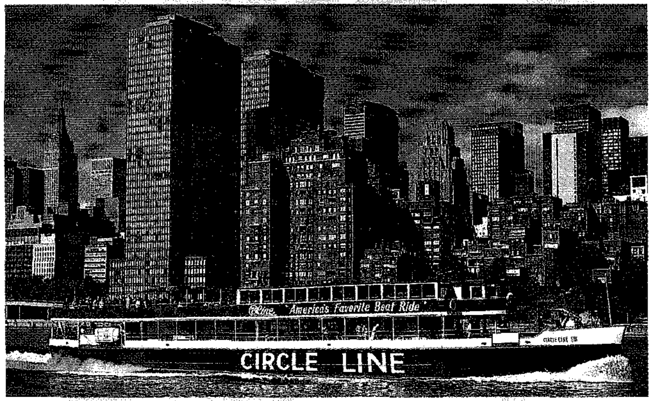
But the park is not all wildlife—you'll find other diversions, too. Rent roller blades at **Wollman Rink** and either stay in the friendly confines of the rink or explore the Park Drive. Rowboats and bikes (even tandems) are for rent at the **Loeb Boathouse**. Check out the views from **Belvedere Castle**, located on Vista Rock, one of the highest points in the park. Kids will adore the **Carousel**, with its hand-carved horses, and the imaginative marionette shows at the **Swedish Cottage**, which will be featuring *Gulliver's Travels* this summer and fall.

NEAT EATS

New York City is renowned for its abundance of world-class restaurants. When you travel with the kids, however, you're probably looking for more than just great food. So why not combine dining with entertainment? You'll never see your kids squirm when they're at one of the city's famous theme restaurants.

Look for the car sticking out of the building and you've found the **Hard Rock Café** (57th Street and Seventh Avenue), where pulsating music and rock 'n roll memorabilia complement the casual fare. **Planet Hollywood** (57th Street and Broadway) keeps the pace upbeat with current movie clips. At **Harley-Davidson Café** (56th Street and 6th Avenue), you're encouraged to hop on a Hog for a photo op, while live entertainment from lookalike Four Tops, Temptations and Supremes adds to the ambiance at the **Motown Café** (57th Street off 6th Avenue). Sports enthusiasts will love the **Official All-Star Café** (Times Square), where you can view the greatest moments in sports as well as games in progress. And at **Television City** (6th Avenue at 50th Street), your kids will finally get to eat in front of the TV.

For a taste of different cultures, you can dine in one of the city's fine ethnic neighborhoods. **Chinatown** is a festival for the senses—with great restaurants everywhere and colorful markets that give the narrow streets a carnival-like air. Visit **Arthur Avenue** in the Bronx for fine Italian specialties. Try one of the family-run restaurants or stop for pastry in an outdoor café. **Brighton Beach**, Brooklyn's Russian enclave known as "Little Odessa," is exotic and inviting, with authentic restaurants, delis and markets.



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HOMES AWAY FROM HOME

Follow in the footsteps of history at one of New York's historic homesteads. These grand residences are brimming with colonial charm. The **Queens County Farm Museum** (73-50 Little Neck Parkway, Floral Park) harks back to the days when this borough was a farming community. The beautifully restored farmhouse, which you can tour, was built in 1772.

If you'd like to explore the past through photography and architecture, visit the **Alice Austen House Museum** (2 Hylan Boulevard, Staten Island). This Victorian cottage, parts of which were built around 1700, was once the home of Alice Austen, a prolific photographer who recorded city life at the turn of the century. Some of her photographs are on display.

Staten Island is home to ***Historic Richmond Town*** (441 Clarke Avenue), a complex of historic buildings, some of which date back to

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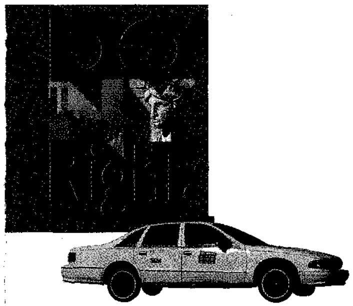


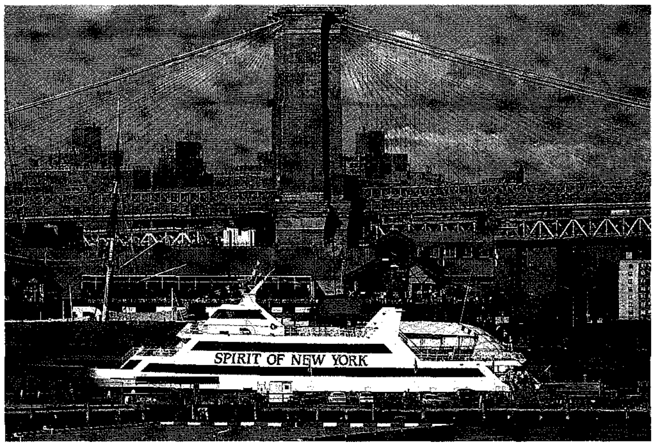
NEW YORK FAMILY GUIDE

(Continued)

the 1600s. The site is preserved as a living history museum and features re-enactments of early Staten Island life. There's plenty to see and do, but the kids will love the "Toys!" exhibit (through December), which displays more than 200 toys from the 1840s through the 1990s.

Gracie Mansion (East End Avenue at 88th Street), the home of New York City's mayor, is a Federal-style building that was built in 1799 and has also served as an ice cream parlor and museum throughout the years. You can visit on Wednesdays, by appointment only. Call 212-570-4751.

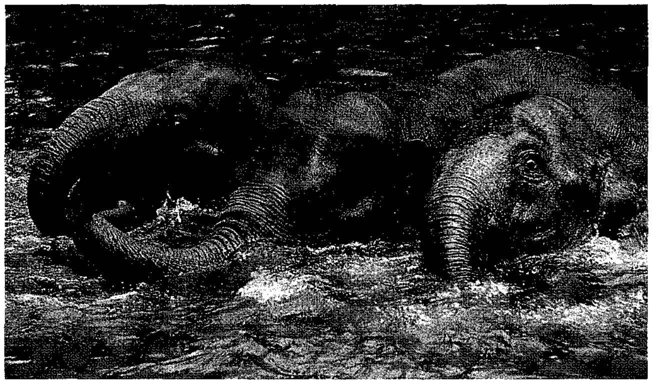
SIGHT SEA



One of the best ways to see New York City is from the water, where you can enjoy breathtaking views and interesting sites. **Circle Line** (Pier 83 at West 42nd Street and the Hudson River and Pier 16 at the South Street Seaport) offers a variety of cruise experiences. Short or long, half circle or full, you'll find a trip to suit your taste. You can even take a spin on Circle Line's new speedboat, *The Beast*, which is sure to provide plenty of thrills.

NY Waterway's itinerary of cruises range from Broadway-themed twilight voyages to full-day excursions. Try the all-day Sleepy Hollow Cruise, which takes you up the scenic Hudson to Philipsburg Manor, a colonial farm, and on to Sunnyside, home of the famed writer Washington Irving. Cruises depart from West 38th Street and 12th Avenue.

Two jewels in the harbor are easily accessible by boat. The short jaunt to the **Statue of Liberty** from Battery Park is a must. You can also reach **Ellis Island** and its magnificent museum easily from the city. There, your children may trace family roots through the stories and experiences of immigrants. And who knows, maybe you'll spot your family's name on the American Immigrant Wall of Honor.



And don't forget the best bargain in the city, the **Staten Island Ferry**. It's a free ride across the river and a destination in itself—a glorious way to see the harbor.

OUT-OF-CITY EXPERIENCES

When the kids are ready for out-of-town adventures, you'll find a wealth of pleasant day trips. For waves of fun, head straight for **Jones Beach** and its 2,400-acre, six-and-one-half-mile shoreline, located only 40 minutes outside the city. It's a wonderful place to soak up the sun. The museum at **West Point**, in the historic Hudson Valley, tells the story of our military history. You'll also relish the magnificent river views. Agriculture is the theme at the **Dutchess County Fair** in August, where the kids can enjoy rides, a petting zoo, horticultural displays and hands-on activities. Or take off for **Playland** in Rye, Westchester, an old-fangled amusement park that still delights children of all ages.

DO NEW YORK RIGHT

This summer, you can take a bite out of the Big Apple and your budget with the Do NY Right Centennial FunPass MetroCard promotion. This program from the NYCVB, American Express, the Metropolitan Transportation Authority and State of New York offers you savings on hotels, attractions, theaters, clubs, restaurants and museums through August 31. You'll even save on tickets to Broadway's family classic, *Beauty and the Beast.* Several of the city's most celebrated hotels are also involved. For more information, call 212-484-1222 or access the NYC tourism website at http://www.nycvisit.com.

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brushes her fingers across the fur and drapes it around her neck. Suddenly, she's sitting with more poise. Her neck stretches gracefully, as if the fur had pushed some comfort button deep in her gut. She is at home with this thing. She loves it. And she genuinely looks a little like Audrey Hepburn.

Of course, there's a truth in what Levene's doing. It follows that you have to find out something about yourself to see how to present that self to the world. And he has a way of getting under your skin. The day after our meeting at the coffee shop in Marina del Rey, I'd gone and got a haircut. I'd resisted his suggestion that I take along a sheaf of photographs to show to the stylist while asking for the Leonardo DiCaprio or the George Clooney or the Cary Grant. But at least I'd done something. That made me feel good. Then, in a store, I'd struggled into a pair of blue pants by Dries van Noten, a Belgian designer known, I'd discovered while hanging out with Levene, as one of the Antwerp Six. "These aren't me," I'd said to my wife, my eye tracking toward more familiar fashion territory—a pair of cozy-looking Armani corduroys, very baggy.

But why weren't they me, those lovely peg tops by Dries? Thinking about clothes, you begin to realize the extent to which they do involve questions of self-view and self-esteem. It's why buying a sports coat can reduce studio executives to heaps of jelly blubbering on the concrete floor at the Barneys warehouse sale.

I ask Levene about the rumpled five-hundred-pound thrift-shop suit that I bought from him years ago. He says, "I remember it very well. The pattern was so densely woven in as to be almost invisible. It was lovely."

And it was. It combined cheeky smarts with a laid-back elegance. It was, I fantasized, the suit a James Cagney character might have worn—had he been played by Cary Grant. It fitted a nutty private idea I had about myself. It was very personal.

Levene talks about how that suit came to be. It was manufactured, like most of his unstructured suits, by the same factory in Italy that makes the top-of-the-line stuff for Armani. "I know this is going to sound pretentious, but that suit had a spirit. When you bought it, you connected to how that suit came to be. To the fact that I spent a lot of time selecting that particular fabric and had only one suit made from it, perhaps two. To the attention I gave to the buttons and the height of the cuff. To the way I did the lapels, quite high above the buttons. You connected to the vital thread of the shop, the throwaway chic I tried to put there. That's true design."

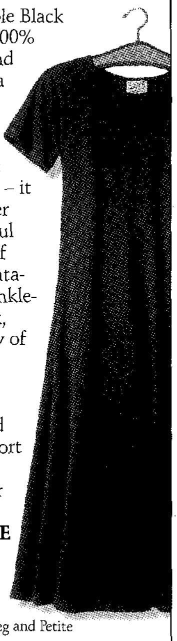
For a moment, Levene makes fashion sound very serious.

Each time I'm on the point of condemning Levene as a hoax, a huckster, a guileful and plausible purveyor of New Age anodyne, I find myself charmed again by his irrepressible likableness. He keeps dreaming up bigger and more ambitious ways to be admired. He has the shop. He has his image-therapy business. He has seminars. He has plans for a thirty-million-dollar store in Santa Monica—a Barneys for the whole family. He also wants television. He and his wife, the actress Kate Mayfield, have a treatment for a daily show: "Kate & Malcolm," a "hands-on, get-involved show that gives the audience simple solutions to everyday living."

It might take off, and if it does his best material on camera will be himself and his sometimes disarming honesty. "This is going to sound strange," he says on the phone, "but what did you think of me back then, Richard, in those days when you used to come into the shop? After I had opened the door for you and you went out carrying that suit in a Malcolm Levene bag, did you think, Bloody good salesman, brilliant salesman—full of bullshit?"

I tell him that he never sold me anything I didn't want. Maybe he sold me some things I didn't quite need, but then that's the bottom line of what selling is about.

"It's much better," he adds, still annotating his performance of years ago, "to do the job stylishly and create a calming feeling that says, 'I am like you' and 'You are like me.' That's what works—to get the customers hooked so they come back again and again." But Levene, still the salesman's salesman, still saying "Like me, love me," now has a far trickier product to sell: himself. The salesman has become his own suit. ♦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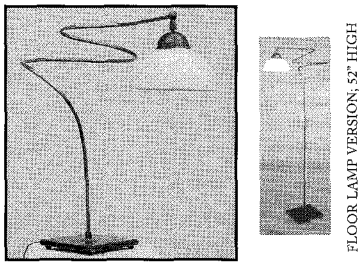

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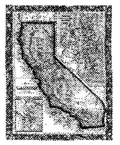
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LETTER FROM JERUSALEM

FORCING THE END

Why do a Pentecostal cattle breeder from Mississippi and an Orthodox rabbi from Jerusalem believe that a red heifer can change the world?

BY LAWRENCE WRIGHT

IN the spring of 1989, a Pentecostal preacher named Clyde Lott was thumbing through the Bible, looking up all the references to cows. This wasn't so odd, given that Lott is one of the leading cattle breeders in the Southeast. At the time, he specialized in raising show cattle for youngsters involved in 4-H clubs and the Future Farmers of America. His office, in Canton, Mississippi, contains many ribbons, plaques, and trophies, including awards for two national championships in judging and showmanship. As it happens, the Old Testament is full of references to cows and cattle; it is, after all, a history of an agricultural people. When Lott turned to Numbers 19, he read one of the many conversations that God had with Moses and his brother Aaron as they led the Jews through the desert toward the Promised Land. "Speak unto the children of Israel," the Lord commanded, "that they bring thee a red heifer without spot, wherein is no blemish, and upon which never came a yoke." The cow will be given to a priest to slay, the Lord continued, and burned on a pyre of cedar, hyssop, and a strand of scarlet thread. Then the ashes of the heifer will be mixed with water and used to purify those who have been exposed to death. Anyone who fails to be purified "shall be cut off from among the congregation, because he hath defiled the sanctuary of the Lord."

This is one of the most mysterious injunctions in the Bible. Even King Solomon, who was said to understand the meaning of all things, could not explain the reason for the red heifer. Clyde Lott didn't understand it, either. He also wondered where the children of Israel could have obtained a red cow. From his own reading, he had concluded that the Old Testament herd was descended from the cattle that Jacob, the son of Isaac, had received in wages from his uncle Laban. Those animals—as described in the King James Bible—were speckled, spotted, and brown. "Your speckled and spotted cattle basically are recognized as a purebred cow, like a holstein," Lott says. So where did the spotless red heifer come from? Genetically, it didn't add up. And yet the Lord had specified that this was the only way for the Israelites to cleanse themselves and participate in the worship of God. "I didn't realize then that God always sent to Israel, at the time she needed it, the man with the red heifer."

Lott, who is forty-two, is a soft-spoken Southern gentleman, squarely built, with a full, fleshy face and curly brown hair that is beginning to gray. Although he is ordained in the ministry of the National Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ, he does not pastor his own church. "I would fit more in the category of evangelist—going on the road and preaching or teaching," he says. Like all fundamentalist Christians, Lott believes that the Messiah will come again. His view of the End Time is that Jesus' return will usher in a thousand years of peace and harmony. Before that, however, there will be seven years of tribulation: the Antichrist will appear, and the forces of good and evil will wage a cataclysmic struggle, culminating in Jesus' defeat of the false Messiah. Many Evangelicals believe that Jews and other non-Christians will suffer for accepting the Antichrist as their messiah—that most of them will perish in the coming struggle, but those who survive will finally acknowledge Christ as their savior. True Christians will be spared these catastrophes, because they will have been raptured—snatched directly into Heaven—before the troubles begin. They will return to act as priests during Christ's millennial reign. At the end of that time, Satan will rally the forces of evil for a final confrontation with Jesus and the saints of the Church at the battle of Armageddon. The satanic warriors, led by a prince named Gog, will come from the north, from a land called Magog (which Lott believes could be a satellite republic of the former Soviet Union); God will destroy them, however. The dead will rise for their day of judgment, and a New Jerusalem will descend from the sky. Once again, God will dwell among his people.

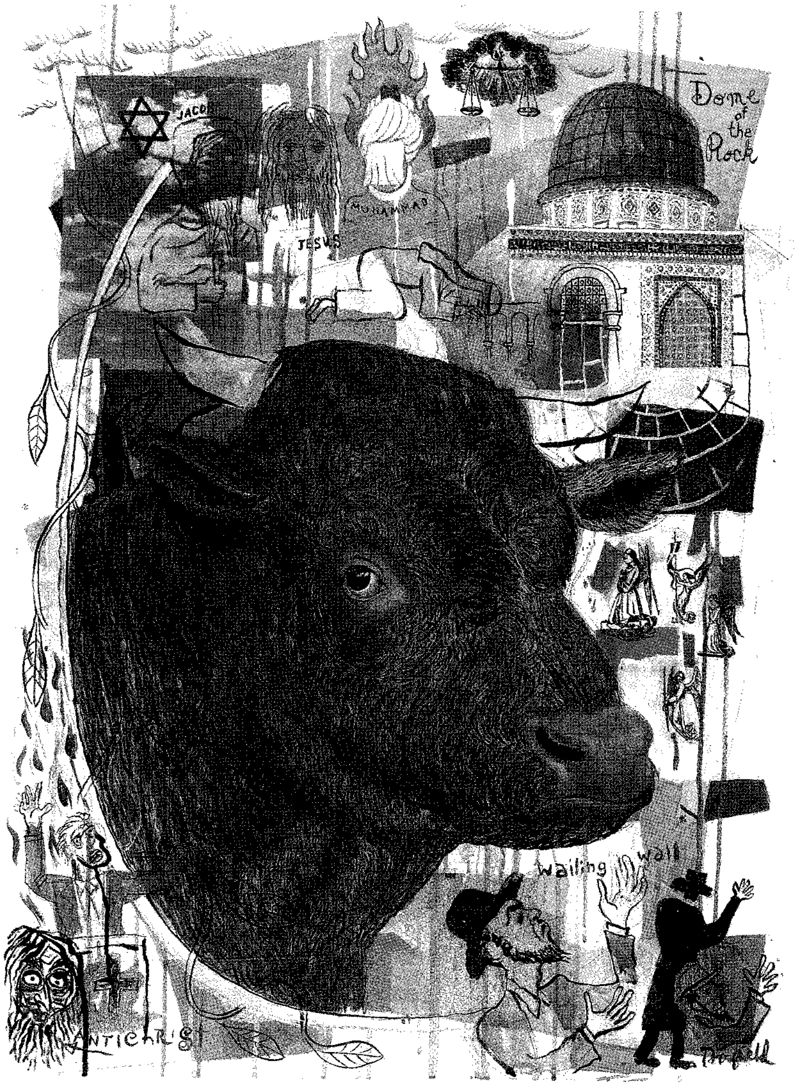
A longing for the rapture and the return of Jesus on Earth is at the core of Evangelicalism. The fact that we are coincidentally approaching a millennial milestone in the human calendar certainly adds to this yearning and to the sense of anticipation felt by believers of all faiths. Most fundamentalists assume that we are living on the edge of human history in any case, and that modern events in the Middle East are fulfillments of prophecies made some two thousand years ago by Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Isaiah, and John, among others. These prophecies require three great events before the Messiah can return: the nation of Israel must be restored; Jerusalem must be a Jewish city; and the Temple, the center of worship and sacrifice in the ancient Jewish world, which was last destroyed by the Romans in 70 A.D., must be rebuilt. Two of these conditions have been met in the last fifty years.

As Lott read the Bible that day, he realized that the Second Coming and the fate of humankind now depended on the red heifer. In order for the Jews to rebuild the Temple and prepare the way for the return of the Messiah they must be purified with the ashes of a red heifer.

A qualified red heifer has not been found in Israel in almost two thousand years. And yet red cattle are not really so unusual in the United States. A breed known as the Red Angus is as red as an Irish setter. It occurred to Lott that God, who he believed had directed the evangelist's own success in the showring, was now guiding his hand in a much larger matter. Where was the red heifer to come from? "That was the question we couldn't answer," says Lott, who sometimes uses the first-person plural when referring to himself. "It plagued us day in and day out for months." Finally, in the latter part of the summer of 1990, as he was baling hay, a piece of equipment broke, and he started to drive into town to get a spare part. But then he found himself driving to Jackson, the state capital, and walking into the office of Roy D. Manning, the director of international trade for the Mississippi Department of Agriculture and Commerce. "I will never forget as long as I live walking into Mr. Manning's office that day and just the cold shock on his face of seeing someone coming out of the hayfield—bluejeans, tennis shoes, baseball cap, dirty and smelly—and walking into his office unannounced and saying, 'I have read the Bible and the Bible says Israel has to have a red heifer,'" Lott said later in one of many testimonials to Evangelical congregations in the South. "For some reason, he didn't kick me out of his office." Instead, Manning wrote a letter to an attaché at the American Embassy in Athens who was in charge of agricultural exports to the Middle East. "We have been approached by a producer and seller of cattle from the state of Mississippi and I am quoting him in the following," Manning wrote, and the letter went on:

> Red Angus cattle suitable for Old Testament Biblical sacrifices, will have no blemish or off color hair, genetically red will produce red, eye, nose pigmentation will be dark, heifers at a year old will weigh approximately 600 to 700 pounds. These cattle will adapt quickly to Middle Eastern climate, also excellent beef quality.

Manning's letter was bounced to a State Department official, who rerouted it to the American Embassy in Tel Aviv, where it was forwarded to the Israeli Ministry of Religious Affairs. Someone there eventually thought to send it to the Temple Institute, a private organization of religious Jews in Jerusalem who suspect—like Lott—that the End Time may be near and are dedicated to rebuilding the Temple. The letter arrived on the desk of Rabbi Chaim Richman, ninety days after Manning posted it.



Only the ashes of a red heifer—which has not been seen in Israel for almost two thousand years—can purify Jews so that they can rebuild the Temple.

JOSH GOSFIELD

The Temple Institute operates a small museum in the Jewish Quarter of the Old City. A visitor steps down into a basement room that houses the collection and a bookstore; one of the books on display is "The Mystery of the Red Heifer: Divine Promise of Purity," by Rabbi Richman. Also on display is a scale model of the sacrificial altar and replicas of the decanters and lavers used in the Temple service. The flaxen robes of the priests have been carefully reproduced, along with the trumpets, harps, and lyres that the Levites are said to have played in the courtyard of the Temple. "You woke up in the morning to the sound of music from the Temple. You went to bed to the sound of music from the Temple," a guide tells visitors. "Any beautiful building you ever saw cannot compare with the beauty of the Temple."

The goal of the institute is not only to restore the Temple itself but to reinstate the priestly castes, clerical rule, and animal sacrifice that characterized the nation of Israel at the dawn of the Iron Age. To secular Israelis, this sounds like a Jewish version of the Taliban. And yet the construction of a third Temple is essential to the view that many Orthodox Jews have of salvation and the coming of the Messiah. Without the Temple, there is no way to fulfill many of the religious obligations, such as ritual sacrifices, that the Torah requires. In Orthodox theology, that means that all Jews are stuck in a state of impurity, and are therefore unable to be in the presence of God. When a glass is broken at a Jewish wedding, it is done in memory of the destruction of the Temple. "The Holy Temple in Judaism is so important and primary that it can really be said that Judaism as it is practiced today is not the vehicle that God intended it to be," Richman says. "The Prophets of Israel emphasize the fact that the Temple is really much more than just a synagogue. . . . The Temple is actually the device through which God manifests His presence to mankind."

Naturally, the name Lott caught the attention of the rabbis at the institute—and not just because another Lott from Mississippi happens to be the United States Senate Majority Leader. Genesis recounts the story of Abraham's nephew Lot, whose wife became a pillar of salt when she disobeyed the Lord and turned to look back on Sodom as it was being destroyed. "Rabbi Richman told me that Lot was a Gentile and he was a very, very good cattle breeder," Clyde Lott has said. The rabbis thought that the coincidence was a good sign. After an excited exchange of letters and telephone calls between Jerusalem and Canton, Lott went to Jerusalem to meet with the rabbis. "I really didn't know what to expect," he told me. "I came out of a religious background that taught that Jewish people were ignorant and lost, and this kind of thing." He was dazzled by the Temple artifacts that the members of the institute had reconstructed. "You can just imagine, having read all your adult life about the Temple and the Tabernacle and the vessels, and seeing them firsthand—that was amazing to me. It was a life-changing experience."

Lott tried to explain his own beliefs to his hosts. "We talked about Jesus and the Holy Spirit, and speaking in tongues. They knew where we were coming from." The rabbis were impressed by Lott's sincerity. "This is a person without guile," Richman, who was born in America and immigrated to Israel in 1982, concluded. Richman took Lott on a tour of the Western Wall and the Temple Mount. Over the next several days, he gave the Pentecostal evangelist an education in the Jewish oral tradition and the voluminous commentaries on the enigmatic commandment of the red heifer. Jewish law, which is called Halakah, maintains that all Jews today are impure because of their direct or indirect contact with the dead. For that reason, observant Jews may not go to parts of the Temple Mount, lest they step on the Holy of Holies, the spot where the Ark of the Covenant holding the fragments of the stone tablets containing the Ten Commandments resided until it was supposedly lost during the Babylonians' destruction of the First Temple, in 586 B.C. According to the rabbis, the only way that Jews could become pure again was by being sprinkled with the ashes of a red heifer that has been mixed with water traditionally drawn from the pool of Siloam. According to the Mishnah, the written version of the oral tradition, the ceremony of the red heifer sacrifice has only been performed nine times in the history of the Jewish people. When the tenth heifer appears, the Messiah will finally come.

The rabbis, for their part, learned something about cattle. Lott interpreted the reference, in Numbers 19, to a cow without spot or blemish to mean a good-milking, sweetly disposed, handsomely constructed animal—"basically, a twenty-first-century, high-tech cow." Lott could see for himself that the entire Israeli ranching industry was depressed and behind the times. It occurred to him that with modern breeding techniques and champion Red Angus stock he could produce not just one red heifer but an entire herd.

As Lott likes to tell Evangelical audiences, one of the rabbis wanted to know how many red cows it would take to produce, in Israel, the kind of heifer described by Numbers 19.

"Approximately two hundred cows," Lott said.

"How much per cow?"

"Of this extremely high quality, about two thousand dollars a head."

When Richman translated the figure into Hebrew, it caused a heated response among the other rabbis. Lott asked what was wrong.

"Twenty thousand a head is a lot of money," Richman said.

"We didn't say twenty thousand, we said two thousand," Lott replied. "We're not trying to take advantage of you as you seek to turn back to God."

This response brought expressions of amazement to the faces of the rabbis. Richman explained to Lott that in the time of the Second Temple a jewel from the breastplate of the high priest had fallen off. A delegation of priests journeyed to the town of Ashkelon, to the house of a well-known jeweller named

"I think it would be wise to establish a legal-defense fund for my kids while they're still young."

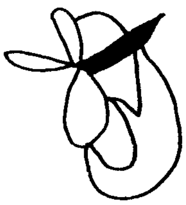
Dama ben Netina. He agreed to replace the jewel for a hundred shekels, but he said he could not do it immediately, because the replacement was in a box that was under the bed where his father was sleeping. The priests thought this was merely a bargaining ploy and doubled the price. The jeweller again refused. The priests continued to offer more money, and reached the sum of a thousand shekels. But when the jeweller remained adamant the delegation angrily started off on the road back to the Temple. At last, the jeweller's father awakened. Dama ben Netina got the jewel and raced after the delegation, catching up with it in a grove. When a priest handed him a thousand shekels, the jeweller would accept only the hundred that he had agreed to. "I am not trying to take advantage of you as you are seeking to turn to God," he said.

When Lott heard this story, he was deeply moved. "It was word for word the same thing we said twenty-five hundred years later," he later recalled. "Right there in that grove, they prayed a blessing over Dama ben Netina, a Gentile, and the blessing was that out of your Gentile lineage, one day when Israel needs it, will come the producer of the red heifer."

In the fall of 1994, Richman went to Mississippi to examine four freshly washed and groomed heifers that Lott had produced for his inspection. The Talmud states that even two hairs that are not red would be enough to disqualify a candidate. One of the cows immediately caught Richman's eye. "He didn't even look at the three others," Lott recalls. "He walked into that pen with that heifer tied to the back of that stall, and he just stopped for a few minutes to appraise her from one end to the other. Then he walked right up to that heifer within a matter of inches, and he looked down at her, then he went back four or five feet and just stared at her." Finally, Richman placed his hand on the animal, which Lott's daughter, who was then six, had named Dixie. "This is the heifer that will change the world," Richman said.

On June 7, 1967, Israeli paratroopers dashed down the Via Dolorosa in the Old City of Jerusalem. It was the third day of the Six-Day War. Jerusalem had been until then a divided city, with Jordan in control of the eastern half, including the Old City, and Israel in control of the western half. This had been the status quo for nearly twenty years. The 55th Parachute Brigade was about to change that.

And yet there was a strange ambivalence on the part of many Israelis regarding the taking of the Old City. Moshe Dayan, the Defense Minister, had ordered General Uzi Narkiss to surround the Old City but not to enter it. Dayan was worried not only about heavy casualties but also about the political consequences of seizing the Temple Mount. The rest of the Israeli Cabinet overruled him, however, and ordered the retaking of the Old City.



The day before the final battle, Israeli troops captured Mt. Scopus, the highest point in the city. Dayan rode to the summit and lunched there with General Narkiss. Dayan, who wore a black eye patch that covered a wound he'd received fighting against the Vichy French in Syria, personified Israeli military bravado. Before him were the honey-colored limestone walls of the Old City. "What a divine view!" Dayan, an avowedly secular man, declared. All around him, he could see the hills of Golgotha, the Mount of Olives, Mt. Zion—names that ring with meaning to believers of all three of the great monotheistic religions. And in the middle of a bowl formed by limestone ridges was the smaller elevation of Mt. Moriah, which Jews and Christians call the Temple Mount, and which Muslims call Haram al-Sharif (the Noble Sanctuary). It was here that King Solomon built the First Temple, nearly a thousand years before the birth of Jesus. After it was destroyed by Nebuchadrezzar, the Second Temple was built, and was later expanded by King Herod into one of the greatest monuments of the ancient world. The Romans destroyed it during their sacking of Jerusalem. As Dayan looked down on the Temple Mount he realized that the following morning it would be back in Jewish hands for the first time in nearly two thousand years.

But what Dayan also saw below him was a colossal political problem. The sacred precinct was now occupied by two mosques: the venerable Al-Aqsa, which was built in the eighth century, and the thirteen-hundred-year-old Dome of the Rock. Its golden dome—the most recognizable symbol of the city—enshrines the craggy peak of Mt. Moriah, which Jews call the Foundation Stone and Muslims call es-Sakhra (the Rock). It figures prominently in the legend of all three religions. It is said to be the first place God created—the perch He stood on when He formed the rest of the world. It is also said to be the spot where Adam was made, and where Cain killed Abel. Jews believe that it is where Abraham brought his son Isaac to be sacrificed. For Muslims, it was Ishmael—Abraham's other son, and their ancestor—who was intended to be sacrificed. For Jews, the Mount is the holiest place in the world, the focus of their prayers, the place where they believe God lived. Muslims believe that this was the place from which the prophet Muhammad ascended into Heaven on the back of a winged horse. Jerusalem was the original direction of Muslim prayers, before Mecca, and is still a destination for pilgrims. They count it as the third holiest place in Islam, after Mecca and Medina.

Many conquering armies have entered the Temple grounds. In Jerusalem's bloody history, the city has been contested by Assyrians, Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Persians, Mongols, Mamluks, Ottomans, Jordanians, and the British—to name only some of the major invaders and occupiers. Dayan and his generals were mindful of the shadows they were casting on history as they broke through the gates of the Haram al-Sharif to inspect the grounds. They found a typical Arab garden, liberally planted with trees and flowers and surrounded by religious offices and schools—a vivid contrast to the stony city outside the walls. At the southern end of the sanctuary, which covers thirty-five acres, lies the vast and airy Al-Aqsa mosque, where pigeons fly freely in a forest of marble columns. Near the center of the Haram, rising above the trees like a blue-and-gold crown, is the Dome of the Rock, the oldest building in Islam and perhaps the most beautiful. Here the Arab love of mystical geometry and intricate ornament has been given its greatest expression. The structure, which is eight-sided, may be imagined as three rectangles encompassing a circle. Hushed, sombre, but almost overwhelmingly sensual, the chamber imbues one

Nick Downes

"Sir, you've been downgraded to the baggage compartment."

with a sense of religious awe that few holy places in the world can match. A dozen pillars of marble and porphyry support the great inner dome. Below it, a wooden balustrade surrounds the Rock. There is an oblong imprint in the Rock which is said to be the footprint made by Muhammad when he leaped onto his winged steed, al-Buraq, and went up into Heaven with the angel Gabriel.

After inspecting the Haram, Dayan descended to the Western Wall, where he stood with his soldiers, many of whom were openly sobbing. As long as the Old City had been in Jordanian hands, Jews were not allowed to pray at the Wall; and now Dayan himself wrote a prayer and stuck it into crevices between the great stones, as Jews had done for centuries after the destruction of the Temple. It read, "May peace descend on the whole house of Israel." As the first step in achieving that peace, Dayan ordered the Israeli flag to be taken down from the Dome.

The capture of the Old City came at a great price—hundreds of casualties among the Israeli troops, and many more among the Arabs—but it proved to be a decisive turning point in relations between Israel and its neighbors. The political consequences are still being debated, and will be addressed in the Final Status talks that are yet to begin with the Palestinians, who want to share Jerusalem as the capital of two countries. Dayan believed that the capture of the West Bank and the Sinai were useful only insofar as they could be traded for peace. Jerusalem, however, was a more complicated issue. Within days of the conquest, an Arab neighborhood was levelled to make a plaza in front of the Western Wall. Despite this action, Dayan sought to preserve some of the Arab character of the Old City. Ten days after the capture of the Temple Mount, Dayan returned to Al-Aqsa and sat on the carpet in his stocking feet with the Waqf, the charitable trust in charge of managing the Mount. There, on his own authority, Dayan made a momentous gesture. He told the Waqf directors that, while all of Jerusalem now belonged to Israel, day-to-day control over the Haram al-Sharif would remain in their hands. Jews would be allowed to visit the Mount but forbidden to pray. Since then, the Temple Mount has been an Islamic island in an increasingly Jewish, and increasingly Orthodox, city—and, as such, it has become a flashpoint for religious extremists of both faiths.

The taking of Jerusalem had an electrifying effect in another realm, one that few of Israel's secular leaders had anticipated. From the moment that footage of weeping Israeli paratroopers standing at the Western Wall was televised around the world, millions of Jews and fundamentalist Christians saw the victory as the divine fulfillment of prophecy, one that had been expected since the establishment of the State of Israel, in 1948. For them, the Jewish possession of the Temple Mount meant that the clock of the apocalypse had begun to tick.

Gershon Salomon, who as a young officer was partially crippled in 1958 when an Israeli tank rolled over him during a battle on the Golan Heights, has become one of the most well-known advocates of removing the mosques in order to rebuild the Temple right away. He recalls being on the Mount on liberation day in 1967 and thinking, God brought us back onto the Temple Mount to say to all the world, "Not only do I continue my relationship with Israel, and Jews continue to be my Chosen People, but I now open up to the fulfillment of my End Time plans." That is why Dayan's order to strike the Israeli flag from the Dome of the Rock came as a stunning betrayal. "I cried tears of pain and sorrow and sadness," recalls Salomon, who thereupon founded the Temple Mount and Land of Israel Faithful Movement, which is based in Jerusalem and boasts a worldwide membership of more than fifteen thousand. "I decided I had to start a godly campaign for the re-liberation of the Temple Mount. I would give the rest of my life to correct that sinful, terrible mistake and act which was done by Moshe Dayan."

Forces had been let loose in the religious world that would prove difficult to contain. Galvanized by the Israeli victory, Jewish immigrants flooded into Israel. This influx seemed to be another sign that the Messiah was soon to come, since the "ingathering" of Jews in the Land of Israel was a precondition of redemption, according to the Scripture. New voices of prophecy drew thousands of Jews, even those who had been quite secular, into messianic cults of the ultra-Orthodox.

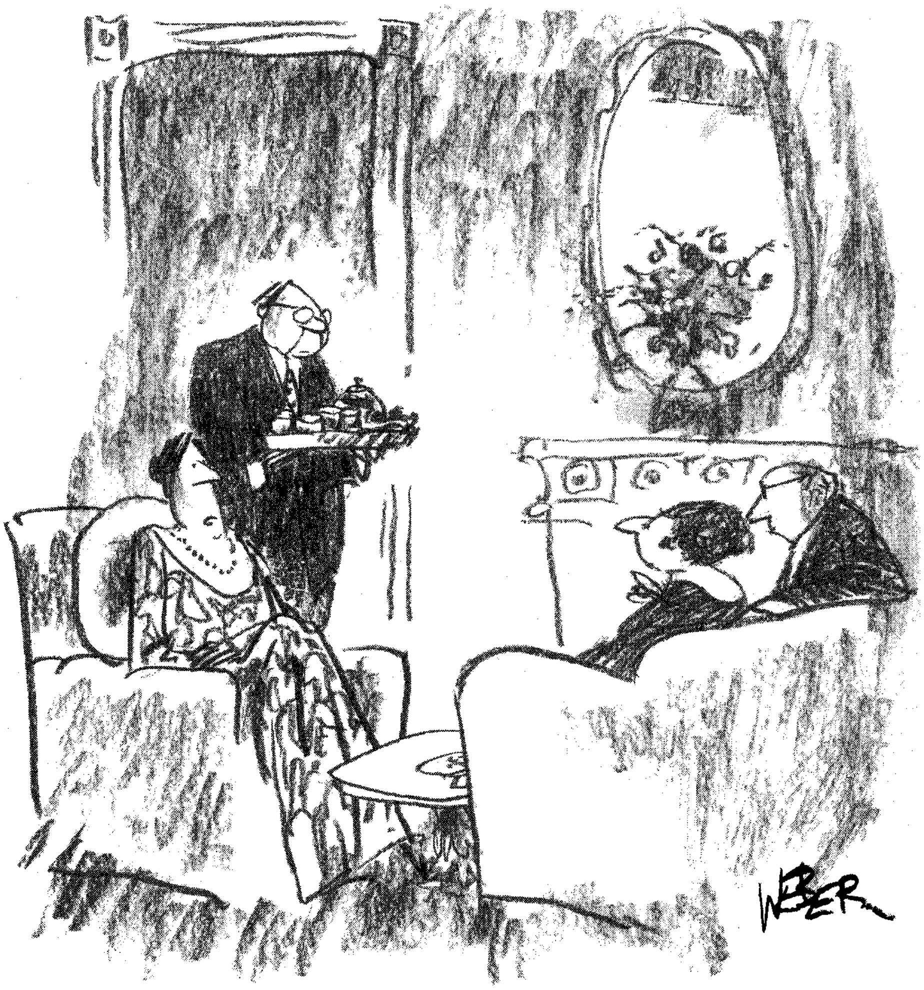
The Six-Day War spurred a rise of fundamentalism in the Arab world as well. Radical Islam had a ready explanation for its sudden, crushing defeat: the moral decay of modern, secular Arab society. The confusion and despair caused by the loss of Jerusalem fuelled a new religious extremism, and Haram al-Sharif became a symbol of Islamic religious and political aspirations. Yasir Arafat began to employ images of the Dome almost as if it were the capitol building of the future Palestinian state.

In 1967, the Knesset passed a law guaranteeing each religion access to its holy sites, but the law said nothing about the conflict posed by sites that are sacred to more than one religion. The following year the Israeli Supreme Court, in a ruling that has been upheld several times, decreed that Jews do have the right to pray on the Mount, leaving the government in the uncomfortable position of enforcing a ban based only on its need to maintain public order. To this day, Jews and Christians can go on the Mount as tourists, but if they appear to be praying they are subject to removal or arrest.

After the war, the Israeli Minister for Religious Affairs, Zerah Wahrhaftig, said that the Temple Mount had been the property of Israel ever since King David purchased the site from Araunah the Jebusite in 1000 B.C., but that Jews should not take any steps to reclaim it, because only the Messiah could build the Third Temple. This position was endorsed by many Jews, particularly the ultra-Orthodox, many of whom even opposed the establishment of the State of Israel. In their theology, the rebuilding of the nation, the ingathering of Jews from exile, and the reestablishment of the Temple were all matters for the Messiah to handle. For humankind to undertake such things amounted to "forcing the End." That was the work of Satan.

There were many prominent Jews, however, who believed that they were already living in the End Time—the recapture of Jerusalem was evidence enough—and that Jews must now do their part to prepare the way for the appearance of the Messiah. Soon after the Six-Day War was over, Shlomo Goren, who later became the Chief Rabbi of Israel, led a group of fifty followers onto the Mount, where they fought off Muslim guards and Israeli police and conducted a prayer service. A week later, the Chief Rabbinate ordered that signs be placed in front of the gates saying that no Jews should set foot on the Temple Mount. The reasoning was that, because Jews are ritually impure, they might accidentally step on the place where the Holy of Holies once stood. Such a desecration is punishable by death at the hand of God. This was supposed to put the Temple Mount theologically off limits—at least, until the advent of the red heifer.

Despite this proscription, there have been several serious attempts to blow up the Muslim holy places. Both Israeli and Islamic authorities are so concerned about the intentions of Gershon Salomon and other Temple fanatics that every confrontation has the potential to rage out of control. In 1990, Salomon led a group of his followers to the Mount in order to lay a "cornerstone" for the Third Temple. As many as five thousand Muslims, many of them schoolchildren, gathered to defend the site. The Israeli authorities, which had failed to reinforce a police garrison on the Mount, dispatched paramilitary border guards to control the situation. An armed assault by the guards left at least seventeen Muslims dead and hundreds wounded. In September, 1996, the government of the Prime Minister, Benjamin Netanyahu, authorized the opening of a tunnel that runs beside the Mount, so that tourists could view the monumental Herodian walls at the base. Ensuing riots by Muslims and a forceful response by Israeli troops left eighty people dead. The toll from these incidents and others is just one measure of the cost of fundamentalism in a region that



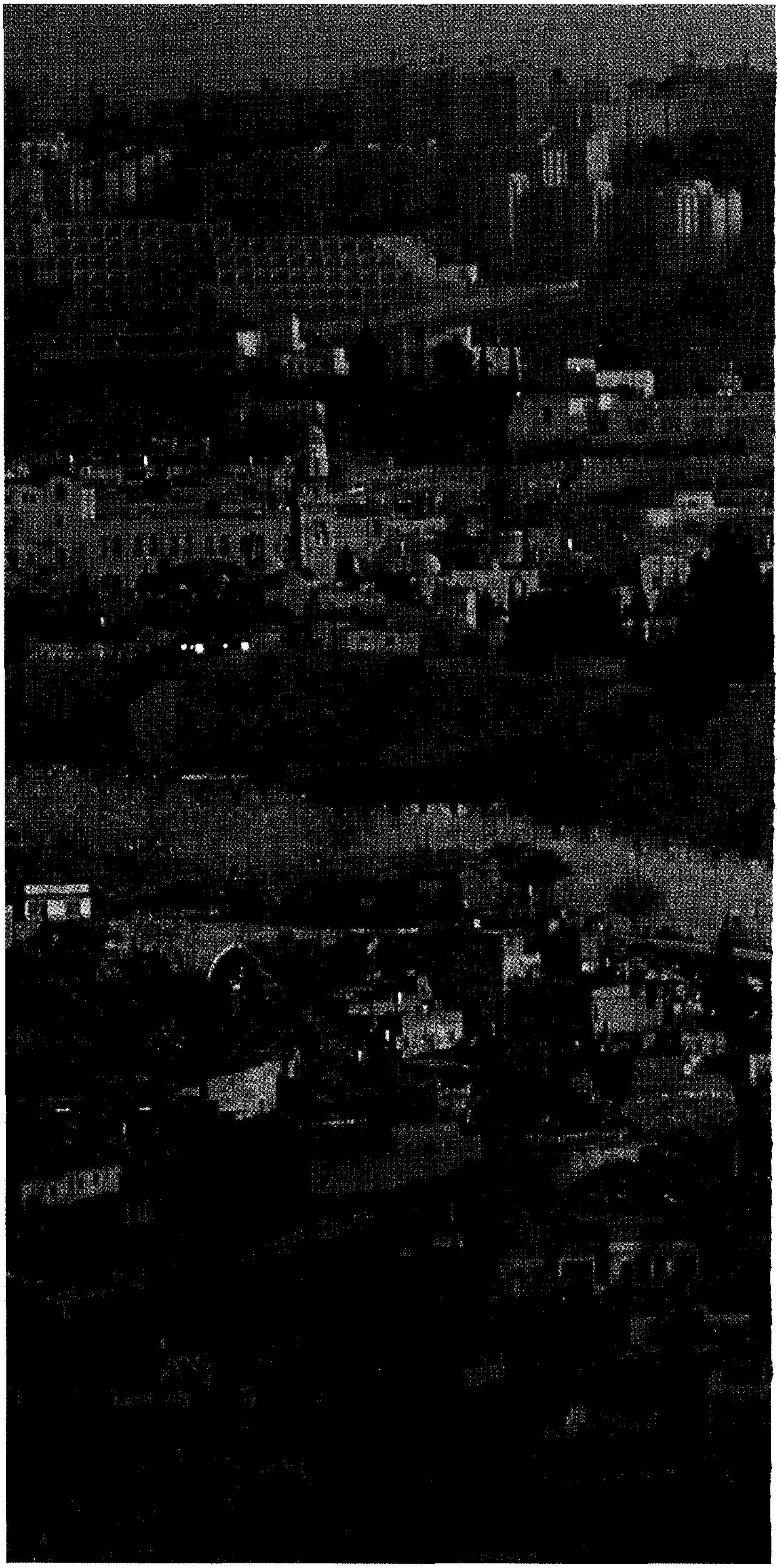
"We rarely watch television. Most of our free time is devoted to sex."

increasingly finds itself drawn and quartered by religious extremists. The mystical concept of sacred space that shrouds the Temple Mount—and, beyond that, Jerusalem and Israel itself—has for centuries served as an impenetrable barrier to peace.

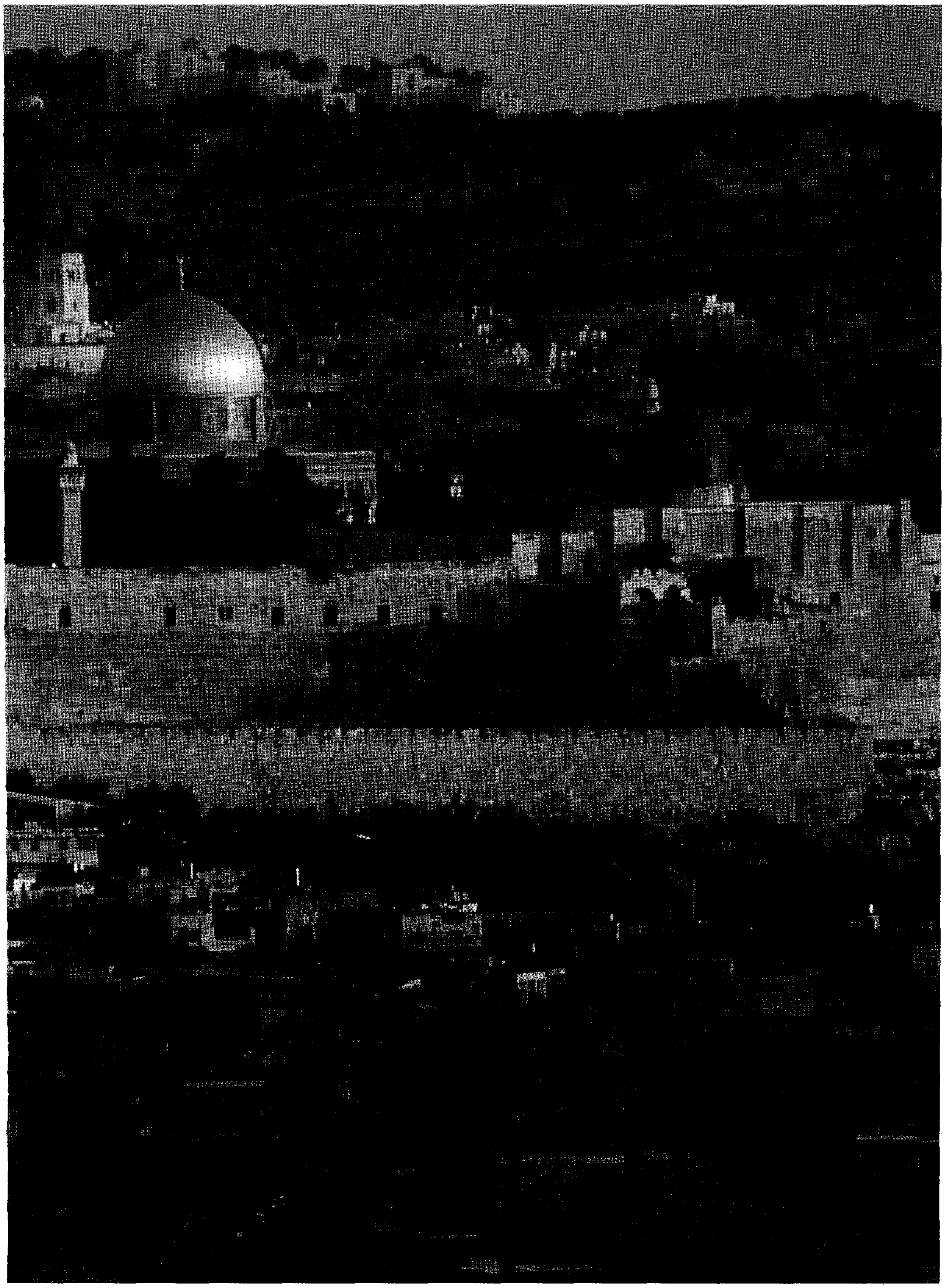
Nadav Shragai, a reporter for the Israeli newspaper *Ha'aretz* and the author of a 1995 book, "The Temple Mount Conflict," estimates that there are about a thousand active supporters of the most radical Temple Mount movements. No doubt they are heavily infiltrated by Israeli intelligence, which has long worried that a successful strike at the mosques would spark a holy war. These activists are a feature of a larger upheaval in Israeli society, caused by a stunning rise of religious conservatism and a muscular political involvement of religious Jews in Israeli politics. "Jewish fundamentalism of the nationalist branch is mostly the product of the Six-Day War," Emmanuel Sivan, a professor of Islamic Studies at Hebrew University, says. "The fact is that until '67 the national religious camp was a very moderate Zionist movement. It has turned extremist because of this apocalyptic vision."

AMONG Christians, there was a similar burst of fundamentalist fervor following the Six-Day War, and unexpected alliances were made between Evangelical Christians and Jews. Many Americans (forty-six per cent, according to one poll) believe that the establishment of the nation of Israel is the fulfillment of prophecy, and this accounts in part for the unshakable support that Israel has received from the Christian right. "I know people who fell on their knees and cried out to God when they heard that Jerusalem was back in Jewish hands," says David Parsons, who is an attorney with the International Christian Embassy, in Jerusalem. "It forced Christians to rethink their views toward Israel, toward Jerusalem, toward prophecy." The "embassy" is actually an organization that promotes Jewish causes and raises money for such things as helping Jews immigrate to Israel. Christians have also helped to fund some of the radical Temple activists, including Gershon Salomon.

In Christian theology, the holiness of the Temple was supposed to have been



The Dome of the Rock, Islam's oldest building, stands on the Temple Mount. Wh



JAMES NACHTWEY/MAGNUM

el reclaimed the land in the Six-Day War, millions of Christians believed that the clock of the apocalypse had begun to tick.

replaced by the divinity of Christ. Jesus directly challenged Temple life by overthrowing the money changers' tables and driving out the venders of sacrificial animals. In doing so, he committed an offense against the status quo that may have led to his crucifixion. Many Christians believe that the Jews killed Christ, and that God then allowed the Temple to be destroyed as a judgment against them.

The motives behind the modern embrace of Israel by the Christian right are not always clear. In Genesis 15:18, God gives the land of Israel to the Jews, and for most fundamentalist Christians that settles the matter. But Jews also play a tragic role in Evangelical eschatology. When Jews speak of their Messiah, Evangelicals interpret that to mean the false Messiah, or the Antichrist. It is the Antichrist, Evangelicals believe, who will occupy the Third Temple. The Prophet Jeremiah foretold the tribulation, or "time of Jacob's trouble," by which he meant the devastation of Israel. The nation will be finished off in the apocalyptic meeting between Christ and the Antichrist at Armageddon, which is also known as Megiddo, an archeological ruin in northern Israel. Those Jews who survive this catastrophe—only a hundred and forty-four thousand, according to some interpretations of the Scripture—will finally turn to Jesus as the true Messiah. Such refrains are frequently heard in Evangelical churches and on religious television channels, where Temple fever burns.

Most Evangelicals believe that the establishment of the State of Israel and the capture of Jerusalem have cleared the way for these final events. "I am one of those who believe that the next event on God's calendar is the rapture of the Church—the coming of Christ to take the Church to itself," the Reverend Jerry Falwell, another notable defender of the nation of Israel, says. "I believe there will be a seven-year tribulation period. It is during that time that the new Temple will be built. And I believe that, at the end of the seven years of tribulation, the battle of Armageddon will transpire and the establishment of the one-thousand-year reign of Christ on Earth will begin." However, Christians, like Jews, disagree among themselves about what role they should play in this scenario. Falwell does not endorse attempts to force the End. "I am not one who believes, as some Christian Zionists do, that we are here to help usher in the Kingdom, build the Temple, bring in the red heifer, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera," he says. Although Falwell maintains that "God is under no obligation to rapture the Church today," he believes that "all the prophecies are fulfilled"—including the ability, through Cable News Network, to communicate instantly throughout the world. "That is all necessary during the tribulation," he says. "For example, two witnesses will be slain on the streets of Jerusalem—some believe Moses and Elijah, but no one knows—and the Scripture says that every eye shall behold. And three days later they shall rise from the dead, rise up from the streets of Jerusalem. While all the enemies of these witnesses are rejoicing, in a huge global party, the whole world will watch as they stand up alive, resurrected from the dead. That couldn't have happened when I was a child." Because of these portents, Falwell believes that the Antichrist may be alive now. "He will portray himself as Christ and that will necessitate his being a Jew."

According to Clyde Lott, the intent of many Evangelical Christians who are helping Israel today is to speed along the time when they will be raptured into Heaven, leaving behind a world in chaos and flames. "It's very sad, but I would say the interest in the Christian world is to see the Temple rebuilt from the Antichrist perspective, for the rapture of the Church, and that's a very selfish point of view," Lott says. "The very people that are advocating this are the ones that are very anti-Semitic in their feelings." Although Evangelical theology forecasts the destruction of the Jews in the Last Days, Lott believes that Jews are God's Chosen People and that the Bible clearly states that God favors those who help Israel.

"How was my day? Advancing issues led declines."

The Christian right in the United States has proved to be both a powerful political lobby for Israel and a substantial source of financial support. Earlier this year, when Prime Minister Netanyahu came to this country, Jerry Falwell received him, while the White House did not. Most Israelis understand the subtext of this alliance, but they are loath to disclaim it. "Basically, we're a doormat for them to get to their own eschatological culmination," Rabbi Richman says. "It's a pretty scary thing, because the whole rapture thing that is popular in some Evangelical circles, which calls for a fulfillment of the hard times for Jacob, is essentially an invitation to genocide."

Richman and Lott disavow any association with Salomon or with other extremists who would destroy the mosques. They say they don't know how the Temple will be built, or when. Lott sees his own mission as part of a divine promise God made to Israel (in Isaiah 30:23) that one day its land would be restored and cattle would graze "in large pastures" there. "In God's timing, we know that all Bible prophecy will be fulfilled, and, if God chooses to use the Numbers 19 red heifer from that standpoint, that's up to God," Lott says. "Our calling is simply to begin the actual bringing in of the red cow, and at the same time begin to work, as much as Christian people possibly can, with the Jewish people for this restoration."

"I don't need time to think it over, Phillip—the answer is yes, I'll settle out of court with you."

• •

RICHMAN spent his childhood in Massachusetts, and he knew very little about the Deep South or Pentecostalism. On Richman's first trip to Mississippi, in 1994, Lott booked the community center in Canton for a town meeting about the red heifer. Richman was nervous. More than three hundred people showed up, filling all the available chairs and standing against the back wall and the sides of the room. Many of them had never seen an Orthodox Jew. "I look the part," Richman admits. He wears a curly beard and rose-tinted oval glasses. Dangling below the hem of his suit jacket are blue zizith—the ritual fringes that are meant to remind Orthodox Jews of the Lord's commandments. One man in the audience pointed to the knitted *kipa* on Richman's head and asked, in apparent seriousness, if he wore it to hide his horns.

Richman found the audience surprisingly warm and well versed in the Bible, however, even in obscure passages that had to do with the building of the Temple. Soon after that, he and Lott began the first of a series of barnstorming tours through Evangelical churches, mainly in the Deep South. Lott would introduce Richman, who would speak about the Temple, and then an offering would be taken up to support their work. "The services are—shall I say—interactive," Richman says. "It's not like someone gives an address and everyone sits there like statues. People call out and say 'Amen.' Sometimes the preacher would try to quiet them down, and I'd say, 'No, let everyone be themselves.' The people are a lot warmer and less jaded than people in the North. I found a lot of openness and interest in what I had to say. I found that we share many of the same values—the family, and what they call 'holiness,' and a mode of worship that emphasizes joy."

For Christians, building the Temple is important only in that it raises the curtain on the apocalypse. Richman explains that the Temple is critical to Jews: "We have this concept that we have six hundred and thirteen commandments to fulfill, and one-third of those commandments are dependent in some way on the Temple for their fulfillment." Many of these Temple laws involve the sacrifice of animals. For Jews in the ancient world, animal sacrifice was a means of achieving the purity that was essential in relating to God. A person can be defiled by even indirect contact with death—for instance, through the ground itself, which harbors the dead. Therefore, no one who walks on the ground is sufficiently holy to enter the Temple precincts. So the absence of a red heifer made the rebuilding of the Temple a moot point for Orthodox Jews—and therefore for Christians as well.

FOR as long as there have been archeologists, there has been a hunger to excavate the Mount in order to establish the exact location of the First Temple, and also to find some of the treasures it is supposed to harbor. The subsurface of the Mount is interlaced with tunnels and cisterns and legendary secret chambers, which may hide the Ark of the Covenant with the tablets of the Ten Commandments, which have been lost since the destruction of the First Temple. (Lott says that Richman told him that these objects were never actually lost—that they have been stored under the Mount, awaiting the reconstruction of the Temple.) On several occasions, archeologists and Jewish religious leaders have conducted unauthorized digs under the Mount, which have been met with outraged responses on the part of Islamic authorities.

Because no one can say definitively where on the Mount the Temple stood, most observant Jews have obeyed the rabbinical proscription against going onto the Mount; however, it is well known that Herod built up the periphery of the Mount when he enlarged the Temple, and for that reason it is thought by many Jews to be safe to walk on.

Every Tuesday, just as the Al-Aqsa mosque is emptying of worshippers for the noon prayers, Rabbi Yosef Elboim arrives at the Maghariba Gate. A small, wiry man with a white beard and scraggly earlocks, he wears a black frock coat, and a homburg rides insecurely on the back of his head. As Elboim changes from his street shoes into a pair of slippers, guards begin to talk nervously on their walkie-talkies. "Make it quick," one tells him.

"When I was thirteen, the Six-Day War took place," Elboim said, as he began his weekly stroll around the perimeter of the Haram al-Sharif. "I heard on the radio that the Temple Mount had been captured, and I was very excited. I was sure that all the government bodies were gathered together with the rabbis, planning how and when to build the Temple. A year later, I woke up to the reality of betrayal. I set about trying to find other people who were interested and who cared." The Rabbi walked inside a small cordon of security police. Some Arab children in school uniform coming out of an Islamic school looked at him in amazement. There are several groups of Jews who make a point of defying the rabbinical ban against Jews walking on the Temple Mount, but, unlike Elboim, they are not ultra-Orthodox, so his presence here is all the more jarring.

For a while, Elboim continued, he joined forces with Gershon Salomon, but then he formed his own organization, Tnua Lechinun Hamikdash (Movement for Establishment of the Temple). "We started by making holy vessels and ritual garments worn by the priests, so that we could have all this ready for when the time comes," Elboim said. Now his organization has announced a controversial new project: a home for boys who will become *cohanim*—members of the priestly caste who ran the Temple. "During the time of the Temple, the ashes of the red heifer were kept in containers, so when the priests saw they were running out of ashes they would use up the old ones and make some more. But today we don't have any 'leftovers.' So it's important to take children, even before they are born, and bring them up in a place where there is no chance for them to come into contact with the dead." During the era of the Second Temple, boy priests were raised in compounds built on solid bedrock, out of the range of any possible gravesites.

Elboim claims that he has already received offers from four families to donate their future children to his effort, but he expects to need at least nineteen, in part so that the boys will have companionship, but also because there are more than seventy blemishes that can disqualify a boy from becoming a priest. He says that a Jewish settlement near Jerusalem is willing to build a special enclosure for the priestly boys so that they will never have to set foot on the ground. There will be an elevated courtyard where they can play. According to *Ha'aretz*, some of the other people involved with Elboim's plan are former members of Kach, an outlawed far-right religious party. The boys will not be permitted to leave the compound until their bar mitzvah, at the age of thirteen, at which time, according to tradition, they will become adults and are old enough to slaughter and prepare the ashes of a red heifer. In response to the suggestions that have appeared in the press that such treatment constitutes child abuse, Elboim points out that the boys will not be unattended—they will be able to receive family and visitors, who have undergone purification in a *mikvah*, or ritual bath, and put on special clothing, and they will be educated and allowed to play with computers. Their lives would be no worse than that of Christian or Buddhist monks, or certain child athletes, Elboim contends. There would be no point in having a red heifer, Elboim believes, without a priestly caste to prepare the sacrifice.

In August, 1996, a surprising development occurred: another red calf was born, this time in Israel, on a farm outside Haifa run by a religious high school. "I had some doubts about it from the very beginning," says Rabbi Shmaria Shore, whose son came running to him with the news of the birth. "But I saw that she was very red, and I couldn't see hairs of any other color, so I ended up contacting some rabbinical authorities, and some people from Jerusalem eventually came." The rabbis examined

ZAZEN

When I first floundered in
no one knew me

not even myself
staggering under a Saratoga trunk
crammed with humiliations
bottled like urine samples
nailkegs of anger
carbons of abusive letters
chemistry quizzes with F's
even the horse I never had
and two casseroles left over
from the dime-a-dip supper.

No one remarked that
I had brought too much.

I was wearing three fur hats
donated by opulent cousins
my feet encased in cement
ever since the failure
of the patio project

and my mouth full of barbs
as an old trout.

No one praised my appearance.

The trunk fell off my back
disgorging its unusual contents
at my stone feet
which also came off.
The fur hats tumbled like a
motheaten avalanche
burying a small monk.

No one noticed.

My sweat began to dry
I folded myself into one piece

No One

—Virginia Hamilton Adair

the calf, which Shore had named Tslil, a name that means a musical note, but which he translated as Melody.

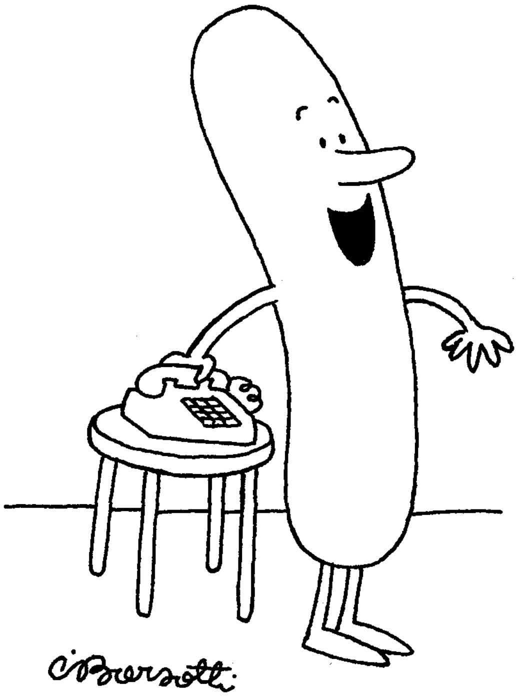
To Shore's amazement, the rabbis pronounced Melody a qualified red heifer, despite the fact that he had begun to notice a few stray white hairs around her tail and udder, and her eyebrows, which had started out red, had turned black. Also, the calf would not qualify as a heifer for two years, and by then many other imperfections might come to light. "I decided to play along, in order to downplay it," he says now. The rabbis carried the news of the miraculous birth back to Jerusalem, and soon a pilgrimage of Orthodox Jews and international press seeking "the Holy Heifer from Haifa" began turning up in the small religious community of Kfar Hasidim, where Melody now resided under armed guard. No red heifer, it was said, had been born in Israel since the destruction of the Temple. "It is written that it is the tenth red heifer that the Messiah will discover, and here we have the tenth heifer," one of the rabbis said on Israel Radio.

Muslims and a majority of Jews reacted in alarm. A columnist for *Ha'aretz* called for the cow to be shot immediately and "every molecule" destroyed. "The potential harm from this heifer is far greater than the destructive properties of a regular terrorist bomb," David Landau wrote. Even Rabbi Shore cautioned that the time had not come to rebuild the Temple. But Melody was creating her own reality. Jewish longing for the Temple, Christian hopes for the rapture, and Muslim paranoia about the destruction of the mosques were being stirred to an apocalyptic boil.

"In any case, she solved the problem herself by growing a white tail," Rabbi Shore says now. No longer kosher, Melody has rejoined the herd, but she is pregnant, Shore says, by a "reddish" bull.

The Reverend Lott had been suspicious of Melody's qualifications, but the episode alerted him and Rabbi Richman to the sensational political consequences of their project. Nevertheless, on the eve of the ninth day of the Hebrew month of Av, in 1997—coincidentally, the day on which the destruction of both the First and Second Temples is commemorated—Lott, Richman, and a group of West Bank settlers reached an agreement to provide land to raise red cattle. Lott and Richman are partners, but, in the event that Lott is raptured with the Church, Richman and the settlers will assume entire control of the operation. This December, they are planning to ship five hundred pregnant cows to the Jordan Valley. The cattle are being bred in Nebraska, on a three-thousand-acre spread devoted to Red Angus. There seems little doubt that a red heifer that meets all the Halakic criteria will soon be born in Israel, possibly early next year. The land that Lott has found is in the occupied West Bank—"some of the most hotly contested land in the world," he admitted recently to a revival audience in Gulf Shores, Alabama. "It's going to require feedlots, slaughterhouses—a whole economy." He will also ship frozen embryos from Dixie and other donor cows, along with select sperm, to be held in safekeeping until after the tribulation. According to Lott, his efforts will ensure that "in the first one or two or three decades of the millennial reign Israel will be able to go into the tanks, pull out those frozen embryos, and place them in cows. And in one generation, whatever they lost in the tribulation, they will have the very best cows on the face of the earth.... She will be able to get the rest of the world back on its feet again, agriculturally, from a livestock point of view."

Jerusalem makes a cult of holiness, one that fuels the passion and yearning of millions for a personal encounter with God. "In the Old Testament, time and time again it says this is God's house, this is where God dwells," says Father Jerome Murphy-O'Connor, a professor of New Testament at the École Biblique et École Archéologique Française, in Jerusalem. "The assumption was that God's power and protection were most efficacious in this place. Hence the importance of pilgrimage to Jerusalem, pilgrimage to the Temple." For centuries, believers have streamed into the city in order to bathe in this sense of divinity and to marvel at the site that all three religions believe will be the place of the Last Judgment. On that day, both Evangelical Christians and Orthodox Jews expect their Messiah to stride down from the Mount of Olives and burst through the Golden Gate. Many Muslims believe that the Ka'aba—the holiest place in Mecca—will be transported to Jerusalem, and that all the dead will meet again in the streets of the city. As long as such mythologies are taken literally, the struggle for Jerusalem and the Temple Mount will never end. The religious carnage that has marked every era of this maddened city will continue, because whoever controls Jerusalem controls access to the sacred places. It is a way of owning God. ♦



"Hey, everybody, we're invited to a cookout!"

ANNALS OF HOLLYWOOD

MOVING PICTURES

The author encounters the ghost of the silent-screen legend Billie Dove and delves into the mystery of her relationship with Howard Hughes.

BY BRUCE WAGNER

MOST people in the business of making movies have never heard of the Motion Picture & Television Fund's health-care and retirement village, in Woodland Hills. For a town that makes hagiography of its heritage via tearjerk Academy Award-night montages, one would think that awareness of the place's existence might be more prominent. Instead, its low-slung buildings and cottages reside in the collective consciousness of Angelenos as "the old actors' home," a kind of ephemeral, oddball hideout where bygone nearly-made-its live out their anachronistic days. There is something almost quaint about the Los Angeles *Times*' routine inclusion of the institution's better-known denizens in its obituary pages (after all, this is a company town); the attendant studio photographs of luminous vamps and benevolent cowboys conspire to lend the setting a hazy, anomalous, Garden of Allah vibe. Add the fact that no one seems to know where it is—mention Woodland Hills and watch the time-warpy stares, as if getting to that onion field of a place might entail a dusty day trip by roadster—and you've got a fairly serious public-relations problem. Well, not a problem, really, but a challenge, because the people responsible would like to see perceptions change. The bearish Screen Actor Guild's president, Richard Masur, thinks he knows the trouble. "It's the name," he says. "Did you know some people still call it the Home? And we're talking active fund-raisers!" Masur raises a rascally eyebrow. "*The Motion Picture and Television Fund*—I mean, they should just call it Omega! Or something."

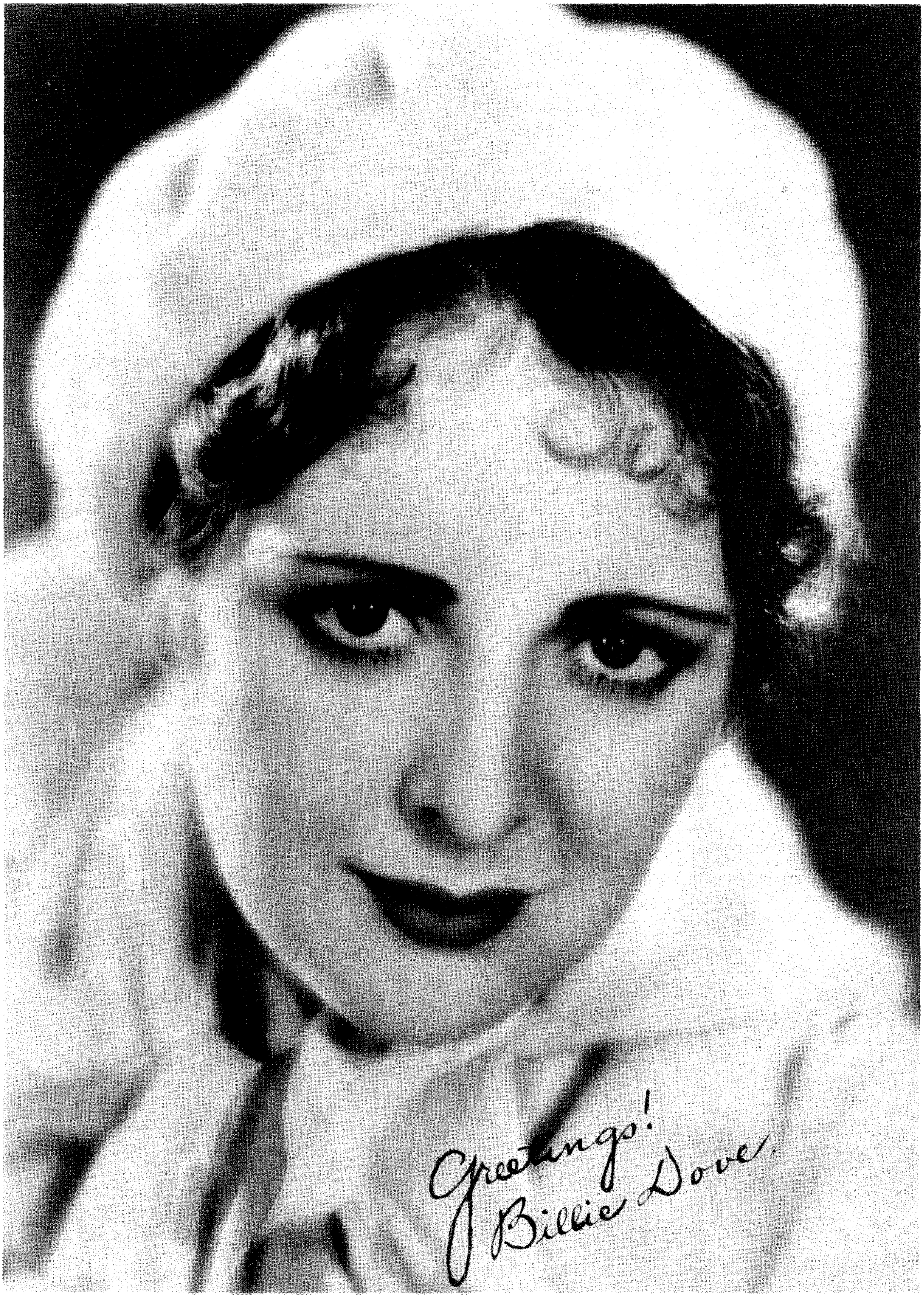
I was researching a book on Hollywood's early days and felt compelled to make the trip. The retirement community itself is fifteen minutes northwest of the Getty Center, by freeway. I'd heard that there was a chapel, and that Thursday-morning services were open to the public. It was there that I met the veteran character actor Hal Riddle, who told me his story about the silent-screen star Billie Dove.

"THERE'S a statistic," the remarkably nimble Mr. Riddle says, from his memorabilia-filled cottage. "See, an insurance company did a survey. It said people usually die around twenty-two months after they retire, because they're cut off from what they did. Well, we don't do that here. We're still surrounded by the business. Yes, we don't work anymore—the idea is not to take away jobs from the older people still out there—but we *are* surrounded by the industry." The rain had stopped—it was one of those California days when the sun keeps shining through the downpour—and we'd walked back from the morning service at the John Ford Chapel. Dressed in jeans and cotton shirt, sporting a white brush mustache, Riddle looks sixty but is closer to eighty, and talks a blue streak. His alacrity is such that he feels politely compelled to repeat himself, just in case the listener's lost the thread.

Kentucky, 1931: An eleven-year-old boy went to the movies and fell in love with the silent-film queen Billie Dove. Although the reels of "Adoration" are long lost, for Hal Riddle they burn still—in particular, a scene in which a white cape is thrown on the floor and two lovers, one of them Miss Dove, go to bed while the camera lingers on the garment. Had it panned a bit further, a breathless boy in a fold-down seat would have been found, the crumpled cape trapped within the virgin lens of his eye—an emblem of cosmology. When he told his mother that he wanted to write Miss Dove a letter, they thumbed through *Photoplay* and found an address. In time, a signed picture arrived. (It might as well have come from the Pleiades.) That ethereal, barely faded five-by-seven travelled with Hal Riddle everywhere, like a fetish. It hung on the wall of his college dorm, and in the hotel room he shared with Jack Lemmon, when he was young, doing summer stock in Pennsylvania; it flew with him to L.A., when he took a crack at the movies. By then, Hal says, all the greats were gone—the Warner Bros. commissary was "like a ghost town." The portrait of Billie Dove is with him now, for the last leg of the journey. It is almost seventy years old.

We go into the garden, where Hal shows me his irises, a flower that is popular with cottage residents because the rabbits avoid it. The rain has come and gone again, leaving a washed and scrubbed, absurdly Technicolor world. We settle into a couple of chaises. "You know, I wasn't the first to chase after Billie," he says sardonically. "She was the love of Howard Hughes's life—the great love, people say. There are *lots* of stories about Billie and Mr. Hughes. Mr. Hughes showed her a yacht once, with a crew of sixteen. Sixteen! And he asked, Did she like it? She said, 'Oh, yes, it's beautiful'—and Mr. Hughes said, 'It's yours.' I really do think she loved him as much as he did her. He asked her to marry him, but I think Billie just saw he wasn't the one. She eventually got involved with someone

The portrait of the actress that Hal Riddle carried with him like a fetish.

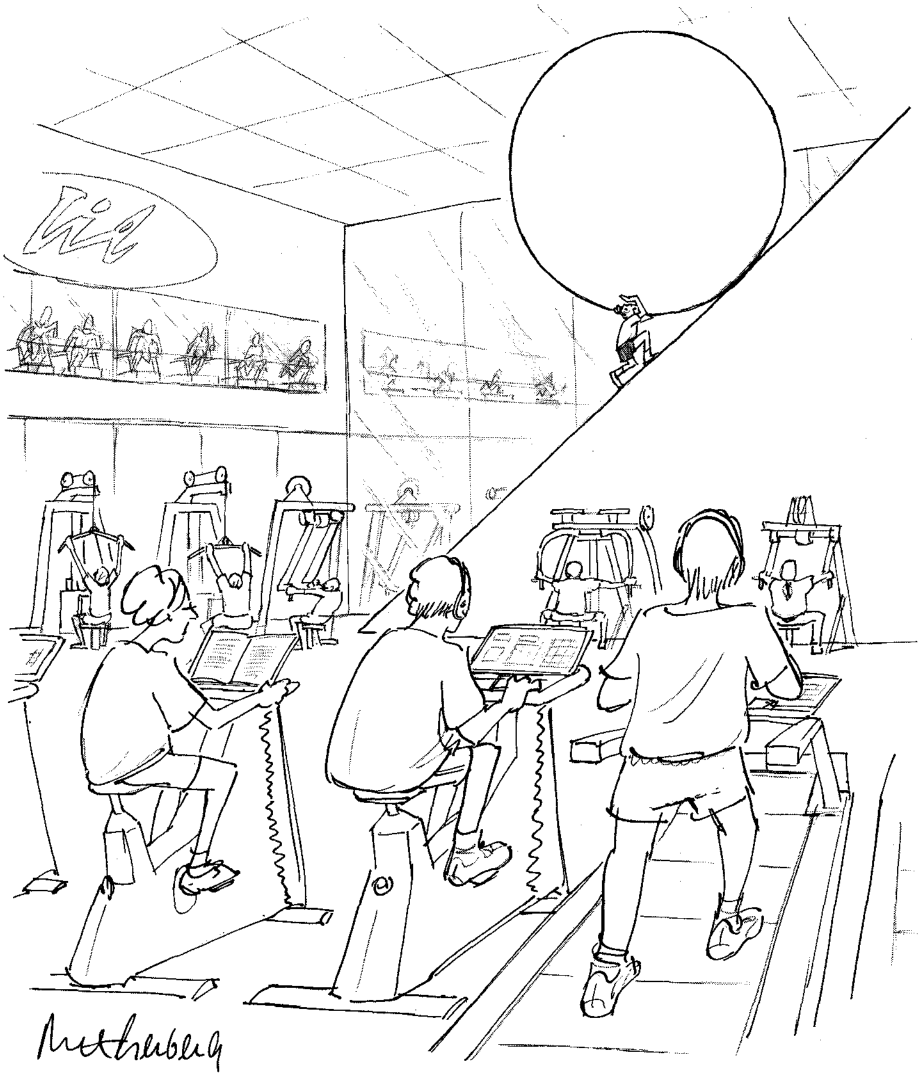

Greetings!
Billie Dove.

COURTESY HAL RIDDLE

else and moved to the desert—Rancho Mirage. Married a wealthy rancher. You know, she was at her peak when she left the business. They said she quit because she wanted to start a family, but there's another story. See, her last film was 'Blondie of the Follies,' with Marion Davies, in 1932. Irving Thalberg asked her to do it. A great part—she knew it was great, and she couldn't turn it down. When Mr. Hearst—Marion's lover—saw the finished film, he said, 'Well, it's a good Billie Dove picture.' Billie knew what that meant. They wound up recutting and reshooting, making her the villain—you can still see it on cable. I think that broke her heart. She'd had enough."

Back home, I download from the ether (http://www.uno.edu/~drcom/Silent/PDove.html) images of Billie Dove that confirm the Kentucky boy's acuity: a phantom mosaic of pixels reveals a delicate, strangely modern girl next door. They called her the American Beauty, after one of her films; the world was sending this woman nearly ten thousand pieces of mail a week. I compare a digital portrait with several photographs in "Heart of Hollywood," Bob Thomas's slim red history of the town. The star of more than forty silents and talkies ("The Black Pirate," "The Painted Angel," "Madness of Youth") stands beside Zasu Pitts in a 1926 group shot of the Our Girls Club. Billie smiles sunnily. The second photo is more telling—a coed ensemble, only this time she's on a tier, above and behind Howard Hughes. She looks straight at the lens, incandescently melancholy, a flapper with heartbreak in her eyes. The impossibly handsome Mr. Hughes pivots away from the camera's attention like a boyish saboteur.

From the Web-site bio, one learns that she was born Lillian Bohny in New York City in 1903, that Billie was her nickname, and that she changed "Bohny" to "Dove" when she began working as an extra at studios in Fort Lee, New Jersey. Billie was sixteen when she appeared in the Ziegfeld Follies, and in 1922 she was brought to Hollywood on a one-year Metro contract. A film director named Irvin Willat cast her in a small part, expanding and highlighting the role through flashbacks. They soon married and moved into a white stucco house filled with stained-glass windows, on North Harper Avenue, in West Hollywood.



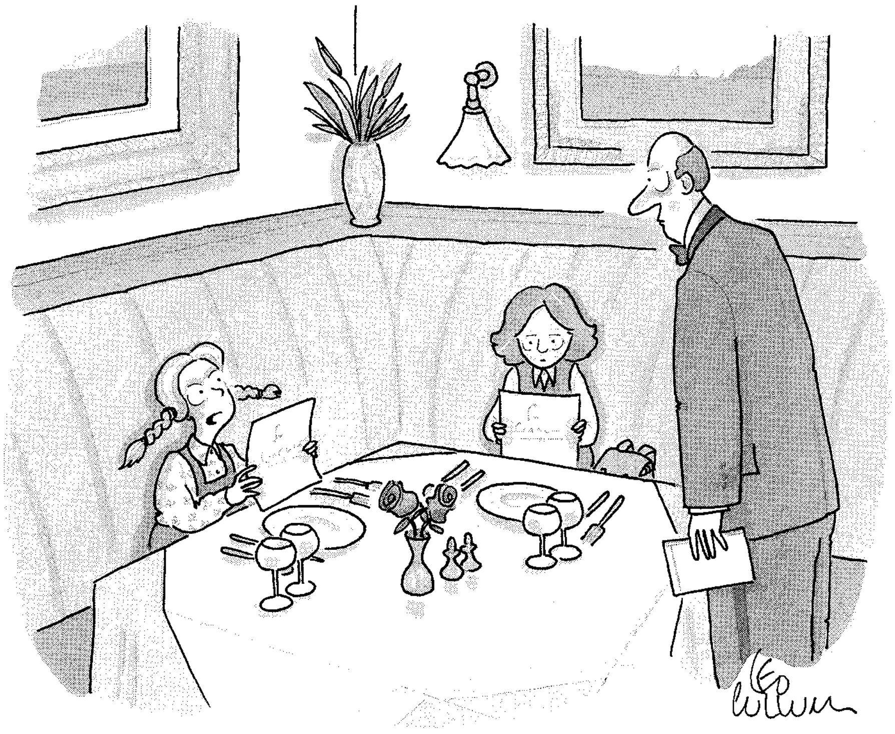
A few days later, I meet Irvin Willat's son, Boyd, who is living not too far from that house—the one he grew up in. Handsome and open-faced, Boyd Willat, who is fifty-three, is an entrepreneur who founded Day Runner, the American version of Filofax. He tells me that, in the twenties, Howard Hughes, flush from his inheritance and recently arrived in town, "targeted" Billie, after taking movie-directing lessons from Irvin Willat in the living room of the house on Harper. "Hughes didn't have a lot of boundaries," Boyd says. "He was probably just about twenty-five years old. And Billie was ambitious. She was an adolescent! I think she stayed that way most of her life. And her mother was—well, her mother was high-maintenance. By the time Billie met Hughes, my father had become her personal manager. I think the roles got blurred—husband and manager. For example, Dad didn't want her to smoke. He forbade it. He was conscious of the image. So there was friction there, and Hughes took advantage."

Boyd drives me to the site of the former Willat studio, in Culver City, a few blocks from his corporate office. The street signs are still in place—Willat Avenue and Ince Boulevard—but little else indicates the bustling intersection of movie history: what Boyd calls the "geomancy" of the place. We sit in the car and soak it up.

"Thomas Ince"—one of the early movie moguls—"had a little studio here," Boyd says. "He knew my Uncle Doc, from New York. Doc Willat had built one of the first all-glass film stages in New Jersey, in Fort Lee. Ince was out here making a picture called 'Civilization,' and he was having some trouble. Doc told him my father could probably help. So Ince brought Dad out, probably around 1916. The problem Ince was having was with the effect of a materializing Jesus. They couldn't fade Jesus in. His entrance was jerky. Dad solved it—he was kind of a mechanical genius. After that, Ince let him direct second unit. Dad was mostly an adventure director—biplane dogfights, submarines, Houdini."

Boyd remembers sitting with his father in the Harper house in 1976, as the old director lay dying. When the death of Howard Hughes was announced on television, Irvin Willat immediately began writing a kind of confession; he was now free to divulge the circumstances of his separation from Billie Dove.

"People said," Boyd begins, with a cool eye and a calm voice, "that Dad sold his wife—that Dad sold Billie to Howard Hughes for money." Boyd is protective of his father's memory. After all, Willat had helped create Billie Dove; had smoothed her entrance to Babylon as surely as he had that of Jesus before her.



"What's not disgusting?"

"Dad and Billie were already in trouble," Boyd says. "I knew my father—he was very much the director. Things had to be his way. Dad could be a real son of a bitch. But he had a warm spot. Howard Hughes had lured her; the evidence shows as much. And there was a law against luring another man's wife—it's not on the books anymore. They called it 'alienation of affection.' Dad's brothers approached Noah Dietrich, Hughes's confidant. I don't think my father knew anything about it. They told Dietrich they were going to sue. You have to understand—Billie and my father were going to make movies together forever. That was Dad's plan. She was, in that sense, his livelihood." He pauses before getting to the heart of the matter: "The Hughes people were known for making payoffs. And a deal was struck—a valise *was* dropped off at the Harper Avenue house. The fact is, Billie had signed a contract with Hughes to make four pictures. They gave her a hundred thousand dollars, and she always said my father got three times that. Dad didn't work much in films after Billie left; his heart wasn't in it. He eventually got into real estate. Owned a lumber mill. He was one of the original developers of Coldwater Canyon. Dad never married again—he *couldn't*, after Billie. In fact, a lot of people don't know it, but he never actually married my mother. And when he died my cousins contested his paternity—they said I wasn't his son. That hurt. I finally told them, 'All I want is the house on Harper.' And I got it. Lots of things have been born in that house—great geomancy. My kids were born there, right in the dressing room Dad built for Billie, with the 'Romeo and Juliet' stained-glass window. I'm an old hippie; we did like the Russians and delivered them underwater. Built a tank and put it in there. We were only the seventh recorded couple in America to have an underwater birth."

There were also fifty acres of land that Irvin Willat had owned in Palm Springs; Boyd wound up with ten. He was out there in 1986, and a realtor must have made the link with the Willat name, because she told Boyd that Billie was living nearby and gave him the number. Soon afterward, he called. "I'm Boyd Willat," he offered when the intensely theatrical voice on the other end uttered an eccentric hello. "I've heard about you all my life, but we've never met. I'd like to come and visit."

I NEEDED to take a breath. My intention had been to write about the hospital itself, not about a silent star; it's a long way from Sunset Boulevard to Woodland Hills. Yet the mood of my monograph was shifting: the campus—whose buildings include a full-service medical center with outpatient services and I.C.U., a theatre and library, a state-of-the-art Alzheimer's-care unit, and sixty or so cottages for the ambulatory retired—was exerting a powerful tug. As a living trust of this century's singular, spectacular dream and the industry that grew out of it, the very grounds and structures constitute a kind of organism. For the first-time visitor, the place has a floaty, timeless, epiphanic aura, a feeling enhanced by a vaguely Rockwellian town-square motif, with an architectural nod to gazebos and bandstands. The chorus of memory that resides there has genuinely altered the locus of the spirit of place, and the voices sang to me. It's an authentic memory palace: as you pass through the entrance you shiver. I checked myself from making another appointment with Hal Riddle, even though I knew he had a story to tell—I couldn't drop another nickel in the nickelodeon just yet. So I borrowed some books from the Woodland Hills library and boned up.

The organization that paid for all this—the Motion Picture Relief Fund of America—was born in the early nineteen-twenties, along with its official motto, "We Take Care of Our Own." The Fund helped out-of-work players find jobs and fronted them rent money. It even paid for funerals. Throughout the nineteen-thirties, the Fund helped actors, writers, and directors who were marooned by the demise of the silents, and raised money by hosting costume and skating parties, Brown Derby Bamboo Room benefits and Turf Club Balls at the Ambassador Hotel. In 1932, when these efforts fell short, a payroll-deduction plan went into effect. Studio workers were asked—well, forcefully encouraged, sometimes by Jack Warner himself—to tithe half of one per cent of their earnings. (Ken Scherer, the current Motion Picture & Television Fund C.E.O., showed me a payroll pledge card signed by Marilyn Monroe when she lived at 1301 North Harper, just down the street from the Willat place.) In 1938, the Danish character actor Jean Hersholt was made president of the Fund. Hersholt had always had a hospital and retirement home in mind; when a broker told him that forty-eight acres were available in Woodland Hills, he brought his wife out to take a look and they made a down payment with a personal check. Some of the board members thought it too far from Hollywood, so Hersholt threatened to buy the land himself. The board relented. At eight hundred and fifty dollars an acre, it was a bargain.

A FRIEND of mine mentioned that someone she knew had a strange connection to Billie Dove. She gave me an address, and, one azure morning, I drive to a house in the Hollywood Hills, nickel in hand.

The screenwriter and actress Arleen Sorkin ("Picture Perfect," "America's Funniest People") is now married to one of the producers of the TV sitcom "Frasier." Arleen tells me that when she was starting out in Hollywood her father suggested that she change Sorkin to Dove; he didn't explain why. Like Hal Riddle, he had written a fan letter to Billie in the thirties, and in his case the letter had begun a lifelong correspondence. After he encouraged the star to watch his daughter on a television soap opera, Billie summoned the girl to her beloved desert hideaway. There Billie held court, regal and extravagantly vain—a coquette who, well into her eighties, had had surgery on both knees so she'd be able to do a new dance step. "I knew a doctor who'd moved to the desert," Arleen tells me, "and I asked Billie if he could give her a call. 'Is he attractive?' That's what she wanted to know—at eighty-five!" Billie had the fattest poodle in the world, and a cabinet lined with urns—the ashes of all the dogs she'd lost. "Once I made the mistake of asking if she'd been intimate with Howard Hughes," Arleen says. "She just looked at me and said, 'Don't be naïve.' She said that one day she was going to write down what really happened between her and Hughes. That's a famous mystery—why they didn't marry. I even sent her little tape recorders, to dictate the story. She never did. But she was fabulous. When I told her I'd fallen in love, all Billie said was 'Give, girl. Give.' Sometimes when I'd call, she'd answer the phone like this." Arleen's voice goes into High Mame: "You know, they say you can only love *once*, but I loved three times—completely."

One of those men was Hughes; another a husband; the third a lover. Arleen tells me that when Billie heard that the lover had died she literally blacked out.

AT a restaurant called Crustacean, in Beverly Hills, Jeffrey Katzenberg, chairman of the Motion Picture & Television Fund Foundation, is being handed a check for fifty thousand dollars. A glass-topped stream runs under the floor, and it's a little disconcerting to see swollen, giddily expensive koi swimming underfoot. Look down and your mind stutters.

The Next Generation Council was founded for the purpose of raising awareness of the Fund among young Hollywood. The actors Robert Townsend and Illeana Douglas are at the soirée, along with a smattering of executives, one of whom thinks that the hospital has something to do with a charity associated with Will Rogers. Warren Beatty and Annette Bening, both great supporters of the Fund, stand on a bridge that arches gently from bar to dining room. I eavesdrop on Bening as she tells someone about growing up in San Diego. "This friend of mine," she's saying, surreally earnest, "actually lived on Serenity Path. My family lived on Defiance Way."

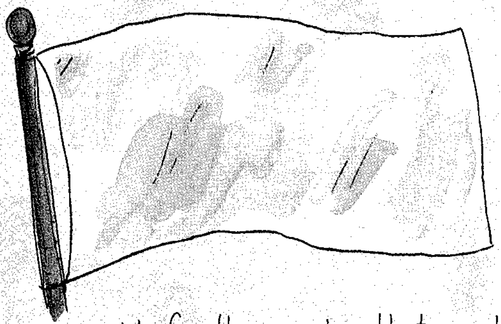
I corner her husband and, although Beatty is civil, that's how he looks—cornered. (Like Bulworth, he has an endearing dodginess.) After years of this sort of thing, he's well braced for the Three Categories of Strangers: the ebullient ones he's just spoken to; the slightly startled ones currently engaged; and the fidgety ones-in-waiting, taxiing toward him like planes before takeoff. Yet when I bring up the place in Woodland Hills he gets that Freemason look in his eyes, and mentions feeling a weakness in the knees when he and Annette first drove up there. It wasn't just the ineffable that moved him but the fact that the hospital was one of "the few successful examples of socialization. I mean, you're not hearing the 'Internationale,' " he says, his glance skimming the crowd like a stone. "But people are taking care of their own."

Years ago, I'd read of Beatty's interest in making a film of the life of Howard Hughes, but something stops me from asking him about Billie. Besides, he and Bening have been here an hour and he's chafing to leave.

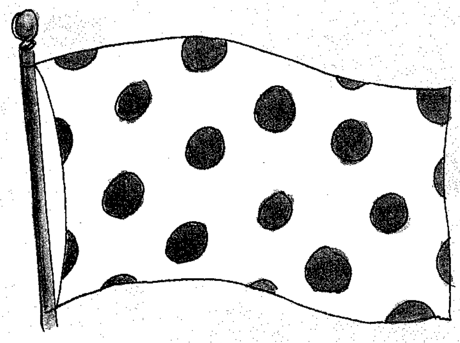
"Darling," Beatty says to his wife as she finds us—he puts a hand on her arm and suddenly I feel like I'm in a thirties film—"Max will be very angry if we're late."

EL NIÑO is browbeating us: rain falls hard on the John Ford Chapel, in Woodland Hills—a replica of Mount Vernon, which the great director donated to the campus. On Thursdays, the pugnacious chaplain, David Grant, presides. Grant has the charisma of one of those two-fisted movie priests of the forties. A while back, someone called him a "compassionate hard-ass," and he took that as a

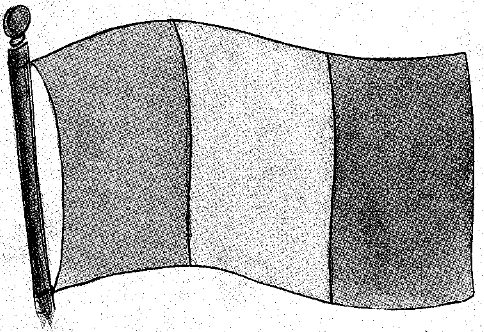
FLAGS IN SEARCH OF NATIONS



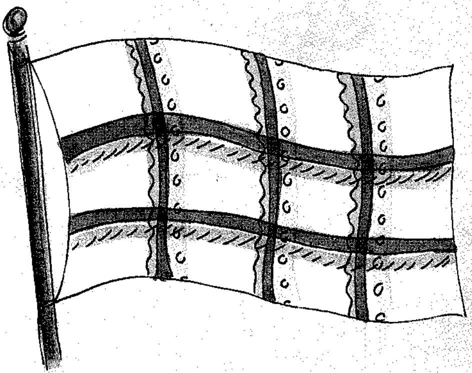
Just right for the country that would prefer a softer, more pastel palette.



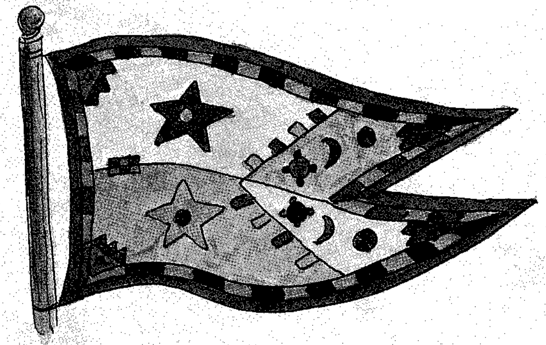
The right choice for the republic that does not mind if the rest of the world secretly laughs at its flag.



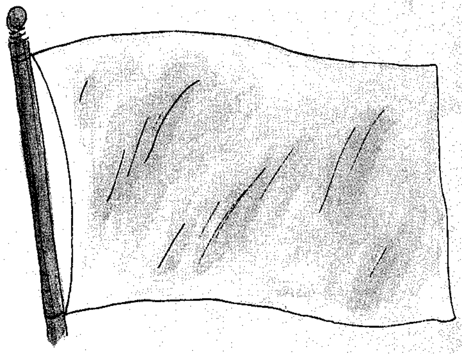
If you're a nation that likes the stripe idea but hates black, yellow, green, blue, red, and white, then perhaps this is what you're looking for.



You'd be surprised at just how terrific this looks on a flagpole. Try it.

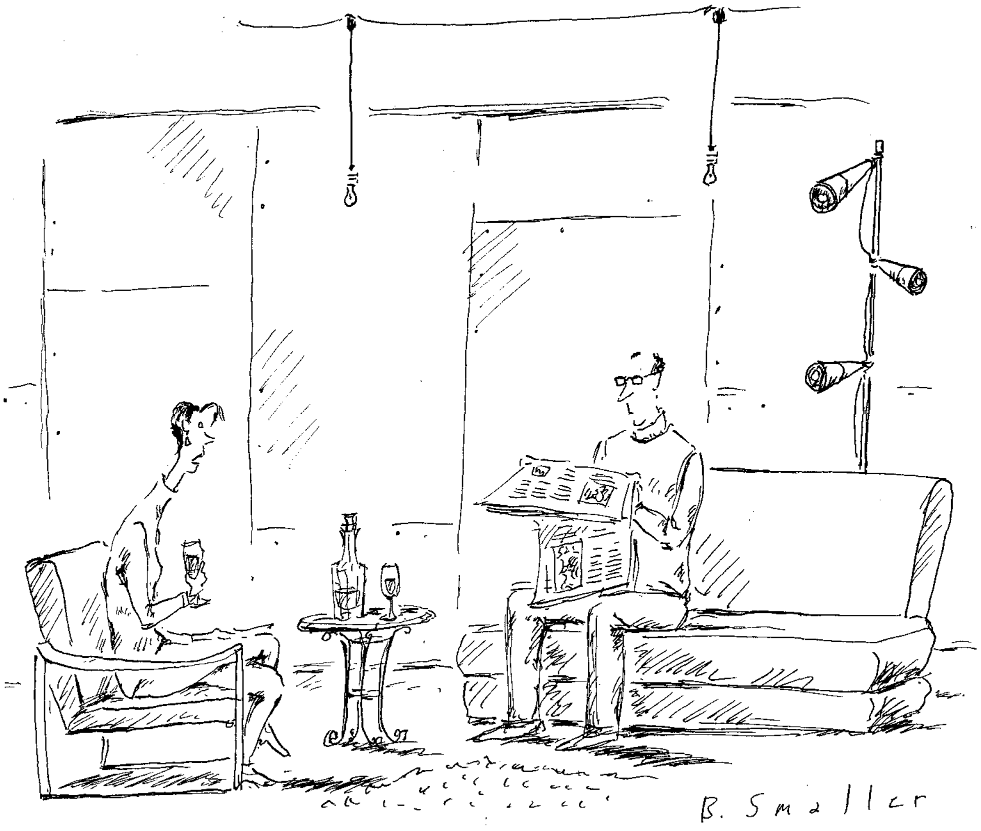


Are you a newly emergent equatorial region? Or would you just like to look like one? Well, here's your chance.



Elegant, chic, understated. The perfect flag for the dominion with impeccable taste

R. Chast



"When did we go from being edgy to being cranky?"

• •

great compliment. The irony of his being at Woodland Hills is that, when he was a boy, his father, a minister in the strict Assembly of God in Kansas City, discouraged him from going to the movies. "The first film I ever saw was 'Old Yeller,'" Grant says. We stroll through the soggy grounds, past the Louis B. Mayer Theatre. From my guess, that meant that he was pure until the age of thirty. He adds, with a wink, "Or maybe it was 'The Ten Commandments.'"

Later, I mention the "Old Yeller" business to Hal Riddle, and he says, "I was the guy who took him to that! I had come to California to act, and I went on one of those retreats Dave was giving when he worked for the Campus Crusade. See, Dave was always attracted to people in the business—and there were lots around, too. Yvonne Lime—remember her, from 'The Rainmaker'? Not Mr. Coppola's film but the one with Burt Lancaster and Kate Hepburn. She was Snookie, the cute little blonde. He dated Yvonne Lime. Dave liked show people. And I've seen photographs of him onstage when he was in college, at Bob Jones University—he did some Shakespeare there. Oh, I think Dave always wanted to be an actor. He was even a d.j. on the school radio station." ("That was at W.M.U.U.," Grant says, looking mischievous. "The World's Most Unusual University.")

Riddle brings me a soft drink and begins to talk, with an actor's eerie, studied casualness, a born storyteller's finesse. One day last year, he says, he was in the lobby of the Louis B. Mayer Theatre, about to watch a movie. He was telling someone the tried-and-true story of the Silent Siren and the Kentucky Kid when a woman near him said, "Billie Dove? Well, she's here, you know. Would you like to meet her?"

A FEW years ago, Billie Dove could no longer afford to live in a desert sanatorium. The prolonged illness and death of a son had drained her resources. Friends helped her sell off jewelry and lobbied to get her to Woodland Hills. Billie moved into the hospital's long-term-care facility in 1997; she was too frail to have a cottage of her own. It was years too late for that.

"I try to be with her a few hours each day," Riddle tells me. "I usually spend Christmas morning with Lee Meriwether if she's in California—her kids are like my godchildren—and then I visit awhile with Billie. She's got pneumonia now, and it's tough. I'm afraid I'll lose her. Normally, I answer letters that come in. You'd be amazed at all the flowers and letters. One week, there were a few from Germany and I said, 'You're big in Germany, Billie!' Ever since, she says, 'Am I still big in Germany, Hal?' You know, she used to put on lipstick and have the nurses help her get together when she knew I was coming, but now she's too weak. 'I look awful, don't I?'—that's what she says when I see her. And I say, 'No, you don't, Billie. You look beautiful.' The other day, she looked at me and said, 'You won't leave me, will you?'"

What, I ask, could it have been like to see her that first time, after waiting almost seventy years? Hal gives me a Rotarian smile—redolent of barbershop quartets and Kentucky hollers. "Well—my legs just turned to jelly! I was eleven years old again." Emotion overtakes him. "At first, I think she was a little guarded. People want things from her. They want to see her, get to her—for interviews. They come right onto campus. I think Billie might have thought, Well, who is he—what does he want? And, of course, it was impossible for her to remember sending me that picture. After a while, when she saw I didn't want anything from her—well, she accepted me. She saw that all I needed was to be able to love her."

BILLIE DOVE died on the thirty-first of December last year. A decade ago, the star had spoken to a friend about one of the quotidian horrors of her life: she had "simply lived too long." It was fitting that her body held out until the very last day of one of the final years of a century that had been her shadow or her lover: this time, she blacked out before its expiration.

The drizzly Saturday memorial is held at the Forest Lawn Cemetery in Glendale, a hilly park with a stone castle to hold the dead; it looks like just another Hollywood-heyday Xanadu. I pass the tomb of Jean Hersholt and park outside the Last Supper Window. I spot Pastor Grant, off by himself, quietly mulling. He's spoken at too many services of late and he isn't happy; in the last several weeks, a virulent flu has claimed a number of hospital residents. The funeral director, a ringer for Harry Dean Stanton, ushers us up the hill to the Freedom Mausoleum.

It's cold in the long columbarium. The coffin lies on delicate scaffolding in front of the empty space beside Billie's father, Charles Bohny (1872-1934). A plaque hasn't yet been made for her crypt, so we stare at a small, macabre plate that was affixed some years ago: "PURCHASED BEFORE NEED." Billie's adopted daughter, Gail, is there, along with her grandson and nephew. Hal Riddle stands tall and dignified; Boyd Willat enters, hands folded respectfully in front of him. Arleen Sorkin is with a friend, Dana Delany, who wears one of Billie's bracelets. Various fans and caretakers through the years have gathered, and I introduce myself to Lenore Foote, the president of the Billie Dove Fan Club. Lenore wrote Billie a mash note in the late twenties, and attained her post in 1932, the year of Billie's unexpected retirement.

El Greco skies rain down through impromptu eulogies, but the sun also shines, and Dave Grant remarks that the day can't make up its mind. A blown-up photograph of Billie stands on an easel; it will later join the memorabilia in Hal Riddle's cottage. Riddle delivers the last eulogy. Earlier, he had told me that he was afraid he'd break down, but he draws on his actor's muscles and does just fine.

AFTER the service, I catch up with Boyd Willat. We talk about his mother, an actress, who was a murky presence in his life. She left Irvin and Boyd when he was three years old and went to Hawaii, where she was swindled out of money and fell on hard times. Boyd was eighteen when he last saw her.

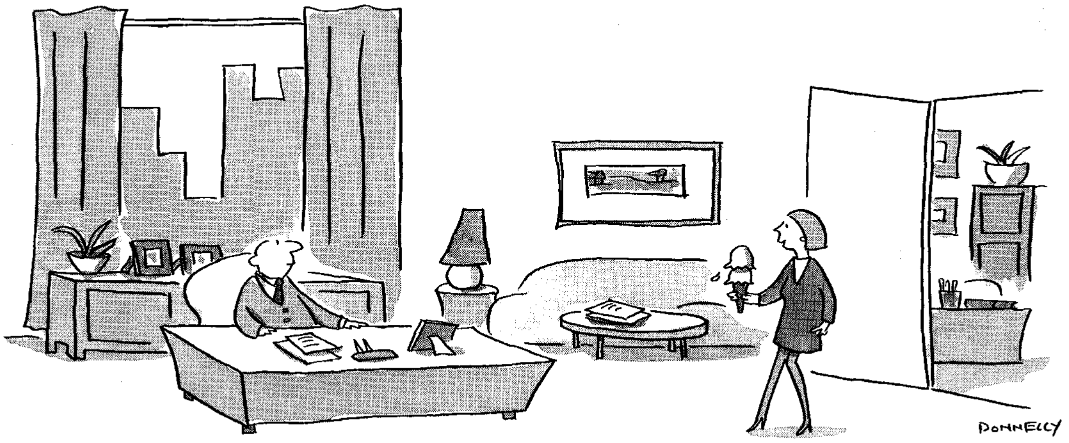
Billie Dove was the original, the woman Irvin Willat married, then lost to a god—just as in a Greek myth. In a sense, Boyd lost her, too. Unlike the heroes in myths (or the movies), the spurned director wasn't able to gather celestial forces to exact his revenge. For Boyd, the great star had remained the mother of all ghosts, a spectral presence somewhere in the world yet not of it, an epic bit of unfinished business. And still there remained the nagging detail that could have been borrowed, if not from Mt. Olympus, then from Arthur Miller: a valise had been dropped at the Harper house, bringing a bagman's end to a contract that was supposed to be eternal. Boyd had years to ruminate over what a man, any man, might have done—himself included. The stacked bills were said to have added up to three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, a staggering amount seventy years ago. The powerful brothers had asked for restitution; Boyd's father must have been too angry or numb to consider the alchemical consequences for the soul of such a buyout.

When Boyd finally met Billie, in 1986, she was inordinately gracious. He had come to the desert with no axe to grind and never mentioned what he knew—that his father had loved her, obsessing, to the end. Suddenly, the era of the silent star, the director, and the rich rake must have seemed distant enough to be science fiction. "Still," he tells me, "there's a kind of insanity when something is so real, yet intangible. I was *uncomfortable* until I met her. Meeting Billie grounded me—I was definitely physically affected. I became *personally sane* about the whole subject the moment I looked into her eyes."

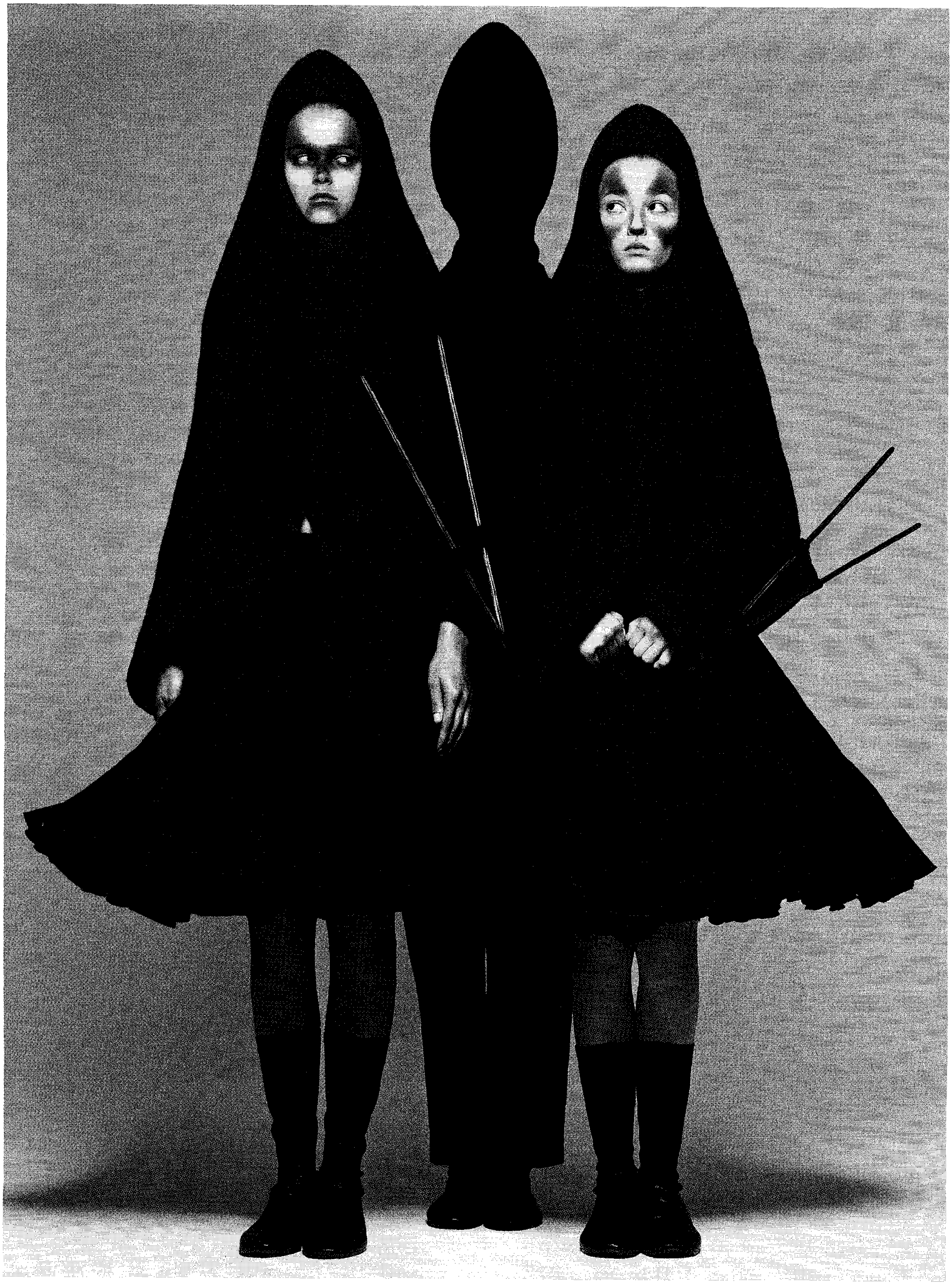
A MONTH or so later, I come across a scrap of paper tucked away in a sports coat. Boyd gave it to me at the funeral—the phone number of the caretaker of the house on Harper Avenue.

An actress lives there now, same as it ever was. She doesn't mind letting him give me a tour while she showers upstairs. My affable guide tells me that most of the architectural details have remained intact since that faraway time. As we pass through the living room, he points out the original sconces and ceiling frescoes. On the second story, off Billie's old bedroom, is the dressing area, which once housed a water tank, for birthing. The stained-glass window Boyd spoke of is breathtaking, with its painterly gradations of color. The caretaker remarks that they don't do glass like that anymore. Romeo, in a brilliant harlequin vest, is on bended knee; a phosphorescent moon hangs in the sky. An ethereal Juliet looks down from a balcony of stone.

At the base, a legend: "A thousand times good night." ♦



"This needs your immediate attention."



Carmen Kass and Audrey Marnay in the Hussein Chalayan Fall 1998 collection. Styled by Nicoletta Santoro; makeup by Dick Page.

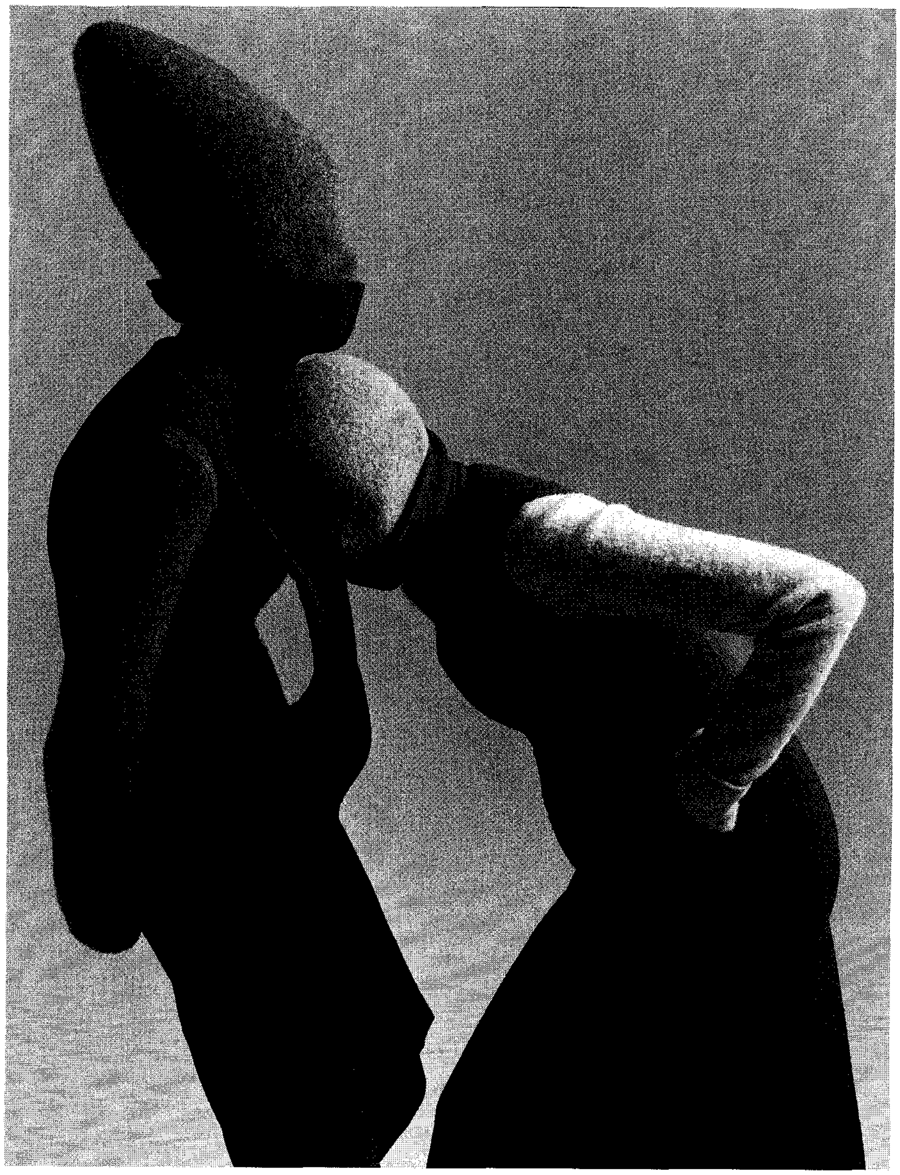
PORTFOLIO

MEDITERRANEAN MODE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD AVEDON

FASHION designers, our most imaginative tour guides, tend to behave as if non-Western cultures were repositories of stylistic curiosities as yet undiscovered by the less well travelled. But Hussein Chalayan, who comes from Cyprus by way of London, makes a more discerning use of the styles of the Middle East. His hooded cape encourages a stillness of the upper body, internalizing the logic of the chador while avoiding pastiche. Beneath the cape, however, an exuberant skirt disrupts the mood, its fullness of a kind unseen since the New Look. A sleeveless, deep-armholed shift plays with ideas of concealment and exposure, tweaking Western conventions of dress. Chalayan seems to have produced that extraordinary thing: another new look.

—REBECCA MEAD



Photographed on May 12, 1998, in New York City.

FICTION

MORPHINE

A doctor's nighttime secrets.

BY DAVID LONG

He's a HANDSOME man, lanky, with black sleepy eyes and soft skillful hands: Gerald Wilcox, a doctor in Sperry, Montana, specializing in the ear, nose, and throat. He no longer drinks much now—champagne at a wedding, wine at the table if guests are present. A glass, maybe two. He's not graced with a huge reservoir of will power. You do what you can, and what he's been able to do is rein in the drinking. Not give it dominion.

"It makes you morose, don't you see that? Not to mention the driving around, not to mention people's trust in you. It's too small a town. Why do I have to say these things?"

This is Charlotte talking, his wife of twenty-two years. Born Charlotte Timmins—calls to mind "timid," that's the joke of it—she is a tall, forthright woman, brassy-haired. "Gerald," she tells him, "I am forty-four years old. I never intended to be a woman who wears a girdle, a woman with chins." She pinches the excess flesh, creates a wattle, and exhales with showy contempt. Of their marriage, she has lately said, "This is not a business arrangement, Gerald. This is something else. Do I make myself clear?"

He pretends bafflement. "Darling," he says, "my feelings have not changed one iota—in fact they've grown deeper, more complex."

But, yes, he knows what she's talking about. Blessedly, these complaints are intermittent. Life proceeds, slips from one state to the next; at odd moments, passions reawaken.

Their only child, Jeanette, is plain-faced, secretive, bookish, as lanky as Gerald. She has recently asked that he knock off calling her his Little Bean.

"And what might you prefer," he inquired, "Jeanette, Queen of the Euphrates?"

"Don't be mean," Charlotte told him.

He said he wasn't. "You don't think I'm being mean, do you, honey?" he asked his daughter.

She cut her eyes at him, made them slits. "No, Daddy."

Last year she was reading "Little Women," this year—it's 1959—John O'Hara. Wilcox came upon the book among her things while foraging for the stapler. "Well, we don't censor what a person chooses to read in this house," Charlotte said when he showed one passage to her.

Wilcox read aloud: " 'He kissed her and put his hand on her breast. Without taking her mouth away from his she unbuttoned the jacket of her suit and he discovered that she was wearing a dickey, not a blouse, and then put his hand down into her brassiere until he was able to cup her breast in the curving palm of his hand.' "

A great arching of Charlotte's brows. She brought her face near his. "Oh *my*," she said. "Would you put your hand down into my brassiere, Gerald? Would you cup my breast?"

He has decided that each of them has a talent for secretiveness. Three secret hearts under one roof.

Nearly every night, he inscribes a few lines in his journal. He notes the ebb and flow of infectious disease. If he and Charlotte have been to a movie, a synopsis appears, a terse critique. He makes reference to the weather, if noteworthy: *Cheated of summer this year. Such gloom.* Or: *Woke last evening to a lightning storm. Jeanette came into our bed, fearing wildfires . . . explained how remote the possibility.* Or: *Walked uptown over the noon hour. Green fuzz on the trees all along First.*

Now and then, something like: *Saw Mrs. D— this forenoon, had the very disagreeable task of telling her that the tumor has begun to encroach on the esophagus. Where some people get their stoicism is more than I can fathom.*

Flipping back a few years—1952, 1949—he finds the occasional entry he can make no sense of: *That business with the Bagnolds continues to nettle me.*

Not a clue.

Strangely, he seldom rereads what he's written. He's not addicted to it. If pressed, he couldn't say why he goes to the trouble, except it pleases him to keep this accounting. Giving up the journal falls outside the realm of what he can do.

In any case, the daily drinking is history, done with two years now and not much missed. But one night perhaps every six weeks, he takes to his office—it occupies the spacious front parlor of the house at 118 Plympton Street, a house of high ceilings spidered with hairline cracks, endowed with several rooms the Wilcoxes barely use—and injects himself with an ampule of morphine. Then he composes longer entries in his journal.

For instance: *I do not feel invincible. Indeed, I feel so near the great powers that it is no trouble to imagine being crushed by them, ground into powder, yet I do feel very much alive, there is no doubt of that. A pity one cannot feel this way more of the God-damned time.* Having written this, he pauses. *No, disastrous,* he writes, lets the fountain pen dawdle in his hand.

The journal books, black and soft-sided, are kept in the top-right drawer of his desk. It's a locking desk, but the key has long ago vanished, so it's conceivable that Charlotte has inspected them at length. Perhaps even his daughter as well. Once, he went to the trouble of plucking a long hair from his head, licking it, and pasting it unobtrusively across the opening of the drawer, a trick he'd acquired from a mystery story. Then he thought better of it, and had a laugh at himself.

And, too, some incidents fail to appear in the journals. The night, for instance, when he drove his car onto the ice of McCafferty's Slough. A luscious,

FILIP PAGOWSKI

ludicrous evening. This slough had the shape of an oxbow, nearly a full circle segregated from the river's main channel by a narrow, birch-lined dike. A thin crust of snow lay atop the ice, but in places the wind had blown it clear. He drove from one end to the other, spinning gloriously, dodging the occasional squat black icehouse. It was late winter, the air mild and seductive. How had he come to be there, out on the ice? Drinking, yes, he'd been to a roadhouse called Sammy's, but he wasn't very drunk, only softened, estranged from care.

Driving, he had been telling one of his oldest, lamest jokes—*Hey, you in the field there, I been going up this hill close to two hours, don't it ever end? Oh hell, stranger, there ain't no hill here, you just lost your two hind wheels*—when the hind wheels of his own car cracked through the ice. McCafferty's Slough wasn't deep, seven or eight feet at most. It harbored perch and whitefish. Muskrats burrowed in the mud along its bank. Walking the ice, you'd see them squiggle out and follow beneath your boots, elongated, trailing bubbles. But there were—he *did* know this—springs feeding the slough, which left the ice untrustworthy in spots. And so as he finessed a lovely skidding spin, telling his lame joke, the back end of the Buick dropped through, stopping them short. It was quickly apparent that no amount of clever rocking back and forth would help.

"For shit's sake, Gerry," his companion said.

She was Glenny Parker, a slender girl with a ferocious hook nose, and a belly that was literally concave. A shallow white basin. At work, sometimes, he thought of his hand idling there, making quarter-size circles, which seemed to please her. She hadn't believed him at first, that he was a doctor, thought he was teasing her.

They set out across the ice, she gripping his arm, with his topcoat around her shoulders, her shoes red kidskin with straps like fine red wire. The night's hilarity had leached away. They hiked back up the gravel ramp they'd barrelled down a half hour before. The air seemed less mild now. Wind poured off the foothills, jangling the snowberries and the brittle remains of the cottonwood leaves. Up the way, not far, was a farmhouse with a light burning. As they drew closer, the light went out.

Wilcox squinted at the mailbox, saw the name, "Maki." Old Finn, he thought, starting up the drive. A dog emerged from the blackest patch of shadow and ratcheted off a few congested barks, but made no serious effort to charge him.

A cowled light came on above the door. Glenny Parker didn't know whether to follow or stand back out of sight. She elected to do a little of both.

After a moment, a man in pants and nightshirt came onto the canted slab of concrete that served as a back stoop. Unshaven at this hour, he had a big, fair boy's face gone to thickness.

"Who's there?" he said. "Is someone there?" Then, shielding his eyes, "Dr. Wilcox? Is that you?"

All along, the doctor knew, there'd been the chance he'd be recognized, though, naturally, he'd hoped otherwise. But who was this man? A patient? Husband or son of a patient?

Maki looked beyond him. "Somebody out there with you?"

The doctor hesitated, then, hearing Glenny's feet on the gravel, found himself in the position of saying yes, actually, he did have a friend along.

Maki nodded. "That wouldn'ta been you out on the ice?" he asked.

Wilcox wiped his face, chuckled uneasily. "To be honest with you," he said, "I'm in kind of a jam here."

Maki acknowledged that he was. The girl's hands were plunged up to her elbows in the deep pockets of his coat; she looked tiny, brutally out of place. Maki eyed her without comment.

"Let me get the tractor," he said to the doctor.

Wilcox began to protest. All he really wanted was the use of the telephone, though just who he'd had in mind to call at one in the morning wasn't at all clear.

Maki turned back to the girl. "You better wait inside," he said. Head down, she slipped away from Wilcox, went up the stoop, and passed through the mudroom into the bright-lit kitchen.

Maki secured the door, then the two men made their way back to the slough, Maki a stolid unhurried presence at the wheel of the tractor, and the doctor standing on the back, grasping the back rim of the seat, authentically chilled now. Yet thinking, This could turn out all right.

Maki insisted on doing the work himself, crouching on the ice with his tow chain, grunting out a few words that were lost to the Buick's undercarriage. He hoisted himself back up to the seat of the tractor. A short blast of diesel smoke, a slippage of the tire cleats before they grabbed, and the car bumped from its hole.

Wilcox stood by, rubbing his hands.

Maki got down again to uncouple the chain, dropped it with a clank into the box on the side of the tractor, and climbed back to the seat.

A week later, undressing in their bedroom, Charlotte asked, "You remember Arlette Bledsoe? She said her brother gave you a hand the other day."

Arlette Bledsoe's brother?

"Helped with the car, fixed a flat or some such thing?"

"Oh, that," he said. "Yes."

"You didn't mention it."

"I guess I didn't, no."

"They've had a rotten time of it," Charlotte said. She reminded him that Walter Maki had lost his wife, and that she, Charlotte, had attended the service. At Immanuel Lutheran? In the pouring rain? She was deploying the voice she used for reminding him of things an ordinary person would remember.

He dropped his cufflinks into the wooden tray on his dresser, studying his wife a moment. Nothing accusatory there.

Briefly, he let himself recall the trip back to town with Glenny Parker. Reaching a pint bottle from the glove box, asking if she wanted a little warmup. "Sure, why not?" she said. She took a small mouthful, swished it between her teeth, then bounced the bottle down on the seat between them. She rode with her head against the far window, eyes shut. He drove her into town, back to her apartment on Lancaster Street, but did not go in.

AND so tonight, three winters later, Gerald Wilcox is sequestered in his front room, stocking feet on desk, savoring the distant murmur of the furnace, the first swirls of wind brushing the waters of his thoughts. *Morphine, alkaloid derivative of opium . . . from the Greek "morph," the curious shapes seen in dreams.* He can't hear the word in his mind's ear without hearing as well his orotund, long-deceased Grandfather Vail. Each evening, one hand on newel post, the old man would announce he was headed up into the arms of Morpheus, if the seedy bastard would have him. It's an association Wilcox can't shake to this day: morphia and sleep, forgetting. Yet unless he overdoes it, unless the day has drained him, he can bypass the sludgy, soporific effect, and achieve a state he thinks of as *attentiveness.*

Or that's his aim.

His wife is upstairs in bed. She's been soldiering through a life of Michelangelo, so bloated a tome she has to brace it with a pillow. She reads bits aloud, saying, "What that man endured, up on that scaffolding?" She says, "Oh, that Pope, that Julius, what a *monster.*"

He hears her neck crack as she turns to see if he's listening, before she chides him. He says he hasn't missed a word. Secretly, it pleases him that Charlotte still gives a good God damn about matters beyond the Sperry Golf Club, the hospital auxiliary, the preparation of sauces, and that she cares that the life they'd set out to lead together is not entirely extinguished. And, beyond that, isn't there a deep, atavistic pleasure in being read to? She has a whiskey voice, as a mystery writer would put it, though in fact the scratchy timbre results from tiny polyps on her vocal cords. Sometimes she lets the book fall, and asks about his patients: the McVicar sisters, Valen and Isabel, six-footers, retired nurses; the Lomasny girl, whose larynx was crushed by a strand of barbed wire; and so on, the human parade, morning and afternoon. He should keep their infirmities to himself, but instead he tells Charlotte these true stories, and none of it goes beyond her. If she knows of his wandering, there's no sign of it. If she knows it's in the past now, there's no sign of that, either.

But tonight he's downstairs, with the latest journal book in his lap. Charlotte will have doused the light and gone to sleep.

The telephone sounds.

The upstairs phone rests on the bedside table. By the third ring, Charlotte will have reached for it; her free hand will be sweeping the empty sheets in search of him. He fetches the thing quickly into his lap, and says, "Yes?"

"Walter Maki," the caller says.

"What's the trouble, Mr. Maki?"

"I was counting on having you," Maki says. Already there's a note of intransigence.

It's Maki's boy, Leonard. Ear problem.

"He's in a certain amount of pain then?"

"I told him to go back to sleep, there wasn't anything we could do till morning, but he was past that."

Infected mastoid, Wilcox imagines. He asks how old the boy is. He wonders, hearing his words go out, if he sounds drugged. No, certainly not.

Maki says the boy is thirteen.

"All right," the doctor says. "Bring him in to the office."

That pushiness in Maki's voice: "I was thinking of you coming out here."

So Wilcox agrees to a house call. Driving out Lower Valley Road, he thinks, isn't it a wonder he's never before been summoned out on a night he's injected himself. He feels robust—*in the pocket*, as the horn players used to say. He lifts his hands from the wheel and the car careers along, hugging the blacktop's soft-edged runnels, bending neither right nor left. Taking hold again, he drives past the old community hall at Aaberg's Landing, past the low spot choked with cattails that floods each spring. A burst of aspen leaves blows through the splay of headlights, the words "gold leaf" appear in his head, and he thinks then about angels. Imagine the ceiling of the world ruptured, spewing forth angels. He's not a believer—not remotely—but this is how his mind works on these nights. Another few miles and he draws alongside the slough. The water is black, still.

Maki admits him, leads him through the mudroom into the kitchen. The boy is on the sofa in the front room. Maki has the stove cranked. There's a smell, a scent added to the water kettle atop it. Mentholatum. The boy's cheeks are fiery, and the skin of his neck clammy. He lacks Maki's square features. His eyes are tipped and melancholy, his face long and weak-chinned.

The swelling is greater than Wilcox had supposed. He palpates the space behind the ear with a light touch. It's too late in the game for medication alone.

"This has been hurting for a few days, hasn't it, Leonard?" he asks.

The boy offers a constricted nod.

"You can lie back down."

To his son, Maki says, fiercely, "Whyn't you say anything before now?"

"You thought it would take care of itself," the doctor says. "Isn't that right?"

Leonard stares at the two men, blinking, his mouth open in a shallow pant.

"Just human nature," Wilcox says. He goes back to the brightness of the kitchen and Maki follows.

"We should get him into town," Wilcox says.

Again Maki balks. He looks intractable, almost menacing.

"We're not going to tussle over this, are we?" Wilcox asks, but immediately he undergoes a change of heart, rises to the challenge. "Never mind," he says. "We can do it here."

ISLAND CITIES

You see them from airplanes, nameless green islands
in the oceanic, rectilinear plains,
twenty or thirty blocks, compact, but with
everything needed visibly in place—
the high-school playing fields, the swatch of park
along the crooked river, the feeder highways,
the main drag like a zipper, outlying malls
sliced from dirt-colored cakes of plowed farmland.

Small lives, we think—pat, flat—in such tight grids.
But, much like brains with every crease CAT-scanned,
these cities keep their secrets: vagaries
of the spirit, groundwater that floods
the nearby quarries and turns them skyey blue,
dewdrops of longing, jewels, boxed in these blocks.

—John Updike

Leonard is brought into the kitchen and seated at the enamel-topped table, with his head on a folded towel covered by a sheet. The doctor numbs the skin behind the ear, though this will work only minimally.

"I have a girl," he says to the boy. "She's a little older than you. Jeanette, Queen of the Tigris and Euphrates, I call her."

With one hand he holds the head still, and with the other makes a cut. The boy flinches, but his reaction is remarkably controlled. The incision produces perhaps three tablespoons of pus, viscous green, vile-smelling. "That's it," Wilcox says. "Good." He irrigates the area with antiseptic, bandages it, administers a hefty dose of sulfa, and Leonard is put to bed again in the front room.

"You'll sleep now," Wilcox tells him. The boy stares back, disbelieving, but his eyes already have a glassy, listing look.

"Give you a drink?" Maki says.

"Thanks, no."

"No drink for you?"

"No."

"Can I give you some tea?"

"That's all right," Wilcox says. He has entered the stage where his thoughts wither, when if he were home he might consider a second dose, a touch-up. It's never the right idea. He need only recall the night he lost track and went to his knees, retching in the downstairs lavatory, his heart thready and arrhythmic, his rubbery blue-phantomed skin the skin of a corpse. He was mortified that Charlotte might discover him, horrified that she wouldn't. Nearly three months elapsed before he picked up the needle again. He thought maybe he'd cured himself, but no.

Maki has taken a seat at the table. His palms are turned down upon it, as if to keep it from levitating.

"The boy will be fine," Wilcox says. He's still on his feet, bag in hand.

"Sit down," Maki says.

Wilcox smiles and sits down. "I could stay a minute," he says.

"This evens us out," Maki says.

"Well, now, I wouldn't look at it that way."

"That night on the ice," Maki says. "You were a sorry-looking thing."

Wilcox looks at him, waiting.

"You and that girl."

"Yes, sir."

"So let me ask you," Maki says. "Do you think I ever stepped out on my wife?"

"Mr. Maki, I wouldn't hazard the first thought on that subject," Wilcox says.

So this is a chastising. There are worse things.

"You're sure he's O.K.," Maki says. "He won't lose his hearing?"

"His hearing will be fine," Wilcox says. "Trust me."

"He plays the trumpet."

"Is that so?"

"His mother was musical," Maki says. "She wanted him to have the lessons."

"This shouldn't hurt a thing."

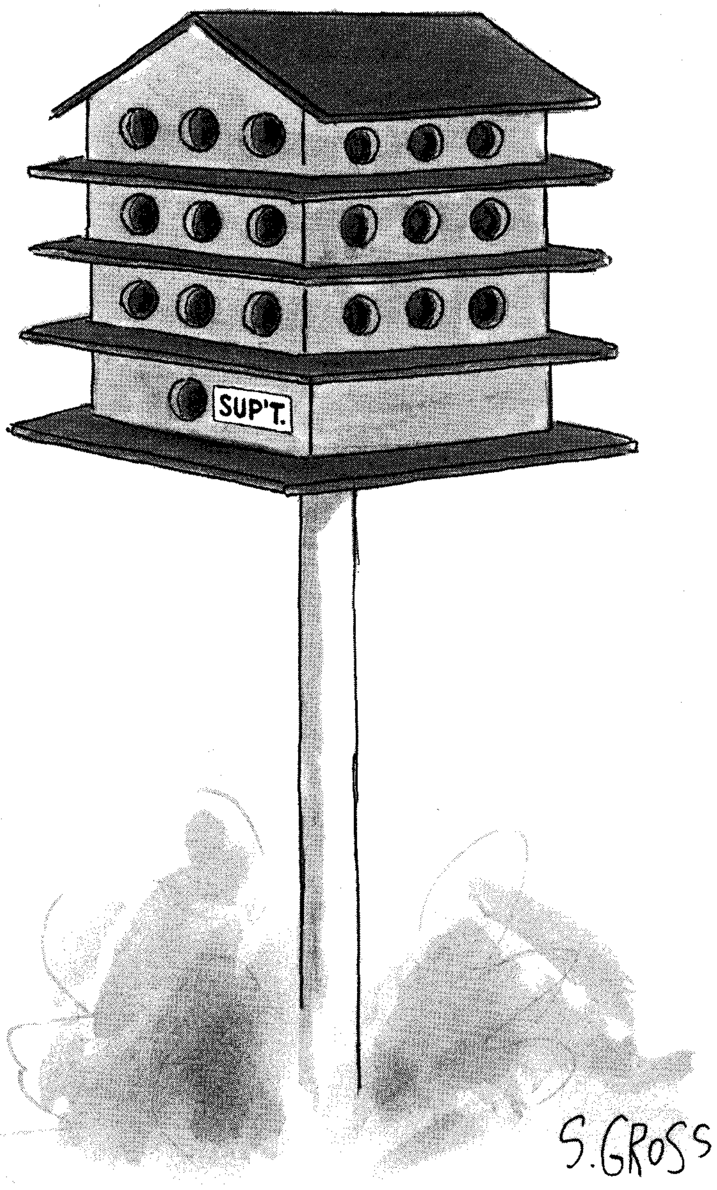
Maki shakes his head. He says, "You're hopped up on something, aren't you?"

"I'm going to have to be going now," Wilcox says, standing again. "I'll leave you this prescription. Be sure he takes all of it." He pulls out the blank and writes, watching the extravagant looping that is his signature. "Let me see him in a few days," he says.

Maki leaves the paper where it lies. "You and that silly girl," he says.

WILCOX'S headlights judder on the washboard, the Buick's hindquarters drift as he corners at the section lines. Then, abruptly, he's on blacktop again. He pictures Leonard Maki off in a back room with his trumpet, his embouchure, hopes to Christ the boy possesses a little natural aptitude. The idea of him bleating away in his mother's memory is more than Wilcox can take just now.

He lets himself in the rear door of the house on Plympton Street, hangs his coat on the ivory knob in the hall, listens for symptoms of unrest. He pours himself a short inch of bourbon and



"Well, I, for one, am grateful for the beefed-up police presence."

carries it to his office. Ten past three. No, that's unfair, he thinks. She was not a silly girl, Glenny—just in the wrong company. She had her talents. For a moment, he recalls her lips creeping into the hollow beneath his ear as he drove, keeping to the back roads, her voice tiny but remorseless, *I know what you'd like, Gerry. Stop the car, can't you?* Yet he only saw her one more time after that night on the frozen slough, and it had not gone well.

He sits for a time. Eventually, he takes up the journal, and writes: *Why do you never get used to the stink of pus? If you could smell that exact hue of green, that's how it would be . . . and yet it's just a broth of white cells, the body's defenses. What purpose is served? Why not the rusty smell of blood, the sweetness of breast milk instead? Was I ever taught this?*

Again he finds himself picturing the ceiling of the world, with white cells clustering like a mob of angels.

He writes: *Why this clamoring for purpose?*

There's a footfall outside his door. He slaps the journal shut and braces himself.

But it proves to be his daughter. "What are you writing?" she asks.

"Oh, you know, these notebooks of mine," he says. "You don't mean you've never poked around in them?"

"I wouldn't do *that*," Jeanette says, aggrieved.

Getting to be quite a capable liar, Wilcox thinks, not unhappily.

"What are you doing up?"

Jeanette shrugs, approaches the desk.

"Not sleeping again?" he asks. "Would you like me to give you something?"

"No."

"I could."

"I know," Jeanette says. "Anyway, it's too *late*."

Wilcox checks the filagreed clock hands again and somehow it's gotten to be five past five. "So it is," he says.

Jeanette is barefoot, wearing a long flannel gown with a tiny satin bow at the collar. Her hair is profuse, like Charlotte's, but not nearly so radiant a yellow, and at the moment it looks seawracked. She has a long neck and still no bust to speak of, though she's been menstruating for a good two years. Were it not for her gaze—watchful, not in the least dreamy—she might have been painted by Maxfield Parrish.

"Aren't your feet cold?" he says.

"I suppose."

Wilcox asks if she knows a boy named Leonard Maki.

Jeanette shakes her head.

"He plays the trumpet."

"Don't know him," she says.

"I thought you might. From school."

She stands, arms crossed, shifting her weight, her lungs filling and emptying.

After a moment, he asks, "Anything troubling your soul, dear heart?"

"No."

"You can tell me."

But of course she can't.

"Something's always troubling the soul," Wilcox says. "It's an irritable organ."

He offers a smile, which is not returned.

"I'm all right," she says. "I'm not dis*consolate*."

Wilcox smiles inwardly at this word she's plucked from the ether. "Well, it is the way it is," he says. Then it's her turn to nod, and he supposes they understand one another.

"You hungry?" he asks, standing, putting the journal aside. He touches her on the head, works his fingers into the tumbling snarls, which, briefly, she allows.

She follows him down the dim hallway into the kitchen. He opens the refrigerator and stares in at the lighted shelves and closes the door again.

"Do you know how to make that coffee cake?" he asks his daughter. "With the crumbles?"

"In the brown book," Jeanette says, pointing with her chin. "Fannie Farmer."

Wilcox reaches it down, locates the page, which is grease-spattered to transparency in places, with notations in his wife's dishevelled, back-slanting hand: "Gerald likes."

"No yeast in this one?" he asks.

"No, Daddy."

He gets out what he needs, also the coffee tin. An easy recipe. In a matter of minutes, he slides the baking pan onto the oven rack.

"Better set the timer," Jeanette says, and so he sets the timer.

He collects the bowl and the utensils and runs water on them in the sink. Over his shoulder, he says, "Why don't you go wake your mother?"

"She won't want to get up this early."

"Oh, I know," he says. "But go anyway. Tell her she won't want to miss this." He shakes his hands, dries them under his armpits, looks his daughter in the eye. "Use those exact words. Say, 'He says you won't want to miss this.' "

No further objection from Jeanette.

In fact, he detects a twitch of conspiracy about the lips as she leaves the room. After a moment, he notes her tread along the squeaky boards of the upstairs hall.

He goes and stands at the back door, looking out where a thin silver light is falling through the empty chestnut branches. He doesn't feel too damn awful, considering. Has the makings of a headache, where the neck cords meet the skull, but it will pass. Food will help, and caffeine. Later, in the afternoon, the fatigue will hit, the fuzziness he detests. If there's no one in the office, maybe he can sneak upstairs and lie down and shut his eyes. If not, the tiredness, too, will pass. He pictures himself beginning a new page: *18 November. Made Charlotte a coffee cake.* Maybe he'll record what she has to say about this unusual occurrence. Maybe she'll notice him climbing the stairs, and follow, launching salacious suggestions at him in a stage whisper. Maybe later he'll get to write: *C. and I napped before supper.* He watches a black dog cut through the yard, tail switching. After a while, the timer dings; his whole upper body startles, as if he's been seized from behind. Then he remembers to breathe again.

He slides the baking pan from the oven, sniffs the sugary cinnamon, pokes a toothpick into the center the way Charlotte would. It comes out clean and dry. He sets the pan on a wire rack, runs water into the percolator, taps in coffee, sets the flame. He listens for his wife. He pictures her getting to her feet and pulling on her robe, the slippery blue nylon, yanking the sash, then tousling some life into her night-heavy hair. Waiting, alone here in the kitchen, he suddenly wonders what will become of the journals after his death. He's barely given this a thought before. He's not fifty yet—how many more will have accumulated in the drawer by then, the pebbled-leather volumes swollen with his daily commentary, his nagging queries of himself? And how soon will it be before he relaxes his guard and lets the rest come forth—that chill along his inner arm before the needle slips in. The warming flood of ruminations. He pictures the heap of journals pulled into a lap, flopped open and read, one after another. How can it feel like comfort to him that they will be? And then what? Strange to admit, it's not a thought that troubles him. ♦

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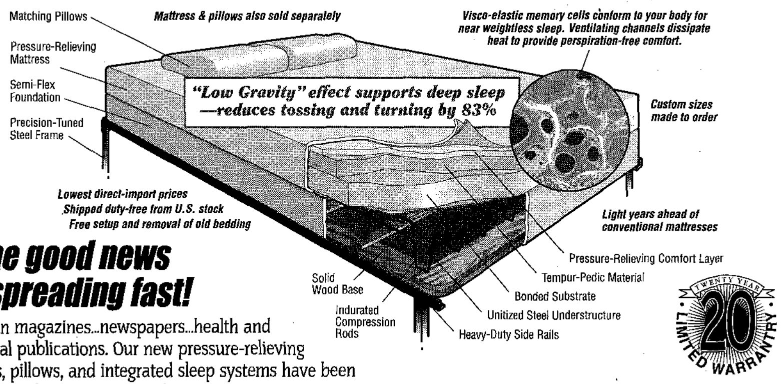
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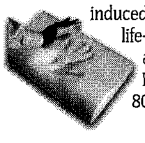

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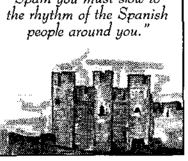

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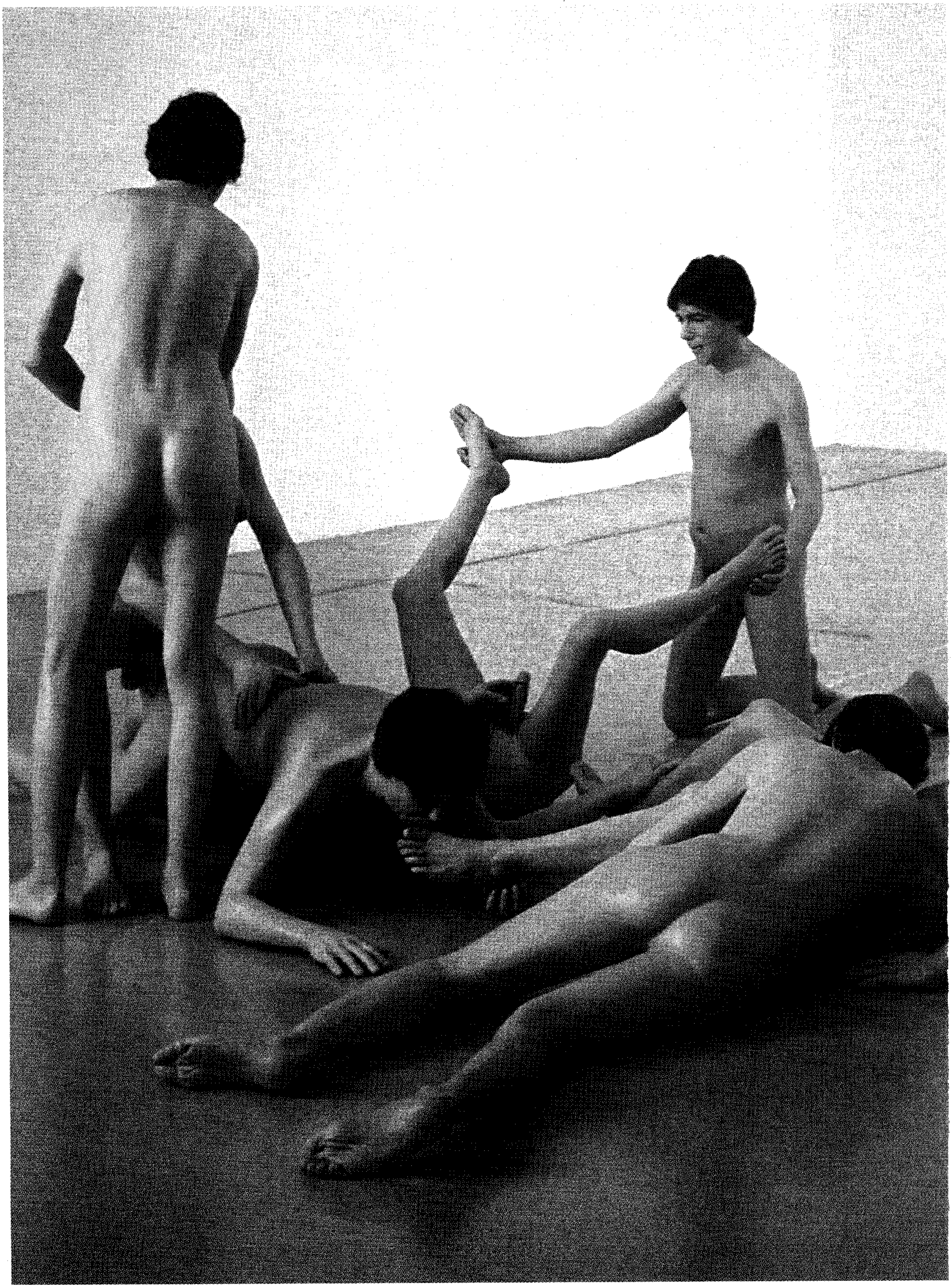


Different but equally controversial: Charles Ray's orgy for one, "Oh! Charley, Charley, Charley . . ." (1992), and, oppo

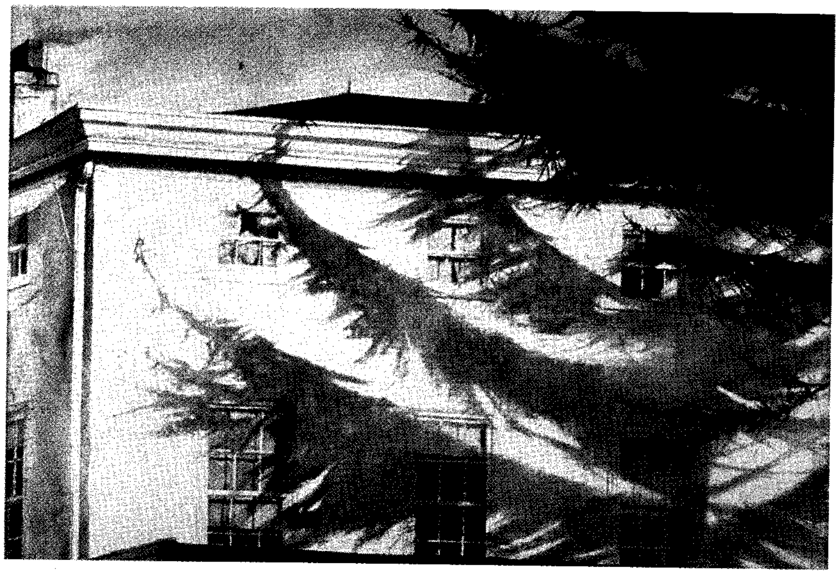
rew Wyeth's "Tree House" (1982).

THE ART WORLD

MIND GAMES

Charles Ray and Andrew Wyeth collide at the Whitney.

BY CALVIN TOMKINS



FOR sheer, teeth-rattling dissonance, it would be hard to beat the Whitney Museum's coinciding exhibitions of Charles Ray and Andrew Wyeth. "Unknown Terrain: The Landscapes of Andrew Wyeth," on the third floor, and the mid-career retrospective of Charles Ray's unclassifiable oddities, on the fourth, are like signposts pointing in opposite directions—not a bad metaphor for the currently directorless Whitney, or for the confused state of contemporary art. Seldom in recent years, at any rate, have rear guard and cutting edge been paired more perplexingly.

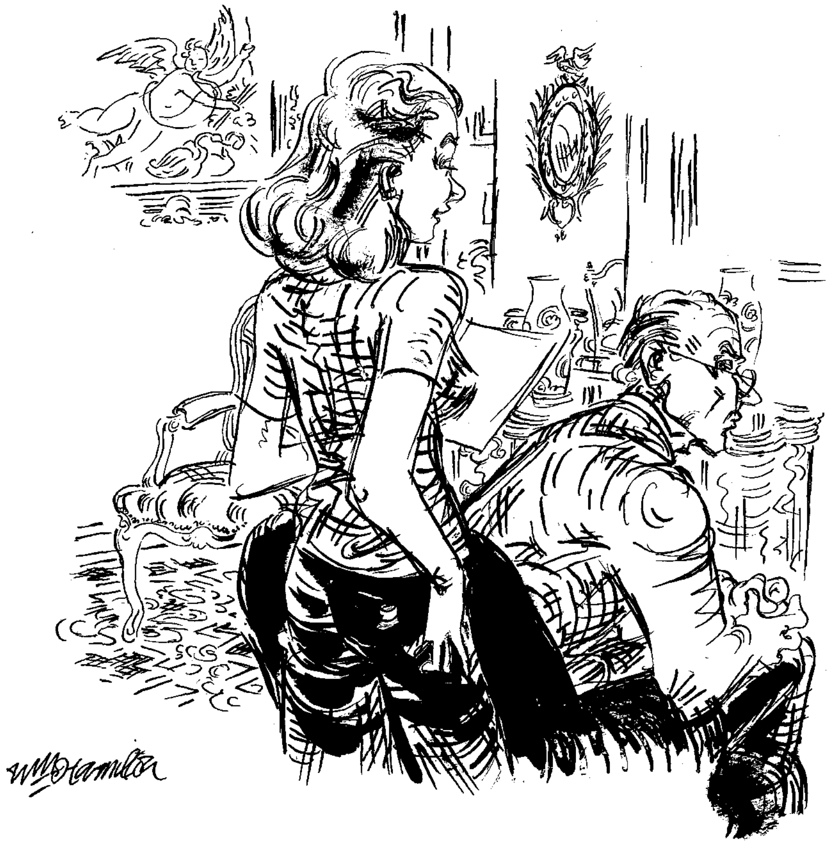
Whatever brought these two shows into the same time frame—the effort to balance a "difficult" exhibition with a crowd pleaser, or maybe just an accident of scheduling—something about the juxtaposition fascinates me. Could a Wyeth painting of a bleak, dung-colored hillside near Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, have anything at all in common with a nude department-store mannequin on which Ray has grafted a lifelike cast of his own genitals? Let's say, for the sake of argument, that both artists are engaged in the practice of realism. If you plotted the trajectories of their two opposite-pointing signpost arrows (backward in Wyeth's case, forward in Ray's), would they ever come full circle and hit (or miss) the same target?

In the case of Charles Ray, it's hard to imagine what sort of target that might be. Ray is one of those omnivorous artists who ingested most of the major trends and influences of the nineteen-seventies—minimalism, process art, performance art, body art, anti-form, and so forth—and then went off on their own tangent. As an undergraduate at the University of Iowa in the early seventies, he had himself photographed with his body jackknifed over a large plank that pinned him to the wall, so that he looked like a slapstick version of one of Richard Serra's prop pieces. He went on to do a number of works that appeared to send up both minimal and political art, and eventually got a teaching job in the fine-arts department at U.C.L.A., which was becoming a hotbed of freewheeling postmodernism. Good career moves, you might say, for a young man with alert

COURTESY THE WHITNEY; OPPOSITE: RUBELL FAMILY COLLECTION

antennae and a somewhat jokey gift. But then his work got really weird. In 1981, he made "Shelf," which featured his own head (live) and two nondescript objects, all three painted the same shade of gray, on a wall-mounted shelf; the rest of Ray, unpainted and buck-naked, hung out below. Working deliberately, and producing no more than one or two pieces a year, he did a group of sculptures on the theme of the table, culminating in "Tabletop" (1988), a mechanized apparatus whose six still-life objects (a potted plant, a cookie jar, and so on) are not still but revolve very, very slowly. The best example of Ray's peculiar mind games, though, was "Ink Box" (1986), a shiny black cube, three feet by three feet by three feet, filled to the brim with shiny black printer's ink. The temptation to reach out and touch that lustrous top surface, which looked so much like its metal container that you couldn't be sure it *was* ink until you tested it, proved disastrously irresistible to more than one viewer.

"I'm really interested in the relationship of people to things," said Ray, who was not above stating the obvious. Like so many twentieth-century artists before him, he wanted to implicate the viewer in the art process, and his way of doing this was through visual dislocations and disorientations, more *trompe l'esprit* than trompe-l'oeil, which set up a queasy sort of uncertainty about what you were looking at. "Rotating Circle" (1988), in the Whitney show, is a white disk embedded in a white wall; the disk is motorized, and is spinning so fast that its motion is imperceptible. "Bath" (1989) is an old-fashioned porcelain bathtub, filled with water, sealed with Plexiglas, and mounted vertically on a wall. And then we come to the strangely altered mannequins and to self-portraits once or twice removed: the "Male Mannequin" equipped with a cast of Ray's genitals; "Yes," a larger-than-life-size color photograph of Ray zonked out on LSD (it is mounted in a convex frame on a convex wall, which may or may not induce hallucinatory sensations in the viewer); "Fall '91," a thoroughly intimidating, eight-foot-tall female mannequin wearing a power suit; "No," another self-portrait, this one a photograph of a painted fibreglass cast of Ray's head and hands. Ray's jokey side was giving way to something more sinister; the oscillation between reality and simulacrum in "No" would give Jean Baudrillard the willies.



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A sweeter humor prevails in two large-scale, multi-figure works that sent Ray to the head of the class of younger California artists, and certified his arrival as an international art star. "Oh! Charley, Charley, Charley . . ." (1992) presents us with eight nude replicas of the artist engaged in mutual masturbation. There is really nothing here to offend your aunt or frighten the horses. Ray himself has described the piece as asexual and "kind of sad," and I can see what he means; as an orgy for one, it looks oddly sanitized and endearingly lonely. "Family Romance" (1993), which was the hit of the Whitney Biennial that year, is just as arresting but a good deal more complicated. The family consists of father, mother, and prepubescent son and daughter, hand in hand, nude, anatomically correct, but exactly equal in size. (The parents are reduced in scale, the children are enlarged.) Anyone who gets by this evocation of family values without responding to Ray's mind games is a rotten egg. Parked on Madison Avenue outside the Whitney at that Biennial was his "Firetruck," a toddler's red fire engine as large as a real one. Ray's contribution to the 1995 Biennial was the much talked-about "Puzzle Bottle," a small-scale self-portrait inside a thirteen-inch-high glass bottle.

As far as I'm concerned, though, viewer involvement breaks down in the current Ray show when you get to "Unpainted Sculpture" (1997), a work that occupied Ray for two full years. "Unpainted Sculpture" is a fibreglass reconstruction of a wrecked Pontiac Grand Am. The jagged, apocalyptic chaos of metal has been replicated in exact detail (minus certain elements, such as the dead driver), and the whole thing has been painted a ghostly gray inside and out. As usual with a work by Ray, there are intimations of other art and other artists—in this case, John Chamberlain's sculptures made out of automobile parts and Andy Warhol's paintings of car crashes—and there is the familiar uncertainty about what is real and what isn't. The problem is that, even though Ray has distanced us from the image by painting it gray, the presence of death keeps intruding. The knowledge that someone died in this wreck undermines Ray's efforts to tack between the real and the replica while having his piece also function as abstract sculpture. It is an unconvincing and troubling work—troubling because unconvincing—and, with luck, this very bright artist will learn a lot from it.

ONE floor down, the pained critical silence that surrounds Wyeth's latest epiphany mimics the awed hush of his admirers. Critics have grown weary of stamping on this critic-proof reputation. All the withering, dismissive judgments have been handed down again and again: the work is not art but illustration; it looks better in reproduction than in the original; it is sentimental, false, antimodern, popular with the wrong people (like Richard Nixon), and on and on. Adam Weinberg and Beth Venn, the Whitney show's curators, have tried to shake up this consensus by focussing exclusively on landscapes—no narrative paintings, no nude Helga Testorfs—and also by throwing in a generous helping of Wyeth's freely brushed, surprisingly fluid watercolors. Nearly a third of the works in the show are watercolors that have never before been exhibited (because Wyeth has thought of them as preparatory or unfinished sketches), and they do suggest a more innovative and spontaneous painter than the one we know, and either love or hate.

Yet the rest of the works on view—the meticulously composed and excruciatingly realistic landscapes—made me wonder about that polarized response to Wyeth. What is there to love or to hate, after all? My general impression of the landscapes was how much alike they seemed. In Wyeth country (rural Pennsylvania or rural Maine), it is always late fall or winter, and the sun never shines. The fields are bare, dormant, with a look of desolation that makes you nostalgic for urban grime. If there is an animal or a bird in sight, it's probably dead, like the defunct crow in "Winter Fields." Any viewers who participated actively in "Winter Fields," the way they can hardly help doing in Charles Ray's "Family Romance" or "Oh! Charley, Charley, Charley . . . ," would become fairly depressed, I'd imagine. Nobody I saw at the Wyeth show seemed depressed, though, so I assume they were not participating but just looking on, passively. Wyeth's realism, in that sense, is nowhere near as real as Ray's. In spite of Wyeth's virtuoso technique, his range is too limited to involve the viewer on an active level, and it asks no questions. His arrow hits the target every time, but it's always the same target. His art is not just premodern; it's stone dead. ♦

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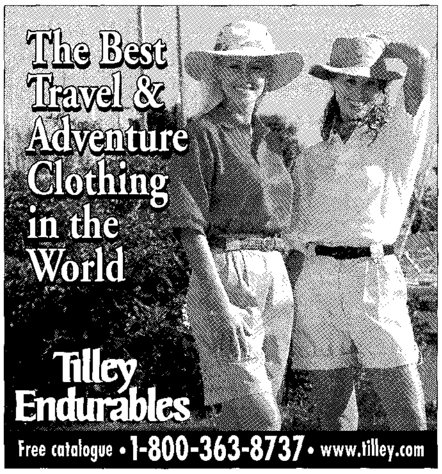
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A CRITIC AT LARGE

REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT

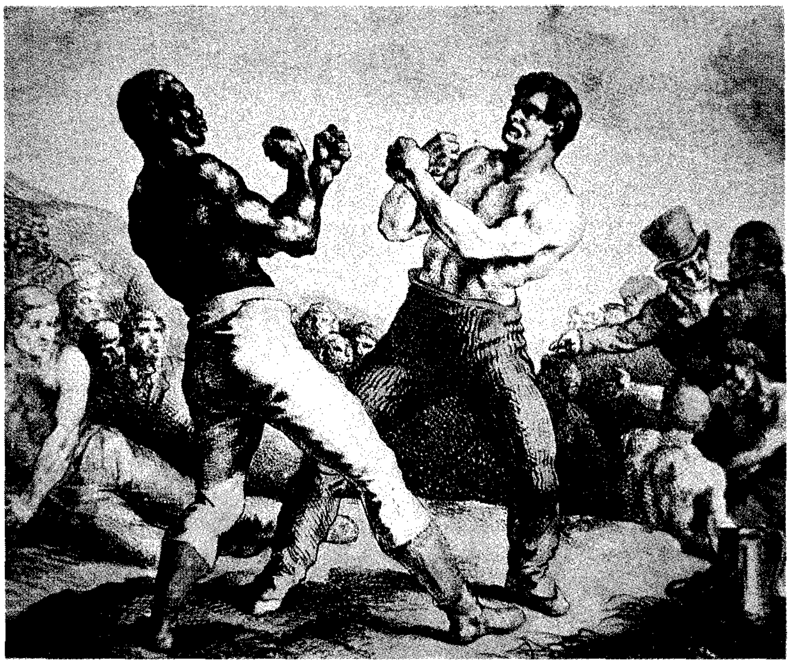
Regency England on the ropes.

BY ARTHUR KRYSTAL

IN 1809, a freed American slave set sail from New York with the bold idea of becoming the heavyweight champion of the world. Twenty-four years old, penniless, and illiterate, Tom Molineaux had decided to enter the London Prize Ring and take on its reigning champion, the great Tom Cribb. Arriving in London, he soon hooked up with another transplanted black American boxer, Bill Richmond, who had been brought to England as a teen-ager some thirty years earlier. Richmond himself had once fought, and lost to, a younger and stronger Cribb and had never quite got over it. Together, the middle-aged Richmond and his young protégé began laying siege to what was then the most coveted sporting title in England.

The name Molineaux is all but forgotten today, but in 1810 it was on the lips of everyone from the Prince of Wales and the young Lord Byron to the crowd of toughs and swells that made up the fancy. Not only did Molineaux have the effrontery to challenge Cribb—a man justly admired for his skills and renowned for his fighting heart—but he had the gall to predict victory. After handily defeating two opponents, he strutted about the West End, openly boasting of the damage he would do to the champion. Bad form indeed. But, more important, Molineaux's ambition flew in the face of prevailing racial and pugilistic assumptions. He was boxing's first bête noire—a flamboyant, overbearing, self-aggrandizing black athlete—and his posturing aroused such widespread anxiety that for a time it even overshadowed the war with Napoleon.

Boxing wasn't just popular around the time of the Regency; it was the quintessence of Britishness—"British" because it was humanitarian (bouts had replaced duels), because it was egalitarian (aficionados cut across all levels of society), because it was scientific (it required study and discipline), and because it embodied the British ethos of manliness and fair play. But mainly boxing was British because no other nation seemed in a hurry to take it up.



Molineaux versus Cribb: a former American slave's audacious bid for the heavyweight championship in 1810 struck terror in the hearts of Englishmen.

"LES BOXEURS," BY THÉODORE GÉRICAULT/PETER NEWARK'S PICTURES

Regulated bare-knuckle matches, which had died out with the gladiatorial games, became popular in England during the Restoration, and attained semi-official recognition when a cudgel-and-sword instructor named James Fig appointed himself champion, in 1719. Fig, whose broad, half-smiling face was captured by Hogarth, was the sport's first popularizer, and his exhibitions in a London amphitheatre drew crowds that included Alexander Pope and Jonathan Swift. Owing to the public brawling that prizefights occasioned, in 1750 the sport was officially, and ineffectually, banned. In 1786, the Prince of Wales and his brother the Duke of York attended a fight between Richard Humphries and Sam (the Bath Butcher) Martin, and though the Prince's enthusiasm for the sport fluctuated, the fashion continued. Other dukes, earls, and lesser nobles began sponsoring likely prospects, encouraged by a new and better class of skilled fighters, including the spry Jem Belcher; the future M.P. John Gully; Gentleman John Jackson; the counterpuncher Daniel Mendoza, a Sephardic Jew whose memoirs claim a long conversation with George III ("who made many ingenious remarks on the pugilistic art"); and, of course, the indomitable Tom Cribb.

"Foreigners can scarcely understand how we can squeeze pleasure out of this pastime," William Hazlitt wrote, a bit smugly. Indeed, they could not. But in Great Britain the pleasure taken in fisticuffs had a distinct, jingoist flavor: with Napoleon rolling across Europe, the British tended to equate the mettle demonstrated in the prize ring with the courage demanded on the battlefield. "Never did I see such a pounding match," Wellington said of Waterloo a month after the battle. "Both were what the boxers call gluttons." The English may have been a nation of shopkeepers, but they were damned tough shopkeepers—Cribb the toughest of them all. "Of the whole race of pugilists, no boxer was ever considered *safer* to back," declared

Pierce Egan, the first chronicler of the London Prize Ring. Still, Tom Molineaux, the "*tremendous* man of *colour*," did look formidable, and what if, God forbid, he were to win? "It appeared somewhat as a national concern," Egan wrote. "ALL felt for the honour of their country."

Egan recorded Molineaux's travails both inside and outside the ring; his classic five-volume "Boxiana; or, Sketches of Ancient and Modern Pugilism," published in 1812, arose out of the tremendous interest generated by Molineaux's challenge. The American press, however, hardly took notice of the former slave, and the first American history of prizefighting—"American Fistiana," compiled in 1849—failed to include him. In fact, surprisingly little is known of Molineaux: he was born into slavery around 1784, either in Virginia or in Maryland; was manumitted around 1805 (legend has it, after beating another slave in a matched fight); came to New York; and from there, perhaps with the help of a British sailor who had seen him fight on the docks, found his way to London and Bill Richmond's door. Surprising, too, is the scant effort that has gone into fleshing out these skeletal facts. A few recent cultural studies of prizefighting, such as Elliott J. Gorn's excellent "The Manly Art" (1986) and Gerald Early's informal "The Culture of Bruising" (1994), pay him tribute, but neither offers any new information about him. Indeed, without Egan's "Boxiana," Molineaux might have vanished from historical memory—and the novelist George MacDonald Fraser might never have thought to recall him to life.

FRASER has made a career of putting a comic spin on some of history's lesser, but not less dramatic, moments. The first Afghan War (1838-42), the Schleswig-Holstein Affair (1848), and the Crimean War (1853-56) have all been accurately condensed in the cynical "memoirs" of Fraser's not so eminent Victorian creation Sir Harry Paget Flashman. In his latest novel, "Black Ajax" (Carroll & Graf; $23), Fraser abandons Sir Harry for his dad, "Mad Buck" Flashman, and the faux memoir for the equally faux oral biography. Assuming the role of a silent, nameless interlocutor, he elicits testimony from sixteen "witnesses" (only three, by my count, are fictional), who reinterpret the age of Cribb-Molineaux in all its giddy, parochial earnestness. The voices that Fraser records, some years after Molineaux's death, include a bitter Richmond, a laconic Cribb, a voluble Pierce Egan, and an assortment of "milling coves"—boxers to you. (Hazlitt is also present, although he didn't attend his first fight until 1821.)

Fraser's gift for mimicry, his facility in composing riffs in early-nineteenth-century parlance, is on full display, and the witnesses—from licentious gentleman to prosy footman—are alternately grumpy, affable, and self-serving. None of them hold anything back, and pretty soon the reader starts feeling like an unwitting confidant, buttonholed by a cast of opinionated characters. There is much that is lewd, rude, and outright funny here, as well as the substantial research that is typical of all Fraser's novels. It's hard to imagine a fictional account that better conveys the heightened wartime atmosphere of Regency London: the noise and congestion, the wretched poor and preposterously rich at close quarters, the showy five-o'clock equestrian regatta along Rotten Row of persons of rank and fashion, the dandies in their skintight breeches heading into Covent Garden for a night of wickedness. But all this is backdrop; it's the efflorescence of pugilism that Fraser exults in. The Regency may have begun in 1811, but, as one witness growls, "who cared for that when the Championship of England was at stake, with black hands clutching at Britannia's crown?"

ON December 18, 1810, a wet, blustery day, ten thousand spectators gathered on Copthall Common, Sussex, to watch Cribb, then twenty-nine, defend his nation's honor. Cribb, however, not having taken Molineaux seriously, came in ill-prepared. Nevertheless, the betting still heavily favored the champion. The battle, which lasted fifty-five minutes and thirty-four rounds (rounds were measured by falls, not by minute intervals), was terrific. By the sixth round, no bets were being offered. At the end of the tenth round, both men went down. Despite vicious counterpunching by Cribb, Molineaux bored in. By round fourteen, the betting favored Molineaux six to four. Cribb, who had started too quickly, now began

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fighting defensively. In the fifteenth round, he caught Molineaux with a punch to the throat; Molineaux went down, then rallied, and Cribb was dropped in rounds twenty and twenty-one. After the twenty-eighth round (the number remains in dispute), Cribb seemed done for, unable to rise at the call of "Time."

It was at this point, Egan reports, that Cribb's second, Joe Ward, "by a little maneuvering, occupied the attention of the Black's seconds, and so managed to prolong the period sufficiently to enable the champion to recover a little, and thus assist him to pull through." Fraser, relying on later accounts, is more specific: When Joe Ward saw that Cribb was out on his feet he rushed across the ring and accused Richmond of having placed two bullets in Molineaux's fists. The ensuing confusion gave Cribb precious moments in which to recover. The fight resumed, but Molineaux was demoralized: his defense collapsed; he suffered chills and was unable to come to scratch after the thirty-fourth round.

For the record, Molineaux lost. Those who saw the fight, however, knew better, and apparently also thought better of protesting too loudly. Nor could the outcome deprive London's black population, which then numbered around twenty thousand, of a certain satisfaction. Although they were confined to a marginal existence as servants or grooms, and often employed without pay (slavery wasn't abolished in England until 1833), people of color formed a distinct community, with established lines of communication. They may not have been present on Copthall Common, but it is almost certain that they had heard, as Egan later wrote, that "the Black astonished everyone, not only by his extraordinary power of hitting, and his gigantic strength, but also by his acquaintance with the science, which was far greater than any had given him credit for."

And that, of course, was the reason he had been allowed to challenge for the title in the first place. No one expected a black man to know the finer points of boxing—Richmond, an honorary Englishman, being the exception. When Molineaux stepped into the ring, no groundswell of disapproval rose to greet him: he was allowed to fight; he was just not allowed to win. Only after Molineaux's death did Egan concede, "It will also not be forgotten, if justice hold the scales, that his *colour* alone prevented him from becoming the hero of that fight; at the same time it is due to *Cribb* to observe, that he was in very bad condition."

A WEEK or so after the fight, a letter addressed to Mr. Thomas Cribb appeared in the London papers:

> Sir,—My friends think that had the weather on last Tuesday, the day on which I contended with you, not been so unfavourable, I should have won the battle; I therefore challenge you to a second meeting, at any time within two months, for such a sum as those gentlemen who place confidence in me may be pleased to arrange.
>
> As it is possible this letter may meet the public eye, I cannot omit the opportunity of expressing a confident hope, that the circumstances of my being of a different colour to that of a people amongst whom I have sought protection, will not in any way operate to my prejudice.
>
> I am, sir,
> Your most obedient humble servant,
> T. MOLINEAUX

The challenge, most likely penned by Egan (and reprinted by Fraser), is a small masterpiece, effectively playing to the Britons' vaunted sense of fair play. The inclement weather is, of course, code for the injustice Molineaux suffered in the later rounds; and by mentioning his color and his dependence on the English the letter left Cribb little choice in the matter.

This time, Cribb trained. He put himself in the hands of Robert (Captain) Barclay Allardice, a famous exercise nut and "pedestrian" (he walked long distances in quick time), who pelted Cribb's shins with pebbles until the irritated champion took after him. Apparently, Allardice ran him silly. Molineaux, on the other hand, inexplicably disdained the rigors of training, preferring to spend his nights in "flash houses," among thieves and prostitutes.

The rematch, held on September 28, 1811, at Thistleton Gap, outside London, was even more anxiously anticipated than the first Cribb-Molineaux match. Twenty thousand spectators jostled to get a view, and of these, Egan estimated, a quarter were of "the highest mould, including some of the principal Corinthians of the State." But Molineaux was in no shape to withstand Cribb's onslaught, and the contest was over in nineteen minutes. England celebrated; Molineaux convalesced. Afterward, he took to the road, fighting and staging exhibitions, all the while continuing to drink and carouse. Richmond finally washed his hands of him, dunned him for money, and even seconded one of his opponents. It didn't matter: restraint and common sense were foreign to Molineaux. On reflection, he seems like the modern ur-athlete: as unpredictable and self-destructive as any newly minted millionaire fresh out of college or high school—more a prophecy of things to come than a mere precursor. By 1818, he was battered and spent. Exhausted and fever-ridden, he died in a barn in Galway, attended by two soldiers of the 77th Foot. He was thirty-four years old.

FRASER has recovered Molineaux and dusted him off, but he hasn't really cleaned him up any. The witnesses' characterizations of the fighter, not to mention the freewheeling use of racial epithets, are frankly offensive. Molineaux often comes off as a brutish simpleton, incapable of thinking a day ahead, whose fondest wish is to eat and fornicate. That's probably what many people did think about him. Still, it is precisely this unflinching view of the age that puts Molineaux's life and performance in perspective. Egan may have appreciated "the towering and restless ambition of Molineaux," which "induced him to quit his home and country, and erect his hostile standard among the British heroes," yet these words simply don't cover it. Molineaux fought for the heavyweight title nearly a full century before America's next serious black heavyweight, Jack Johnson, finally caught up to Tommy Burns, in Australia. What Molineaux must have felt and what he was made to feel can scarcely be imagined today. It wasn't Cribb that beat Molineaux in 1810; it was England.

Eleven years later, the Prince Regent ascended the throne as George IV. Those who attended the coronation may have noticed some twenty rough-looking men dressed as royal pages. These were the honor guard; they also happened to be England's finest boxers. Cribb was there, of course, as were Bill Richmond, John Jackson, and John Gully. It was pugilism's own crowning moment. One likes to think that Molineaux would have sent his regrets. ◆

FICTION

THE BAKER, by Paul Hond (Random House; $23). At midlife, Mickey Lerner, former boxer, back-yard gardener, and Jewish baker in Baltimore who rebuilt the family business after the riots of '68, suffers a true crisis: his wife, an ethereal French violinist, is killed during a botched carjacking. Hond illuminates the long-standing tribal tensions and accords between blacks and Jews (Mickey flees to France; his son takes over the bakery, and promotes—then fires—the child of a black woman whom his father once served éclairs to), and, in a fast-paced series of Dickensian plot twists, he shows the increasing interdependence of their griefs and hopes.

THE FILE ON H., by Ismail Kadare, translated from the French of Jusuf Vrioni by David Bellos (Arcade; $23.95). When two Irish folklorists arrive in Albania to study the country's oral tradition of epic poetry and its relation to Homer, they are viewed, variously, as a threat to local culture (devils who have come to capture the Albanian spirit on magical reels of tape); as aiders of the enemy (local Serbs wonder, Why not Serbian epic poetry?); as objects of romantic fantasy (the thought of being spoken about in English has the provincial governor's wife in ecstasies); and as spies. Playing with ideas about hearing, spying, listening, writing, and speaking, Kadare once again effortlessly evokes the thousand-year cataclysm of Balkan strife, but this time in the kind of comedy that delights.

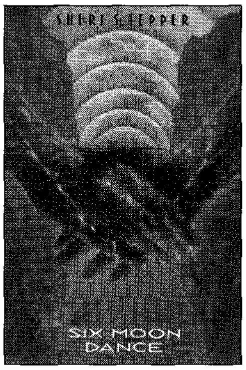
SUMMER AT GAGLOW, by Esther Freud (Ecco; $23.95). Gaglow is the country estate that a proper German Jewish businessman receives in 1914 as payment for a debt; more than eighty years later, it could become an unexpected legacy for the immensely likable Sarah Linder. Pregnant, unmarried, and broke in London, Sarah is posing for the painter father she has only slightly known. As he tells her tidbits about her foreign relatives, she is surprised by her hunger for family, and we are treated to privileged glimpses of opulent, intrigue-riven lives. Freud winningly imagines Sarah's forebears while retaining the tone of her earlier, less complicated fictions: guileless and pure.

KATSCHEN & THE BOOK OF JOSEPH, by Yoel Hoffmann, translated from the Hebrew by David Kriss, Alan Treister, and Eddy Levenston (New Directions; $17.95). The German word *komm*, or "come," quietly pervades the first two novellas by this Israeli writer to appear in English. In "The Book of Joseph," a tailor who flees Russia after his wife is killed by an axe-wielding Cossack, in 1928, hears it whispered by prostitutes in Berlin. In "Katschen," set in Palestine, *"Komm, mein Kind"* is repeated reassuringly to a young orphan as he is led away to a kibbutz. These new beginnings awaken Hoffmann's characters to foreign, often spectacular landscapes, and the author's prose—interspersed as it is with prayer, poetry, and Hebrew lore—insures the reader an equally enlightening experience.

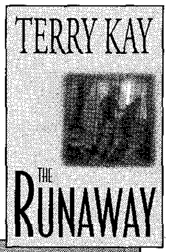
(Advt.)

Duality is the key word this month, as three new books explore female/male, black/white, and human/nature conflicts and spiritual connections.

Sheri S. Tepper's reputation as a creator of provocative, relevant, idea-rich speculative fiction remains intact—and, indeed, is enhanced—with the publication of her latest novel ***SIX MOON DANCE***. The story unfolds on a colonized world facing an apocalyptic natural catastrophe, which spawns an official investigation that uncovers terrible secrets and tragic, all-too-human misdeeds buried in the planet's past. Tepper's fine wit and generous heart, however, lift her tale out of the stygian darkness, as she reverses gender roles, consistently surprises and delights, and enthralls us with one of today's most distinctive literary voices. This is a book that is not so much about what we, as a species, are destined to become, but rather who—and what—we already are.



Terry Kay's ***THE RUNAWAY*** looks back, not forward, at a tense era in the rural South, when the discovery by two young boys of a corpse—the victim of a long-buried racist murder—unravels the quaint fabric of an isolated community. Seen through the eyes of a diverse cast of characters, black and white alike, the atmosphere, seething hatreds and everyday mysteries of a small town in the 1940s become palpable and real. Kay's novel is a book of memories, a story of murder and justice, and a richly evocative reading experience that confronts issues of bigotry and humanity—of life and death—head-on.



Fly fishing is a world of exasperating dilemmas and exhilarating triumphs, and author/angler **Jessica Maxwell** tangles her line in a great number of them in ***I DON'T KNOW WHY I SWALLOWED THE FLY***. Her book explores the rich eddies of women in nature; the language of rivers; the traditions, idiosyncrasies, and curious subculture of an increasingly popular pastime; and the elusive state of grace Maxwell calls "quantum fishing." It is a witty and moving appreciation of a singular sport, and it's not just for "fisherpersons."

We'll talk again.

I DON'T KNOW WHY I SWALLOWED THE FLY
JESSICA MAXWELL

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ANSWERS TO 8 X 10 CRYPTIC NO. 50

ACROSS

1	ACH(ILL)ES
6	SHADIER (anag.)
8	TALE (*tail* hom.)
9	TAR + A
11	SON + A + R
12	O + RATE
14	M + ARIA
16	ON TAP (*pat* + *no* rev.)
18	MIEN (*mean* hom.)
19	(t)RACE
20	ESCORTS (anag.)
21	AS(TONI'S)H

DOWN

1	A + ST + RO(DO)ME
2	HALE (*hail* hom.)
3	ID EST (anag.)
4	LEANER (2 defs.)
5	ERRATIC (anag.)
7	MAR(RAKE)SH
10	CR(ON)IES
13	AT(TES) + T (*set* rev.)
15	A(PRO)N
17	SARI (*sorry* hom.)

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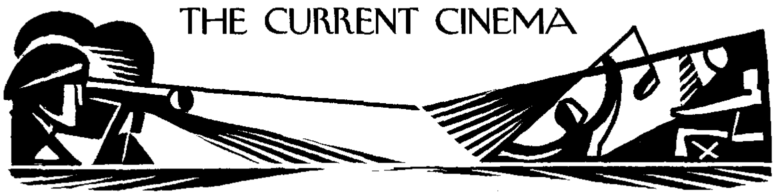


THE CURRENT CINEMA

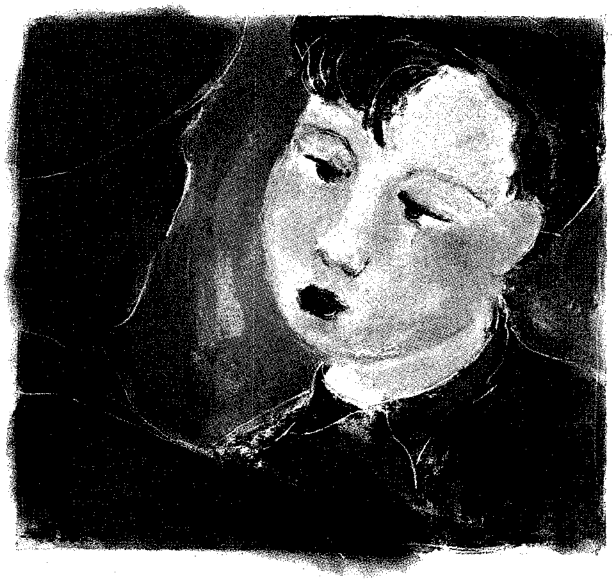
THE LOST BOY

Life with a surrogate father under Uncle Joe.

BY ANTHONY LANE

“The Thief” begins with a young woman giving birth, in back-bending torment, on a stretch of desolate road. She is unattended, and the sky above is the color of nothing. As if to drive home the point, the film closes, ninety minutes later, with the word “nothing,” gravely intoned three times. All of which is a way of saying that “The Thief” is a Russian work. Written and directed by Pavel Chukhrai, and already festooned with awards and nominations, it stars Ekaterina Rednikova as Katya, the woman on the road, and Misha Philipchuk as Sanya, the boy who was born that day. Most of the movie takes place in 1952, when Sanya is six years old, and revolves around the peculiar predicament, or the acute imaginative luxuries, of being six.

Our first sight of Sanya is on a train, where he and his widowed mother play a torpid game of cards—a deft way of hinting that their journey, though it must have a destination, is an endless test of patience. A soldier (Vladimir Mashkov) turns up, resplendent in captain's uniform and high polished boots, and hoists his belongings onto the top bunk opposite them; in this moment Sanya's life changes tracks and sets off toward a different horizon. “Keep an eye on my stuff,” the soldier says, and swings Sanya onto the bunk. Among the stuff is a revolver, snug in its buttoned holster, and in Sanya's face you detect not just fascination but a swelling of pride: he has been allotted a serious responsibility, and thus a sudden chance to grow up. This is what “The Thief” is about; only gradually do we grasp how corrupting such chances can be, and not merely for the boy. Does the soldier honestly wish to flatter Sanya; or is one glance enough to tell him that the child will be the quickest route to the woman?



The peculiar predicament of being six: Misha Philipchuk as Sanya in “The Thief.”

If so, it works. Before long, the soldier is sliding his hand up Katya's stockings, on the clattering platform between carriages, and the next thing you know the three of them have become a sort of instant family. In voice-over, Sanya informs us, “We got off with Uncle Tolyan in some random city.” That “Uncle” is the first of a hundred duplicities; for the sake of decorum, and in order to secure lodgings, Tolyan and Katya must pretend to be married, although the boy keeps having visions of a real father, whom he never knew. While that distant ideal remains intact, the truth about Tolyan starts to flake and fester. He and Katya are forced to share a room with Sanya, who sleeps across three chairs tied together, and who is woken and frightened by their lovemaking; when he later tries to join them in a dance, Tolyan pushes him away. The irony is, of course, that such spasms of misbehavior, with their flecks of wickedness and sex, serve only to pull the youngster in. It's the old story, the ugly comedy that was molding and firing children long before the invention of the dysfunctional family: they do not have to understand what they see, or even to like it, in order to give it their love. Uncle Tolyan may be a brute and a fraud, but he can roll a razor blade in his mouth and stamp on other guys' bicycles, and he sports a couple of mean tattoos—a panther on his shoulder and another man-eater, Joseph Stalin, on the muscles of his chest. How can Sanya not treat him as a god?

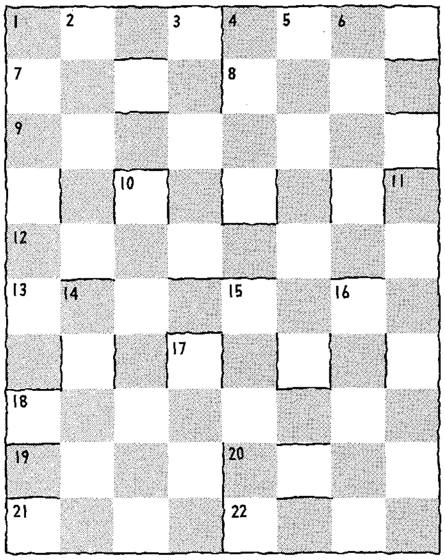
At the back of this misguided worship, you can roughly make out the traces of allegory: Sanya is to Uncle Tolyan as the besotted, beleaguered nation is to Uncle Joe. But Chukhrai has too much sense to labor the suggestion, and, besides, his gift is not for the broad political stroke but for dabs of slippery human oddness. The place where Sanya and his so-called parents set down may be "random" but it bristles with specificity, and there is no disguising the relish with which Chukhrai's camera starts poking its nose into the drab apartment that, for a while, they call home. A number of other rooms are let out to fellow-citizens, and so telling are the snapshots of these unfortunates—the actress, the drunk, the lame girl, not to mention the dough-faced landlady—that you can barely suppress the sensation of having wandered into a book of short stories. Chukhrai has that determinedly Russian knack, which stretches back at least as far as Gogol (and to the Dostoyevsky who so treasured "Oliver Twist"), for creeping toward vertiginous caricature and then stopping with his foot on the brink. No one in "The Thief" is grotesque, and there are none of the visual tricks (wide angles, hectic crosscutting, and so on) by which grotesquerie tends to be built up; and yet the adult characters loom over Sanya and brand themselves on his eyes.

For some viewers, those eyes will be a problem. The moony face and wide blue gaze of Misha Philipchuk, who was eight when "The Thief" was made, may well bring on a nasty case of the cutes. I would argue that whereas no one could watch a Macaulay Culkin picture, say, without wanting to ship the red-lipped hero to a Gulag and make him eat sleet for seven years, "The Thief" staves off sweetness by refusing to endorse Sanya's natural talent for high hopes. Even his thrills are fretted with disappointment; when he finds his surrogate father bundling other people's silverware into tablecloths and making off with bags of swag, he thinks both more and less of him. The child is then forced—and, to some extent, honored—to lend his diminutive services to the next nocturnal theft, but the exploit is also a sure sign that his childhood is dying. At first light, he and Katya are seen scrabbling in the dirt beside a railroad track, hunting for a pair of dropped earrings that might be used to bribe an officer of the law. What kind of dawn is that?

"The Thief" is a fine film, with more iron in its soul than you might expect. Mashkov, in particular, offers a full-blooded study in caddishness. Tolyan is an officer and a gentleman who turns out to be neither: at first, he resembles a billboard for Soviet manhood, but then licks of his brushed hair start to fall across his brow and give him the look of Picasso at maximum devilry. If there is a shortfall in Chukhrai's movie, it is one of ambition and scope; the picture works on you almost too neatly, risking little, trapping you in its tight emotional patterns. The inescapable way in which it invites literary comparison makes it both more solidly civilized than the rest of the summer movies and a little heavy on its feet; you come away absorbed by the sight of a young life in the making, or the marring, but there is something more dour going on here—a wound is being stanched, perhaps, or a case proved. To get the full measure of it, to discover whether it represents the fruit of a mature genre or the best of a bad lot, I suspect that we would have to watch a lot more Russian movies. Sadly, only a handful make it here every year, and, even then, there is no established etiquette for getting people to see them. "Hey, we should try this cool one about the search for a father figure in the lean years of postwar Stalinism!" You should indeed. ♦

8 x 10 CRYPTIC

NO. 51 BY PATRICK BERRY



ACROSS

- **1** Beat up smug faces (4)
- **4** Pig's home receives a visit (4)
- **7** Run-down houses not close? (4)
- **8** Overheard that guy's song (4)
- **9** Indicated crooked dealings (8)
- **12** Big snake moving on Canada (8)
- **13** Mystery author's vacation includes times away from home (3,5)
- **18** Encounter lame horse (4,4)
- **19** Firmly drawn letter in Greek and English (4)
- **20** Remove the skin from piece of puffer fish (4)
- **21** Donations from heartless graduates (4)
- **22** Detects sound after opening sound detectors (4)

DOWN

- **1** Coffee contains celebrated condiment (7)
- **2** Overturned negative vote in university fraternity (5)
- **3** Basketball player tossed coins (5)
- **4** O'Neal's house audited (4)
- **5** Pain reliever uplifted forlorn time (7)
- **6** Admen pitching remedy (5)
- **10** Largest two mothers bearing eleven (7)
- **11** Guards unhinged portals (7)
- **14** Peer gripped by some qualms (5)
- **15** Broken petri dish (5)
- **16** Say outright (5)
- **17** Selects new post (4)

• •

The solution to puzzle No. 50 appears on page 78. For a free copy of "The New Yorker's Guide to Solving Cryptic Crosswords," please send your fax number or a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Solvers' Guide," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. For an electronic version, send an E-mail to puzzleguide@newyorker.com.

SHOUTS & MURMURS

RECOMMENDED SUMMER READING

BY BILL SCHEFT

More Dead Lawyers
by John Grisham

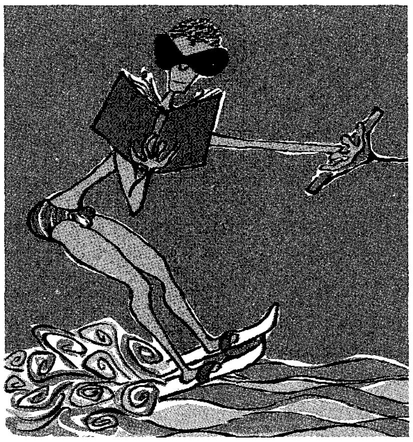
In John Grisham's most explosive book this week, an idealistic law-school graduate joins a prestigious firm and struggles with a moral dilemma after having all the partners killed and then defending the guy he's hired to kill all the partners. The moral dilemma is whether to charge his usual hourly fee or give the standard contract-killer rate. Ever respectful of his craft, Grisham wrote the entire novel in the shower while waiting for his conditioner to take, then sold the movie rights for thirteen million dollars as he rinsed out.

Children's Letters to Kenneth Starr (Vol. I)

A cuddly collection of notes to the Independent Counsel from kids ages four to twelve. Precocious comments range from "Hey, are you gay?" to "My daddy's a constitutional lawyer, and he says you have no idea what the hell you're doing" and "Let me get this straight: The Prez lies about running around on his lady and you want to take him down for it? That's cold, dude." Creative packaging makes the book jacket look like a subpoena.

Spontaneous Self-Destruction: The Fourteen Days Before the Eight Weeks to Optimum Health
by Dr. Andrew Weil

The renowned Harvard healer applies the principles of healthy living toward a regimen of overindulgence which he says will make you "bottom out" and run screaming for the ginger and filtered water within two weeks, guaranteed. Field research by Dr. Weil and his staff uncovered a disturbing fact: People aren't embracing the kind of Caligulan fast track that will lead them to seek (a) a change in their life styles and (b) the section in Barnes & Noble that contains Dr. Weil's books. Step by step, Weil gives the reader what he refers to as "degenerate touchstones," all flowering out of the topsoil of his "crash and burn" diet: white chocolate, grain alcohol, unfiltered Kools, and Nathan's French fries (with blue-cheese dressing). For years, Dr. Weil has trumpeted the majesty of the body's natural healing power. In this revolutionary new book, he's saying it wouldn't kill us—it might even save us—to wait another couple of weeks.



Into the D.M.V.
by Jon Krakauer

Four friends go to get their driver's licenses renewed. Only two return home. Luckily, one of them is the author. "Maddening" (*Kirkus Review*).

What Do You Mean I'm Not Jewish?
by Philip Roth

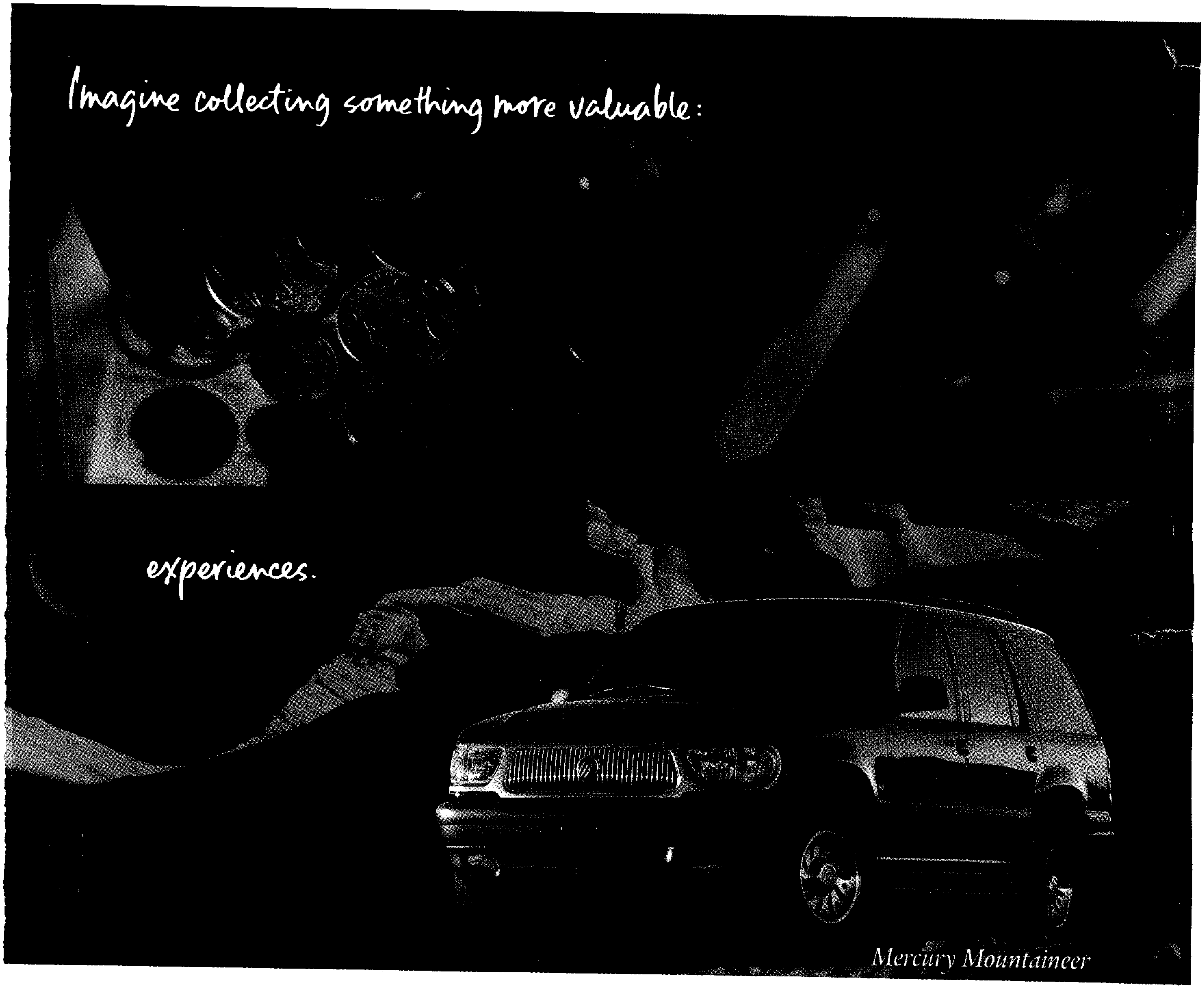
Roth sadistically waits until the twenty-third novel of his celebrated career to inform his alter ego, Nathan Zuckerman, that he was adopted. Sadly for the reader, the chilling denouement occurs on page 41, whereupon Zuckerman immediately stops speaking to Roth and effectively ends their relationship—and the book. There are an additional hundred and sixty-two pages of documentation supporting the adoption, including one suspect birth certificate with the words "baby goy" scrawled in Roth's handwriting. Notwithstanding, it's genuine Roth, and makes a captivating companion on a ferry ride. A short ferry ride.

Carpal Diem
by L. G. Duprave

A harrowing futuristic thriller: A computer virus is contracted by a human being for the first time when a fifteen-year-old boy in Cedar Rapids types "///:Esc" in the middle of a sexual encounter on the Internet. A deadly battle with the pathogen ensues as the virus becomes easily transmitted through floppy disks. Software pioneer Gil Bates, now fifty, comes out of retirement to develop a virus-extinction program in just twenty-four hours, but will release the lifesaving code only in exchange for five voice-activated robots on the Supreme Court. Does Washington blink?

James Earl Jones's Diary
by Helen Fielding (with Bill Zehme)

This surprisingly engaging sequel to Ms. Fielding's best-selling "Bridget Jones's Diary" offers a rare glimpse into the life of the beloved character actor and commercial pitchman. Consider this entry: "Thursday—Weight still hovering around Mickey Mantle's lifetime average. 11:52 A.M. Pause eating breakfast to check mail. 12:17 Sort residual checks. 12:31 Finish adding up residual checks—where the hell is the local radio spot I did for Dan's House of Meats? 12:33 Call agent, ask him to call Dan's House of Meats. 12:56 Leave for bank to deposit residual checks." Each day is nearly identical, except for the occasional update of Jones's goals and resolutions. To wit: "From now on, if some boob in the street asks me to say 'Luke, I'm your father,' it'll cost him five bucks. No, ten." ♦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